WELLINGTON.



RETURNING THANKS AT ST. PAUL'S, 1814

WELLINGTON:

THE STORY OF HIS LIFE, HIS BATTLES, AND POLITICAL CAREER.

BY ALFRED R. COOKE.



IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, 1852.—(*From Crowquill's Statuette.*)

LONDON.
CLARKE AND BEETON, FLEET STREET

Contents.

CHAPTER I.

1769—1795.

CHAPTER II.

1795—1805.

CHAPTER III.

1805—1808.

CHAPTER IV.

1808—1809.

CHAPTER V.

1808—1809.

CHAPTER VI.

1809—1810.

CHAPTER VII.

1810—1811.

CHAPTER VIII.

1811.

CHAPTER IX.

1811—1812.

CHAPTER X.

1812.

PAGE

CHAPTER XI.

1812—1813.

CHAPTER XII.

1813—1814.

CHAPTER XIII.

1815.

CHAPTER XIV.

1815—1825.

CHAPTER XV.

1825—1852.

CHAPTER XVI.

1852.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POEMS.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL:

A Poem.

BY SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE,

LATE FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE, OXFORD.

CHILD, with fresh cheek upon thy velvet palm,
O bright-haired child, that sleep is sweet and calm—
Through all those youthful pulses breathing balm:
But yet I say, Arise!
The unexhausted night hangs damp—
Black yet round each unwaning lamp:
Against the echoing casement-pane,
Driving raw, cold and plangent rain,
The wind of Autumn sighs.
Yet from that flowerlike rest, through all,
Rough gales that blow, chill showers that fall,
I say again, Arise.

This once let sleep depart, for lo!
The hour that seals a nation's woe
Moves, like a mourner, sad and slow
Behind yon eastern skies.
The sword of God has fallen unsparing,
A life is done, a goal is won,
The sands of a glorious race are run,
And a great people grieveth, bearing
Home to his grave their noblest son.

VIII

I rouse thee not, because a sight,
A proud and pompous show,
Such as enchants the young, ere night
Through crowded streets will go;
No; but in thee a beacon-light must glow,
A stream of reverence rise to life and flow:
Through thee, from booming gun and muffled drum,
A voice must pass to all the years that come!
It is to thee, and such as thee,
That England, great as yet, and free,
Commits a solemn trust;
To print, as in a living book,
On youth's keen brain, each word, each look,
And mark how o'er the nation's friend,
By all poor honours earth can lend,
Our stricken country seeks relief
From passionate and noble grief.
So may ye nevermore forget
In souls unborn a seed to set,
And kindle hearts unmoulded yet,
When we are laid in dust.
That Times and Realms afar may scan
What England honoured in a man—
May keep, wherever Freedom's speech,
And Freedom's island blood, shall reach,
Though cycles lie between, and oceans sever—
The Duke's great name a household word for ever.

See how the people gathereth together,
All thoughts of self disdaining!—
How feeble women, in the stormy weather,
Stand worn, but uncomplaining!
Rejoicing, rather, thus to show
Their deep sense of the debt they owe.

Why is that people banded thus together,
Under the whirling showers?
Why silently endure the sullen weather
Throughout these sunless hours?

It is because they here await
The coming of the good and great;
The man who, down to death, from youth.
Steered by the living star of truth,
Made his loved country's cause his own,
And saved her for herself alone.
Therefore the Queen upon her throne
  Weeps bitter tears to-day;
Therefore the humblest workman here
Bares a rough head before the bier,
When that which was the Duke draws near.
Therefore the soldiers sadly, proudly,
  Move on their mournful way;
Therefore the cannon boometh loudly
  Athwart the fog-smoke grey.
Therefore the leaders of the State
Around the gorgeous pageant wait,
And chiefs from many a land afar,
  From proud and distant kings,
Each wise in peace or brave in war
  His sign of reverence brings.

The car through silence groaneth on,
  Beneath a hero's earthly part;
Blind nerves and brain, whose work is done—
  True servant to the flawless heart
    Of England's worthiest son.
Yes! and before the world we say,
That it is right in open day
(Though to the worm's surrendered prey)
These rites and honours thus to pay;
Since this for that frail form we claim,
That never, since the birth of fame,
      Did mortal frame
      Of any name
Inscribed on Glory's dazzling roll,
Swerve less from Duty's calm control,
Or send to God a nobler soul.

So let the martial music flow around,
The soldiers mourn their chief;
And muffled drums, with melancholy sound,
Fill all the air with grief.

It is an hour when bright hopes darken,
When strong hearts fail through fear.
As for the coming storm they hearken
With him no longer here.
With gathering clouds of omen spread,
The hot sky gloometh overhead;
The fevered earth, the restless deep,
Are trembling, as in troubled sleep;
And on the nations, like a pall,
Black shadows from the future fall.
Vague terrors haunt our failing hearts,
But he, by God's high grace, departs,
And, ere the mighty tempest breaks,
To other, nobler life awakes,
From his long toil by Heaven set free,
Whilst yet there seemed tranquillity.
So, on his throne of airy gold,
Serenely sank that sun of old
The night before the waves were rolled
In raging masses uncontrolled;
When earth's great deep, by angels rent asunder,
Upheaved its sable fountain-floods in thunder,
From fathomless abysses still renewing
Sea after sea to overwhelm and ruin.

But let the Future, for one hour,
In God's almighty hand repose;
Let no forebodings dim have power
To mar the glorious close
Of that great life, whose iron will
Said to advancing Fate, Be still!
The shattered universe re-cast,
And stanched the death-wound of the past.

The Past, the Past, with him and glory fraught,
To-day is lord of ear, and eye, and thought.

Who knows not how that orb sublime
Its matchless course hath run?
It were an idle waste of time
To show the noon-day sun.
Enough, that when the ruthless Gaul
Became on earth the scourge of God,
When one man moved the Lord of All,
And crushed the people where he trod—
His dauntless heart in stedfast ardour burned
With that gigantic foe to cope,
His eagle eye on distant hills discerned
The sunrise of a living hope.*
Thence undismayed, through lands afar,
With steady motion, like a star
That knows not haste, nor doubt, nor rest,
Still on, and on, and on he pressed:
Till from that Titan, prostrate and forlorn,
That soul of iron mixed with clay,
The purple mantle of his pride was torn,
The strong sword wrenched away.
Then first our hero paused (whilst Europe shed
Her stars, and crowns, like snow-flakes round his head),
And though he sought not glory, found his name
The light that filled the golden skies of fame.
What paths in after-years he trod,
And how he played his part;
Is it not written by the hand of God
Upon the people's heart?
All now is over, we have looked our last,
His light is quenched, his tale is told;
He joins at length, in glory unsurpassed,
The mighty men of old.

* Torres Vedras.

So let the martial music flow around,
The soldiers mourn their chief;
And muffled drums, with melancholy sound,
Fill all the air with grief.
Child, suns must rise and set, the earth
Through years and cycles onward roam:
And ever, past the gates of Death and Birth,
Life's ocean-tide exhaustless foam.
We soon must leave thee—soon wilt thou be sitting
Serenely under silver hair:
Whilst bright curls glance, and fairy forms are flitting
Around thy venerable chair.
Then wilt thou tell them, years and years ago,
"(I took it as a thing of course),
An old man used to pass me, stooping low,
White-headed, on his horse.

"I took it as a thing of course
Till that pale rider, often watched unknown,
To the soul's insight, through the eye, was shown.
A voice proclaimed, that drooping form, of yore,
Through seas of blood upheld, through earthquakes, bore
His country safe to peace's golden shore.
That feeble hand, which scarce can grasp the reins,
Like God's own thunder shivered Europe's chains.
Mark well the reverent head, the locks of snow,
They will not long be here;
'Tis more for thee than thou canst feel or know,
To see the Duke so near."

Then will those children, round the fire at night,
Keep ever asking of this mournful sight,
Drinking, with ever new delight,
The tale of each heroic fight,
When England conquered in the right;
Then, whilst young eyes gleam fiercely bright,
Young faces flush, as if with wine,

Remember *why* we led thee forth ere light,
 And let such words as these be thine:—

"His deeds in war were great, but greater still
That high, clear spirit, that unfaltering will!
His intellect all honoured, not so much
For gifts which dazzle wheresoe'er they touch,
As that in him calm courage, zeal like fire,
Which, when fate darkened, only blazed the higher,
And patient justice, that no wrongs could tire,
Enriched a simple soul without pretence,
And to rare genius raised its common-sense.
He was by all beloved, but less because
His sword had triumphed in his country's cause,
 Than that men knew
 His life was true,
That, when he saw his duty, power and pelf,
All lust of glory, and all thoughts of self,
 Away like dross he threw;
That, nor ambition's lures, nor wounded pride,
 Nor malice of unjust rebuke,
From honour's instant path could turn aside
 One foot-mark of the Iron Duke."

 This is what thou hast to say
 To to-morrow from to-day;
 This is why the land wept o'er him,
 And as one man the people bore him
 To sleep where Nelson slept before him.

THE DEATH-MARCH OF WELLINGTON.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

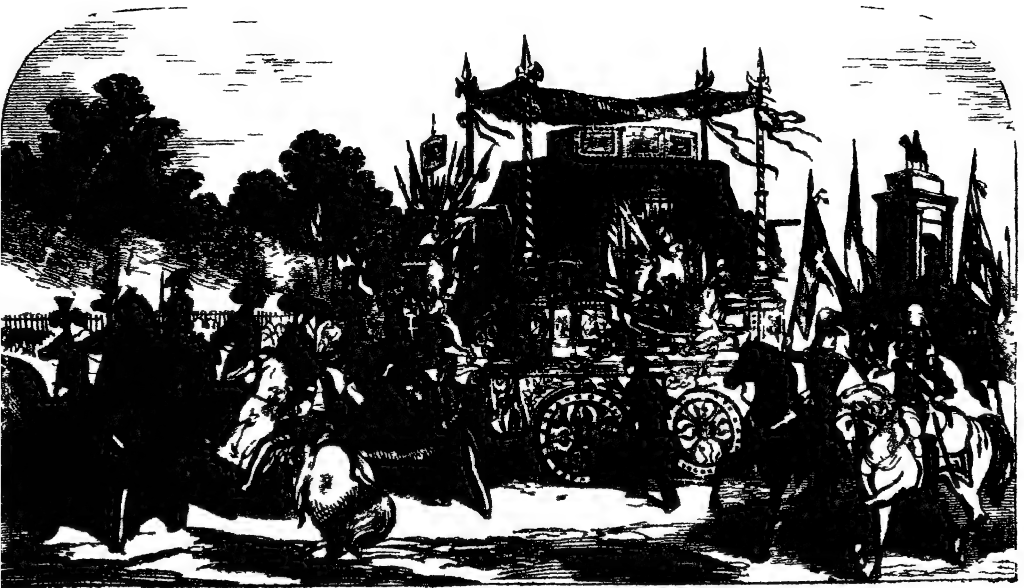
"WHOM bear you thus with heavy tread,
With arms reversed, and brows deprest?"
"Comrade, we bear the mighty dead
In glory to his place of rest.
A nation throngs the city's ways,
In grief for him whose race is run;
On, in dark state, beneath their gaze,
Comrade, we bear great Wellington."
March—slowly march—hark! in the hush, I hear
Assaye's hurrah, and Badajos's cheer.

Yes—o'er him let the trumpet wail,
And round him roll your muffled drums:
In this last hour, who now shall fail
In open grief for him who comes?
Its solemn swell the Dead-march pour,
In grief for him whose deeds are done;
Grief, let the mighty cannon roar,
As on we bear great Wellington.
March—silent march—hark! in the hush, I hear
Vittoria's shout, and Salamanca's cheer.

On—bear him on to where they sleep,
Our greatest, whom we name with pride.
Lay him by Moore, in slumber deep;
Lay him by Abercrombie's side
Nay—place him by the only one
Who fixed, with him, red victory's smile!
Room for the dead, by him who won
For us Trafalgar and the Nile!
On—bear him on—hark! in the hush, I hear
Toulouse's charge and St. Sebastian's cheer

Throw wide the doors; dust unto dust:
O'er him the yawning marble close:
Give him to death with trembling trust,
Calm in his last stern cold repose.
In reverent silence, in the gloom
Brooding beneath the mighty dome,
Conqueror, to share the conquered's doom,
Leave him to fame in his last home.
March—comrades, march—hark! in the hush, I hear
Quatre Bras' hurrah and Waterloo's fierce cheer.

65 *Cheapside.*



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

WELLINGTON:

The Story of His Life.

CHAPTER I.

1769—1795.

Introduction—Li[illegible] Birth, Education—Gazetted [illegible] Ensign, Lieutenant, and Captain—Elected for Trim—Gazetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel—Expedition to the Netherlands—Affairs at Alost, Mechlin, Schyndel, and Tuyl—Retreat to Deventer and Bremen—Returns to England

It has been well remarked, that history itself is little more than a collection of biographies. An age that produces no great men is commonly void of anything that the world deems worthy of permanent record. They mark the times of plenty and peace—of much steady progress in all that relates to the physical comfort and moral happiness of mankind; but these are not the things in which chroniclers delight. War and victory are their ordinary staples. In the fiercer excitements of military and political strife, in the struggles of o'er-vaulting ambition, and in the downfall of time-honoured dynasties, they find their most congenial themes. A great mind is never found apart from a great crisis. The HOUR is sure to bring with it the MAN; and a dazzling or commanding genius often fashions for itself, out of discordant materials, the circumstances necessary to develope and illustrate its superiority. The reflective mind, in contemplating the stupendous events of the last sevent

years, cannot fail to be struck with the truth of this law. The French Revolution—mighty and awful drama as it was—seems to shrink into a mere preliminary flourish to introduce to the world the great names of Napoleon and Wellington. The ceaseless ferment of the public mind, and the frightful scenes that followed the assembling of the States-General are forgotten in the mighty game in which those eminent chiefs were the players: while the Continent stood by, more a spectator than an actor, watching the issue with a trembling anxiety, not less intense than the man in the German allegory, who was playing at chess with Satan for his own soul. Not a move but left its trace in the ruin of some vast battle-field, the destruction of some strong town, or, worse still, in the misery and crime which ever attend the march of a licentious soldiery. It is over now. The wounds of Europe have been healed by a long peace; and the last tie which bound those great events to our own times is snapped. The Duke of Wellington is dead, and the whole troubled drama flits by into the dim domain of history. The 14th of September is itself an epoch; for on that day the great epic of the rise and fall of Napoleon was severed from our own times. It is only now that we can speak of the empire of Napoleon as of the empire of Darius; of the battle of Waterloo as of the last struggle of the Persian monarch on the plains of Issus. Other countries had much of the mythical in their estimate of Wellington. To them he was the ideal hero of old romance, but to us he was much more. With us he wore none of the attributes of fable; but we had learned to regard him as an integral portion of our country. "The Duke" seemed to be almost as necessary an element in the constitution as the Queen herself. And no wonder; for that tottering, grey-haired old man, who, in our streets received alike from citizens and strangers the meed of profound respect, was the embodification of that great principle which has rendered our institutions the envy and wonder of the world, No man was ever imbued with a stronger sense of duty,

or more earnestly fulfilled it—whether it related to his country, his friends, or himself. The best acts of his life have been marvellously illustrative of this his most marked characteristic. In the cabinet as in the field, his duty was always preferred to popularity; and nothing could divert him for a moment from what he deemed to be the best and soundest mode in which to "carry on the Queen's Government." His last speech in Parliament was on the subject of the national defences; and on two former occasions, not many months previously, his powerful voice was raised in defence of his own administration of martial law in Spain, and of the soldierly qualities of his friend and brother in arms, Sir Harry Smith.

In one respect, the Duke of Wellington differs from almost every other hero of modern or ancient times. He neither died in the hour of victory like Nelson, nor were his last days clouded with obloquy, like those of Marlborough. Never did man so completely "gain the whole world." No blessing that earth could afford was withheld from him. An ancient family, riches that might have satisfied the cravings of avarice herself, a fame second to none that has ever been enjoyed in any country, or in any age, a vigorous frame, and a cultivated taste, "troops of friends," and the reverential esteem of mankind—years protracted beyond the the threescore and ten allotted to our race, and an old age of peace and repose—all were his. Of his inner life, we may not speak. A Christian's life has been compared with a soldier's, not merely in a figurative sense, but because the same qualities are required in both. The knight without fear and reproach, must be courteous and gentle, must have the nicest sense of honour and integrity, must be the very slave of duty, must obey in letter and in spirit the minutest tittle of every command, must have an indomitable courage, and an unwearied perseverance, must love temperance and chastity, must hate injustice and fraud, rapine, violence and wrong, must burn with a patriot's fire, and habitually practice self-denial, self-sacrifice, and self-command. And what lacks

there yet to make this the character of the ideal Christian? But two things—faith and love. The Duke of Wellington's unaffected love for the public worship of God, and his amiable, though rugged temper, his unostentatious benevolence, and his real kindness of heart, may well entitle us to hope that he but changed his earthly fame and happiness for a glory and a bliss that pass understanding, and shall last for aye.

"If aught," a public journalist has eloquently said,—"if aught can lessen the grief of England upon the death of her greatest son, it is the recollection that the life which has closed leaves no duty incomplete and no honour unbestowed. The Duke of Wellington had exhausted nature and exhausted glory. His career was one unclouded longest day, filled from dawn to nightfall with renowned actions, animated by unfailing energy in the public service, guided by unswerving principles of conduct and of statesmanship. He rose by a rapid series of achievements, which none had surpassed, to a position which no man in this nation ever enjoyed. The place occupied by the Duke of Wellington in the councils of the country and in the life of England can no more be filled. There is none left in the army or the senate to act and speak with like authority. There is none with whom the valour and the worth of this nation were so incorporate. Yet, when we consider the fullness of his years and the abundance of his incessant services, we may learn to say with the Roman orator, '*Satis diu vixisse dicito,*' since, being mortal, nothing could be added, either to our veneration or to his fame. Nature herself had seemed for a time to expand her inexorable limits, and the infirmities of age to lay a lighter burden on that honoured head. Generations of men had passed away between the first exploits of his arms and the last counsels of his age, until, by a lot unexampled in history, the man who had played the most conspicuous part in the annals of more than half a century became the last survivor of his contemporaries, and carries with him to the grave all living memory of his own achievements. To what a century,

to what a country, to what achievements, was that life successfully dedicated! For its prodigious duration—for the multiplicity of contemporary changes and events, far outnumbering the course of its days and years—for the invariable and unbroken stream of success which attended it from its commencement to its close, from the first flash of triumphant valour in Indian war to that senatorial wisdom on which the sovereign and the nation hung for counsel to its latest hour—for the unbending firmness of character which bore alike all labour and all prosperity—and for unalterable attachment to the same objects, the same principles, the same duties, undisturbed by the passions of youth and unrelaxed by the honours and enjoyments of peace and of age—the life of the Duke of Wellington stands alone in history. In him, at least, posterity will trace a character superior to the highest and most abundant gifts of fortune. If the word 'heroism' can be not unfairly applied to him, it is because he remained greater than his own prosperity, and rose above the temptations by which other men of equal genius, but less self-government, have fallen below their destinies. His life has nothing to gain from the language of panegyric, which would compare his military exploits or his civil statesmanship with the prowess of an Alexander or a Cæsar, or with the astonishing career of him who saw his empire overthrown by the British General at Waterloo. They were the offspring of passion and of genius, flung from the volcanic depths of revolutions and of civil war to sweep with meteoric splendour across the earth, and to collapse in darkness before half the work of life was done. Their violence, their ambition, their romantic existence, their reverses, and their crimes, will for ever fascinate the interest of mankind, and constitute the secret of their fame, if not of their greatness. To such attractions the life and character of the Duke of Wellington present no analogy. If he rose to scarce inferior renown, it was by none of the passions or the arts which they indulged or employed. Unvanquished in the field, his sword was never

drawn for territorial conquest, but for the independence of Europe and the salvation of his country. Raised by the universal gratitude of Europe and of this nation to the highest point of rank and power which a subject of the British monarchy could attain, he wore those dignities and he used that influence within the strictest limits of a subject's duty. No law was ever twisted to his will, no right was ever sacrificed by one hair's breadth for his aggrandizement. There lived not a man either among his countrymen or his antagonists who could say that this great Duke had wronged him; for his entire existence was devoted to the cause of legal authority and regulated power. You seek in it in vain for those strokes of audacious enterprise which in other great captains, his rivals in fame, have sometimes won the prize of crowns or turned the fate of nations. But his whole career shines with the steady light of day. It has nothing to conceal, it has nothing to interpret by the flexible organs of history. Everything in it is manly, compact and clear; shaped to one rule of public duty, animated by one passion—the love of England, and the service of the Crown.

"The Duke of Wellington lived, commanded, and governed in unconscious indifference or disdainful aversion to those common incentives of human action which are derived from the powers of imagination and of sentiment. He held them cheap, both in their weakness and in their strength. The force and weight of his character stooped to no such adventitious influences. He might have kindled more enthusiasm, especially in the early and doubtful days of his Peninsular career; but in his successful and triumphant pursuit of glory her name never passed his lips, even in his addresses to his soldiers. His entire nature and character were moulded on reality. He lived to see things as they were. His acute glance and cool judgment pierced at once through the surface which entangles the imagination or kindles the sympathy of the feelings. Truth, as he loved her, is to be reached by a rougher path and by sterner minds. In

war, in politics, and in the common transactions of life, the Duke of Wellington adhered inflexibly to the most precise correctness in word and deed. His temperament abhorred disguises and despised exaggerations. The fearlessness of his actions was never the result of speculative confidence or foolhardy presumption, but it lay mainly in a just perception of the true relation in which he stood to his antagonists in the field or in the senate. The greatest exploits of his life, such as the passage of the Douro, followed by the march on Madrid, the battle of Waterloo, and the passing the Catholic Relief Bill, were performed under no circumstances that could inspire enthusiasm. Nothing but the coolness of the player could have won the mighty stakes upon a cast apparently so adverse to his success. Other commanders have attained the highest pitch of glory when they disposed of the colossal resources of empires, and headed armies already flushed with the conquest of the world. The Duke of Wellington found no such encouragement in any part of his career. At no time were the means at his disposal adequate to the ready and certain execution of his designs. His steady progress in the Peninsular campaigns went on against the current of fortune till that current was itself turned by perseverance and resolution. He had a clear and complete perception of the dangers he encountered, but he also grasped the latent power which baffled those dangers, and surmounted resistances apparently invincible. That is precisely the highest degree of courage, for it is courage conscious, enlightened, and determined.

"Clearness of discernment, correctness of judgment, and rectitude in action were, without doubt, the principal elements of the Duke's brilliant achievements in war, and of his vast authority in the councils of his country, as well as in the conferences of Europe. They gave to his determinations an originality and vigour akin to that of genius, and sometimes imparted to his language in debate a pith and significance at which more brilliant orators failed to arrive. His mind, equally

careless of obstacles and of effect, travelled by the shortest road to its end; and he retained, even in his latest years, all the precision with which he was wont to handle the subjects that came before him, or had at any time engrossed his attention. This was the secret of that untaught manliness and simplicity of style that pervades the vast collection of his dispatches, written as they were amidst the varied cares and emotions of war; and of that lucid and approved mode of exposition which never failed to leave a clear impression on the minds of those whom he addressed. Other men have enjoyed, even in this age, more vivid faculties of invention and contrivance, a more extended range of foresight, a more subtle comprehension of the changing laws of society and the world; but the value of these finer perceptions, and of the policy founded upon them, has never been more assured than when it was tried and admitted by the wisdom and patriotism of that venerable mind. His superiority over other men consisted rather in the perfection of those qualities which he pre-eminently possessed than in the variety or extent of his other faculties.

"These powers, which were unerring when applied to definite and certain facts, sometimes failed in the appreciation of causes which had not hitherto come under their observation. It is, perhaps, less to be wondered at that the soldier and the statesman of 1815, born and bred in the highest school of Tory politics, should have miscarried in his opinion of those eventful times which followed the accession of William IV., than that the defeated opponent of Reform in 1831 should have risen into the patriot senator of 1846 and 1851. Yet the Administration of 1828, in which the Duke of Wellington occupied the first and most responsible place, passed the Catholic Emancipation Act, and thereby gave the signal of a rupture in the Tory party, never afterwards entirely healed, and struck the heaviest blow on a system which the growing energies of the nation resented and condemned. Resolute to oppose what he conceived to be popular clamour, no man ever recognized

with more fidelity the claims of a free nation to the gradual development of its interests and its rights; nor were his services to the cause of liberty and improvement the less great because they usually consisted in bending the will or disarming the prejudices of their fiercest opponents. Attached by birth, by character, and by opinion to the order and the cause of the British aristocracy, the Duke of Wellington knew that the true power of that race of nobles lies, in this age of the world, in their inviolable attachment to constitutional principles, and their honest recognition of popular rights. Although his personal resolution and his military experience qualified him better than other men to be the champion of resistance to popular turbulence and sedition, as he showed by his preparations in May, 1832, and in April, 1848, yet wisdom and forbearance were ever the handmaidens of his courage, and, while most firmly determined to defend, if necessary, the authority of the State, he was the first to set an example of conciliatory sacrifice to the reasonable claims of the nation. He was the Catullus of our senate, after having been our Cæsar in the field; and, if the commonwealth of England had ever saluted one of her citizens with the Roman title of Parens Patriæ, that touching honour would have been added to the peerage and the baton of Arthur Wellesley by the respectful gratitude and faith of the people.

"Though singularly free from every trace of cant, his mind was no stranger to the sublime influence of religious truth, and he was assiduous in the observances of the public ritual of the Church of England. At times, even in the extreme period of his age, some accident would betray the deep current of feeling which he never ceased to entertain towards all that was chivalrous and benevolent. His charities were unostentatious but extensive, and he bestowed his interest throughout life upon an incredible number of persons and things which claimed his notice and solicited his aid. Every social duty, every solemnity, every ceremony, every [illegible] found him ready

to take his part in it. He had a smile for the youngest child, a compliment for the prettiest face, an answer to the readiest tongue, and a lively interest in every incident of life, which it seemed beyond the power of age to chill. When time had somewhat relaxed the sterner mould of his manhood, its effects were chiefly indicated by an unabated taste for the amusements of fashionable society, incongruous at times with the dignity of extreme old age, and the recollections of so virile a career. But it seems a part of the Duke's character that everything that presented itself was equally welcome, for he had become a part of everything, and it was foreign to his nature to stand aloof from any occurrence to which his presence could contribute. He seems never to have felt the flagging spirit or the reluctant step of indolence or *ennui*, or to have recoiled from anything that remained to be done; and this complete performance of every duty, however small, as long as life remained, was the same quality which had carried him through his campaigns, and raised him to be one of the chief ministers of England and an arbiter of the fate of Europe. It has been said that in the most active and illustrious lives there comes at last some inevitable hour of melancholy and of satiety. Upon the Duke of Wellington that hour left no impression, and probably it never shed its influence over him; for he never rested on his former achievements or his length of days, but marched onwards to the end, still heading the youthful generations which had sprung into life around him, and scarcely less intent on their pursuits than they were themselves. It was a finely balanced mind to have worn so bravely and so well. When men in after times shall look back to the annals of England for examples of energy and public virtue among those who have raised this country to her station on the earth, no name will remain more conspicuous or more unsullied than that of Arthur Wellesley, the great Duke of Wellington. The actions of his life were extraordinary, but his character was equal to his actions. He was the very type and model of an

Englishman; and, though men are prone to invest the worthies of former ages with a dignity and merit they commonly withhold from their contemporaries, we can select none from the long array of our captains and our nobles who, taken for all in all, can claim a rivalry with him who is gone from amongst us, an inheritor of imperishable fame." *

From the above eloquent panegyric on the career of this distinguished man, we have now to turn to the dry details of his ancestral history.

The family of the Duke of Wellington is derived from that of the Colleys, or Cowleys, of Rutland. In Glaiston church, in that county, is a monument to the memory of Walter Colley and his wife Agnes. It bears the date of 1408—Walter Colley having been in the previous year lord of the manor of Castle Oakham. In the reign of Henry VIII., two brothers, Walter and Robert, scions of this race, emigrated to Ireland, and settled in the county of Kilkenny. In 1531 they were presented to the clerkship of the Crown in Chancery for their joint lives, and in six years after, Robert was made Master of the Rolls, and Walter, Solicitor-General. After holding the latter office for twelve years, Walter resigned it for the Surveyor-Generalship of Ireland.

His eldest son, Henry, who held a captain's commission from Elizabeth, was returned member for Thomastown, and eventually sworn of the Privy Council, and knighted. He was succeeded by a son of the same name, also a soldier, and one who, like his father, highly distinguished himself, and was knighted for his good service. Like his father, too, he served his country within the walls of parliament as well as upon the battle-field, the borough of Monaghan being represented by him. His eldest son, by his wife, a daughter of Loftus, Archbishop of Dublin, was succeeded in his turn by his son Dudley, a determined Loyalist, who held a command in the army of Charles II., and was for many years representative of the

* *The Times.*

borough of Philipstown. The daughter of this Dudley married Garret Westley, of Dangan, Meath.

These Westleys, Wesleys, or Wellesleys (as they have at different times been called), derive their name from the manor of Welles-leigh, in Somersetshire, where the family (which was a Saxon one) settled soon after the Norman invasion. A record in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, traces the line as far back as 1239, to Michael de Wellesleigh. The family seem to have been of high rank in the reign of Henry I, as they obtained the Grand-Serjeanty of all the country east of the river Perrot, as far as Bristol Bridge; and there is a tradition that one of the house was standard-bearer to Henry II, during the invasion of Ireland. In England, the male line becoming extinct, the family estates passed into other hands; but the Irish branch survived in Sir William de Wellesley, who was summoned to parliament, as a baron, by Edward III. In the 15th century, Dangan Castle was obtained by marriage, and the aristocratic prefix *de* was soon afterwards dropped. Henry, the second son of Dudley Colley, married Mary, the only daughter of Sir William Usher, by whom he had a numerous family. Of these, Richard, the youngest son, was adopted by his kinsman, Garret Wesley, who bequeathed him his estates, on condition that he should assume his name and arms. Later in life he was created Baron of Mornington by George II. His son Garret, in 1760, was created Viscount Wellesley and Earl of Mornington, and married, on the 6th of February, 1759, Ann, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Arthur Hill Trevor, first Viscount Dungannon, by whom he had issue six sons—namely, Richard (afterwards the Marquis Wellesley), Arthur Gerald (who died in his infancy), William Wellesley Pole (Baron Maryborough), Arthur (Duke of Wellington), Gerald Valerian (Rector of Bishopwearmouth, D.D.), and Henry (Lord Cowley)—besides three daughters, Frances Seymour, Anne (who was married to Henry, son of Lord Southampton), and Mary Elizabeth (Lady Culling Smith).

Arthur is generally stated to have been born on the 1st of May, 1769, the same year which saw his great military rival, Napoleon, ushered into the world; but whether at Dungan Castle, or in Dublin, is not accurately known. It is believed, however, that he first saw the light in the town residence of his parents, Mornington House, a mansion of some pretensions in Upper Merrion Street, Dublin, which was occasionally described as situate in Merrion Square.

Considerable doubt also appears to envelope the precise date of his nativity, for although the 1st of May has received that kind of confirmation which the adoption of the Duke's name and sponsorship for a royal infant born on the day in question would confer upon it, yet, in the registry of St. Peter's Church, Dublin, it is undoubtedly recorded that "Arthur, son of the Right Hon. Earl and Countess of Mornington," was there christened by "Isaac Mann, archdeacon, on the 30th of April, 1769." This entry, therefore, to some extent proves the birth to have taken place at Dublin; for it is hardly probable that the infant would have been baptized in Dublin, if born at Dungan Castle, as has been averred. Many years afterwards, when her son had become illustrious, and the minutest facts concerning him were matters of interest, the Countess of Mornington, in answer to one of his admirers, explicitly stated his birth to have taken place on the 1st of May; the Duke himself, however, always kept it on the 18th of June.*

* A similar but a more important doubt has been raised with regard to the birthday of Napoleon. Although it has been universally stated that the French Emperor and his conqueror were born in the same year, 1769, there is considerable uncertainty about the fact. Napoleon's marriage contract states that he was born on the 5th of February, 1768, and not the 15th of August, 1769. It is said that as Corsica was not annexed to France until June, 1769, he chose in after life a date subsequent to his real birthday, in order to make himself a genuine-born Frenchman. Whatever motives Napoleon might have had for misstating the date of his birth in his marriage contract, it is true that in a work, called "*[illegible] des Officiers de l'Armée*," published by the National Assembly in 1790 and 1791, when assuredly Bonaparte could have had no motive for falsifying his birthday, he is entered as a captain of artillery, "*Napoleoné Buonaparté, né le 15*

The birth of the great "Captain of the age" took place in a year somewhat fruitful of events. The long-threatened war between the Turks and Russians had just then broken out, and its earliest results had sufficiently indicated that the northern hordes were eventually destined to be victorious over their enervated and fanatic foes. Corsica had at length succumbed to France, and the patriot, Paoli, had been compelled to seek safety in precipitate flight. Hyder Ali was ravaging the Carnatic, little dreaming that an infant then rocking in its cradle on a little green island in the western sea, was destined in after years to give the last blow to the destruction of that power which his daring genius had so audaciously grasped, and which his entire after life was dedicated to strengthen. Across the Atlantic that storm which was fated to work the disruption of the colonies from the mother country was just then gathering, and energetic petitions, to which British statesmen of that day turned a deaf ear, were reaching the English legislature, praying for the repeal of the objectionable revenue acts. Franklin, who was sojourning in England as the representative of the colonies, was amusing his leisure hours by commemorating the arts of peace, in an ode written by him on the foundation of the new Royal Academy—an institution which gave its first promise of future excellence in the shape of an opening address from the lips of its distinguished President.

Lord Mornington, who is probably best known by his graceful musical compositions, died in the prime of his life, on the 22nd of May, 1781, leaving his property in a very encumbered condition. The young earl, however—who in after life achieved a sort of fame for himself both as a statesman and a scholar,

Aôut, 1769." This work was published previous to Napoleon's marriage with Josephine.

When some one remarked to Louis XVIII. on the singularity of the circumstance of Wellington and Napoleon being born in the same year, he wittily replied that with the bane the Almighty had sent the antidote.

and will long be remembered as the talented brother of the great Duke of Wellington—in the most honourable manner, voluntarily assumed the payment of his deceased father's debts. The first part of his education, as well as that of his illustrious brother, was at Eton—whence he proceeded to Oxford, Arthur being removed to the Military College of Angiers, in the department of the Maine and Loire. Contrary to that of the Marquis of Wellesley, the school career of the Duke of Wellington, though he was by no means dull, was far from brilliant. This, though opposed to the vulgar notion that genius ever manifests itself precociously, is in accordance with the almost invariable rule. The indications of future greatness that the biographers of his rival Napoleon pretend to discover in the boyish exploits of their hero, is sheer absurdity. There is perhaps no school in Europe in which there is not a leader of mischief every way as remarkable as young Bonaparte; and the snow fortifications of the play-ground at Brienne are easily accounted for by the nature of the routine pursued in a military academy.

"For the deficiency of any early promise in the future hero we are not confined to negative evidence alone. His relative inferiority was the subject of some concern to his vigilant mother, and had its influence, probably, in the selection of the military profession for one who displayed so little of the family aptitude for elegant scholarship. At Angiers, though the young student left no signal reputation behind him, it is clear that his time must have been profitably employed. Pignerol, the director of the seminary, was an engineer of high repute, and the opportunities of acquiring, not only professional knowledge, but a serviceable mastery of the French tongue, were not likely to have been lost on such a mind as that of his pupil. Altogether, six years were consumed in this course of education, which, though partial enough in itself, was so far in advance of the age that we may conceive the young cadet to have carried with him to his corps a more than average store of professional acquirements.

"The subject of these memoirs was first known as a soldier under the name of Arthur *Wesley*, and the young officer will be found so designated in contemporary descriptions of his early services. The double notoriety attaching itself to the name of Wesley will be suggestive, we doubt not, of some edifying thoughts; and to the ready pen which chronicled both reputations, in the respective history of Methodism and the Peninsular War, we owe an anecdote curious enough to be transcribed into our more concise biography. When Charles, the brother of John Wesley, was at Westminster School, his father received a communication from an Irish gentleman, offering to adopt the boy as heir; but the overture, strange as it may seem, was declined. It was for this Charles Wesley that Richard Colley was substituted by the owner of Dungan; and thus, but for a capricious and improbable transfer of fortune, "we might," says Southey in his speculative reflections, "have had no Methodists; the British empire in India might still have been menaced from Seringapatam, and the undisputed tyrant of Europe might still have insulted and threatened us on our own shores."*

It was on the 7th of March, 1787, when in his 18th year, that Arthur Wesley was gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73rd Regiment. On the second or third day after he joined his regiment, he caused a private soldier to be *weighed*, first in full marching order, arms, accoutrements, ammunition, &c., and afterwards without them. "I wished," he said, when telling the anecdote in after life to a friend, "to have some measure of the power of the individual man compared with the weight he was to carry and the work he was expected to do. I was not so young as not to know, that since I had undertaken a profession, I had better endeavour to understand it." And he went on to observe: "It must always be kept in mind, that the power of the greatest armies depends upon what the individual soldier is capable of doing and bearing."

* *Times*, September 15.

On the Christmas Day of the same year our hero was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 76th. In the succeeding month he exchanged into the 41st, and on the 25th of June was appointed to the 12th Light Dragoons. On the 30th of June, 1791, he was promoted to a company in the 58th Foot; and on the 31st of October, 1792, he obtained a troop in the 18th Light Dragoons. It may be mentioned as a singular contrast to the subsequent developments of his character, that about this period Captain Wellesley got seriously into debt: occasioned, in fact, by the heavy expenditure entailed upon all attached to the Viceregal Court, in consequence of the endeavours made to keep pace with the princely display in which the Lord Lieutenants of those days indulged. So pressing, in fact, were his obligations, that it is reported he was induced to accept temporary relief from a Dublin bootmaker in whose house he resided. At the general election in the summer of 1790 he was returned to the Irish Parliament for the borough of Trim, the patronage of which belonged to the house of Mornington. He occasionally addressed the house, and his speaking was already characterized by that terseness, lucidity, and force, which stamp all his written and verbal communications, and which have created a style scarcely less proverbial than the "Laconic eloquence" of old.

On the 30th of April, 1793, Captain Wellesley was gazetted major of the 33rd Foot, on the resignation of Major Gore; and on the 30th of the following September he succeeded to the lieutenant-coloneley of the regiment, *vice* Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke, who quitted the service.

At this period the excesses of the French Republic had begun to excite the indignation of Europe, and the increase of the revolutionary army to 450,000 men to arouse its fears. An expedition was planned in England to assist the remnant of the Royalists, the command of which was placed in the hands of the Earl of Moira. Amongst other regiments, the 33rd received orders to be in readiness for the coast of France. The failure,

however, of the Duke of York in the Netherlands caused a change in the destination of the troops, which were already in the transports; and it was in aid of the discomfited force of this general (by right only of royal birth), that Colonel Wellesley went out with the 33rd Regiment to flesh his maiden sword against the French republican levies on the plains of Belgium—the scene of his earliest, as it was of his latest services.

The first military operation in which he was engaged was by no means encouraging. The troops under Wellesley's command were hardly landed when they received orders to embark again, for on Lord Moira's arrival at Ostend with the main army, he decided on the immediate evacuation of the place. Before he had time to withdraw the garrison the Republicans, under Pichegru, had pushed their advanced guard to the city gates, which they entered as the last of the English troops filed from the sally-port. Lord Moira marched in the direction of Ghent, closely pressed, however, by the enemy; while Colonel Wellesley took his regiment round by the Scheldt to Antwerp, where he landed, and proceeded to the head-quarters of the Duke at Mechlin, which he reached in time to enable him to hold his ground against the enemy, who fiercely attacked him there. This success was only temporary; and the Duke of York was forced, by vastly superior numbers, to retreat upon Antwerp. Here Lord Moira resigned his command, and returned to England, the regiments which formed his corps being drafted into the different brigades of the army of the Netherlands. The retreat continued first on Breda, and then on Bois-le-duc. On the 15th of September, the Republicans having unexpectedly crossed the morass at Peil, threw themselves on the British right, and cut off 1,500 of the contingent of Hesse Darmstadt, at the same time carrying Boxtell, an advanced post of the allies, commanding the Dommell. To recover this village, a detachment under the command of Lieutenant-General Abercrombie attacked the French on the following morning. Upon clearing the village of Schyndel, a

portion of the English force was drawn into an ambush, on discovering which a retreat was commenced. This was at first effected in an orderly manner; but, owing to the difficulties of the ground, the light cavalry became "mobbed" with a household battalion. The French Hussars advanced to charge, and for a moment the situation of the broken troops was alarming. Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley, who came to their relief, immediately deployed his regiment, which had been sent to support the Dragoons, into line; and, opening his centre files, to permit the discomfited cavalry to retire, closed up again, and hold the foe in check. As the French were forming to charge, a murderous volley, followed by a rapid and well-directed fusilade, threw them into confusion, and soon repulsed them.

The British still retreated before the Republican army; and on the 2nd of December the Duke of York was recalled, and was succeeded by Count Walmoden. Still evil fortune followed them; for after a successful attack at Tuyl, the town was retaken on the 23rd. On the 4th of January, 1795, a sharp encounter took place at Meteren. Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley with part of the 33rd, was forced back upon the British lines by an impetuous attack of the French; but the remainder of his regiment coming up, he repulsed the enemy in his turn, and retook the guns they had captured. Night ended the contest, the French then abandoning an attack in which they had sustained a bloody repulse from a force much inferior to their own, both in numbers and guns. On the 16th, the British recommenced their journey, and on the 27th they reached Deventer, after having endured the most tremendous sufferings. Here they hoped to rest; but the information that the French, with 50,000 men, were advancing by forced marches, drove them again to retreat—first destroying such stores and ammunition as could not be removed. At length they passed the frontier, and experienced, in the kind reception they met from the Bremeners, some sort of recompense for the abominable treatment of their Dutch allies. Soon afterwards they em-

barked for England, and thus closed the first campaign of the future conqueror of Waterloo.

His intrepidity and steadiness—invaluable qualities in a retreating officer—were manifest; and the experience he here acquired of the folly of divided councils in the face of an enemy, is clearly discernible in many passages of his future career. "He saw," observes the writer in the *Times*, "a powerful force frittered away by divisions, and utterly routed by an enemy which, but a few months before, had been scared at the very news of its approach. He saw the indispensability of preserving discipline in a friendly country, and of conciliating the dispositions of a local population, always powerful for good or evil. Though a master-hand was wanting at head-quarters, yet Abercrombie was present, and the young Picton was making his first essay by the side of his future comrade. Austrian, Prussian, Hanoverian, French, Dutch, and British were in the field together; and the care exemplified in appointing and provisioning the respective battalions might be serviceably contrasted. Every check, every repulse, every privation, and every loss brought, we may be sure, its enduring moral to Arthur Wellesley; and although Englishmen may not reflect without emotion on the destinies which were thus perilled on the swamps of Holland, the future general had, perhaps, little reason to repine at the rugged tuition of his first campaign."

CHAPTER II.

1795—1804.

Embarks for the West Indies—Destination changed to India—War with Tippoo—Battles of Sedaseer and Mallavelly—Capture of Seringapatam—Immense spoil taken—Appointed Commandant of the Mysore—Declined a Command in the Batavian Expedition—Conquers Dhoondiah Waugh—Appointed Commandant of Trincomalee—Mahratta War—Capture of Ahmednuggur, Aurungabad, and Jaulna—Battle of Assaye—Capture of Asseerghur and Burhampoor—Affair at Umber—Battle of Argaum—Capture of Gawilghur—Peace made with the Rajah of Berar and Scindiah—Dispersion of Robber Bands—Resigns—Created K.C.B.—Splendid Sword and Vase presented to him—Returns home.

In the autumn of 1795, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley embarked with his regiment for an expedition to the West Indies, but so severe was the weather, that after remaining five weeks on board, the troops were obliged to be landed again at Portsmouth. In the meantime the order was countermanded, and in April of the following year, Wellesley left England to gather his early laurels in the sandy plains of Hindostan.

But before we proceed to recount the details of that spirited career in the East which Arthur Wellesley was now destined to run, we may indulge in a brief summary of the position of affairs at the period of the arrival of the young lieutenant-colonel on the shores of our Indian empire. The native princes, both Hindoo and Mahommedan, were ready to revolt, and the influence of France, who was deeply disappointed at having herself missed the Indian prize, was steadily directed to increase the prevailing disaffection. The sultaun of Mysore was perhaps to be regarded as the most formidable foe. From his very childhood he had been brought up to detest the English name, and the penalty he had been made to pay in the shape of a contribution of one half of his possessions, when the English troops invaded Mysore a few years previously, had more than confirmed him in the hatred he already cherished against his conquerors.

With this hatred was combined the usual treacherous qualities which distinguish the Oriental race. His personal intrepidity, however, was undoubted, and his military talents considerable. "With excellent judgment, and untrammelled by eastern presumption, he saw the defects of native discipline, and laboured to remove them. He had striven, and with success, through the agency of Europeans, to introduce into his camp the improved systems of modern warfare, and the army of Mysore had within a few years undergone a mighty change. His infantry were well drilled, his artillery tolerably efficient, and though his numerous horse were quite unequal to meet and repel the combined charge of British cavalry, as irregulars they were excellent,—alike dangerous to an enemy from their rapid movement—the audacity with which their sudden assault was made—and the celerity, when repulsed, with which their retreat was effected."

With reference to the important tribe of the Mahrattas, with whose barbaric chieftains Wellesley was destined to measure swords at some future period during his brillant campaign in the Deccan, we will reserve the allusion we shall necessarily have to make to them till a more advanced period of our history.

"The position of the Indian Government relatively to the home administration," remarks the writer in the *Times*, "was not, when Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley arrived in those parts, materially different from that which exists at present. The great step of identifying these prodigious acquisitions with the dominions of the British crown had virtually been taken already; and Lord Cornwallis, in the last war, had wielded, to Tippoo's cost, the resources of an empire instead of the arms of a company. A few years earlier, India had scarcely been reputed among the fields open to the soldiers of the British army, and regiments were reluctantly despatched to quarters not looked upon at first with any favourable eye But the scene had been changed by late achieve-

ments; and though a command in India was not what it has since become, it was an object of reasonable ambition. Napoleon pretended, even after the victories of Seringapatam and Assaye, to slight the services of a 'Sepoy general,' but Wellesley established for the school, in the eyes of all Europe, a reputation which it has never since lost.

"Small as were the anticipations of such active service which the young lieutenant-colonel could have entertained at his first landing in India, a few months saw him in the field with his corps against a resolute and formidable enemy. By a notable instance of fortune, the elder brother of Arthur Wellesley was nominated to the Governor-Generalship of India within a few months after the subject of these memoirs had arrived at Calcutta, and the talents of a most accomplished statesman were thus at hand to develope and reward the genius of the rising soldier. Lord Mornington, like many of his successors, went out in the confident expectation of maintaining peace, but found himself engaged in hostilities against his most ardent desire. At that time the three presidencies of India shared pretty evenly between them the perils and prospects of active service in the field. Bengal, since the definite submission of Oude, had been comparatively quiet; but it was the imperial presidency, and its troops were held readily disposable for the exigencies of the others. Bombay vibrated with every convulsion of the Mahratta States, by which it was surrounded; and Madras, in earlier times the leading government, had recovered much of its importance from the virtual absorption of the Carnatic, the formidable resources and uncertain disposition of the Nizam, and, above all, the menacing attitude of Tippoo Sultaun, the adventurer of Mysore. It was against this barbaric chieftain that the spurs of Arthur Wellesley were won."

On the 22nd of February, 1799, war was proclaimed against the notorious Tippoo, whose gross duplicity and shameless breach of treaties left an appeal to the sword the only method of arbitration open between that potentate and the English

Government. The British army, which was unusually effective, was placed under the unrestricted command of General Harris, who was assisted by a political or diplomatic commission, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonels Wellesley, Barry Close, and Agnew, and Captain Malcolm, with Captain Macaulay as secretary. A march upon Seringapatam, Tippoo's capital, was determined on; and on the 6th of March, a conflict between the Bombay force and the redoubted sultaun took place at Sedaseer. The British, under General Stuart, were 6,000 strong, their foes consisting of 12,000 horse. Their casualties were trifling; but the enemy, who, in spite of the advantages of his position, was repulsed after a fierce and oft-renewed attack, suffered considerably. He immediately retired to Peripatam; and on the 27th he again fell on the British at Mallavelly, his object being to prevent Stuart's junction with Harris. The result was similar to that of the last battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley's regiment (the 33rd) made a brilliant charge, which decided the day, and utterly demolished Tippoo's best brigade, though thrice as numerous. Tippoo was routed with the loss of 2,000 men. After this, no further resistance was offered to the march of the British, who soon reached the capital, and vigorously commenced siege operations. Seringapatam, which stood on an island at the junction of the rivers Cauvery and Coleroon, was a city of great magnificence, and was considered by the sultaun to be impregnable. Its works were certainly of immense extent, but being ill designed, were massive rather than strong.

On the morning of the 28th, General Harris, with the troops under his command, forded the River Cauvery at Sosilla, about fifteen miles from Seringapatam, with complete success. The battery train, with the last divisions, crossed on the 30th of March, to the great surprise of the enemy, who were on the look out for them in a totally different direction. While the British troops were hastening towards the capital the sultaun summoned his principal officers together and commu-



IN INDIA, 1803

nicated to them his alarm. "We have arrived," said he, "at our last stage; on what steps have you determined?" "We have determined to die along with you," was the brave and unanimous reply. The decision was instantly come to meet the British General, and to again attack him on his route. Only a few skirmishes, however, took place, occasionally interrupted by negociations which led to no satisfactory result, till at length, on the morning of the 30th of April, the English troops having in the meanwhile taken up their ground before the fortress, the breaching battery opened its fire.

While the siege was in progress, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley had a narrow escape of falling into the enemy's hands, for while engaged in an unsuccessful night attack on a tope, or grove of trees, he was struck on the knee by a spent ball, and got separated from his men, and, according to the private diary of General Harris, was compelled to come, "in a good deal of agitation, to say he had not carried the tôpe." When the troops had the advantage of daylight, the attack was renewed with complete and immediate success, proving that the obscurity of the night had been the only previous obstacle. "The affair," we are told, "has been frequently quoted as Wellington's only failure, and the particulars of the occurrence were turned to some account in the jealousies and scandals from which no camp is wholly free." A few days afterwards, he commanded an attack upon some of the enemy's entrenchments, and succeeded in dislodging their defenders, after a short, but brilliant encounter.

Terms had been offered to Tippoo, by which he was to cede half his territories, to pay two millions sterling, to renounce the French alliance, and to give up four of his sons and as many of his generals as hostages. These stipulations, however, were refused. The *Times* mentions "that Sir John Malcolm used in after days to relate an anecdote, which shows better than any calculation how many chances still remained in Tippoo's favour. On the day appointed for the storm, h

entered the general's tent, and saluted him by anticipation with the title which proved afterwards the reward of his services. 'Malcolm,' was the serious reply of the old chief, 'this is no time for compliments. We have serious work on hand. Don't you see that the European sentry over my tent is so weak from want of food and exhaustion that a Sepoy could push him down? We must take this fort, or perish in the attempt. I have ordered Baird to persevere in his attack to the last extremity; if he is beat off, Wellesley is to proceed with the troops from the trenches; if he also should not succeed, I shall put myself at the head of the remainder of the army, for success is necessary to our existence.'"

It was on the 3rd of May, the breach being practicable, that the city was stormed. The British forces employed numbered 4,476 men, under the command of Major-General Baird. The right column was entrusted to Colonel Sherbrooke, and the left, in which was the 33rd, to Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop. Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley having received orders to head the reserve in the advanced trenches, and to await the success of the storm, the men fixed upon to engage in the assault took up their position in the trenches, exposed to the mid-day heat of an eastern sun. In less than seven minutes from the period of issuing from the trenches, the British colours were planted on the summit of the breach. But great was the surprise of the assailants to discover that a deep and apparently impassable ditch lay between them and the interior fortifications; a narrow passage was, however, discovered, along which a portion of the troops passed, exposed to a flanking fire of musketry from the inner rampart. Traverse after traverse was now gained, and in a few moments the assailants had carried the eastern gateway. At this point Tippoo, who had all along fought with great determination, finding himself abandoned by his men, and the troops crowding in upon him, endeavoured to gain a place of security, but perished in the attempt.

The story of the death of the sultaun of Mysore has been

often told. In the *melée* he got separated from his attendants, and sought to escape into the interior fortress. On his way there he received several severe wounds, his horse sunk under him, and his friends were falling all around. Recognized by his attendants, he was placed in a palanquin; but the bodies of the dead and dying so choked up the gateway, that escape was impossible. A few moments afterwards, an English soldier who had scrambled through the gateway, made a grasp at his glittering sword-belt, when Tippoo, raising his sabre, cut at him with all his remaining strength, wounding him in the knee. Exasperated at this attack, the soldier put his firelock to his shoulder, and shot the dying sultaun through the head. His body was instantly stripped of its ornaments, and left amongst a heap of slain servants of the ferocious and once-dreaded tyrant of Mysore.

While this tragedy was being enacted unknown to the officers of the British troops, Major Allen was hastening to the palace, with the view of saving the lives of the sultaun and his family, whom he expected to find there concealed. After great difficulty he obtained admission, and was conducted to the presence of two of Tippoo's sons, whom he persuaded to accompany him to General Baird. Search was then made for the sultaun, and late at night, by the light of torches, the bleeding body of the great eastern potentate was discovered by General Baird and Colonel Wellesley lying buried under a heap of slain.

Such of the sons and officers of Tippoo as were not taken in the fort, surrendered within a few days after the fate of the capital and its sovereign was known.

The spoil captured was very considerable, amounting to 45,580,350 star pagodas (18,232,140*l.* sterling), exclusive of military stores; 929 pieces of ordnance, and an immense quantity of ammunition, were also taken. General Harris, as the commander, received one-eighth of the whole, and 100,000*l.* was offered by the army to the marquis, but was honourably

declined by him as encroaching on the general prize-money. The company, in recompense, however, voted him 5,000*l.* annually for twenty years. Tippoo's army, at the commencement of the war, consisted of nearly 100,000 men, backed by 2,000 cannons, and a treasury containing eighty millions sterling. The number actually employed in defending the city was 22,000, or five times that of the assailants. The British loss from the investment to the capture of the city (*i. e.* from the 4th of April to the 4th of May), was 322 killed, 1,042 wounded, and 122 missing. After the storm, Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley greatly exerted himself to restrain plunder, and to restore order. In this he was so successful, that in three days afterwards the bazaars were crowded with merchants as at an eastern fair. The result of this victory was most decisive. It placed the whole kingdom of the Mysore at the disposal of England, and utterly crushed the only power which the French could look to for assistance.

Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley was immediately appointed Commandant of Seringapatam, and on the 11th of September of the whole Mysore, the Ristna Rajah Oodiaver having been placed on the throne which Hyder Ali had usurped.

For a time our hero's government was most satisfactory, but a new enemy soon started up to raise again Tippoo's overthrown standard, and who, "but for the opportune antagonism of Wellesley, might have repeated on a larger scale the pretensions and agressions of the Mysorean usurper." This was a daring adventurer of the name of Dhoondiah, of Mahratta parentage, who was born in the kingdom of Mysore, and served in the armies both of Hyder and Tippoo. He deserted during the war with Lord Cornwallis, and headed a predatory band in the region of the Toombudra. Tippoo induced him by fair professions to trust himself in his hands, and then shut him up in a prison, where he had lain for several years, and whence he contrived to escape during the capture of Seringapatam. He soon collected around him a band of desperate adventurers, and

after being dislodged by General Harris from his position in the north, he migrated southwards, and made such rapid strides towards the establishment of a sort of rude empire, that the Indian Government despatched Colonel Wellesley against him at the head of a force to procure his effectual subjugation. His activity and judgment enabled him, however, to hold out for several months, but at length he succumbed to the superior forces brought against him, and fell before a dashing charge of cavalry, which was headed by Colonel Wellesley in person.

His corpse being recognised, it was forthwith "lashed to a galloper gun and carried back to the British camp," and a little boy, about ten years old, who was found among the baggage, and identified as the favourite son of the dead chieftain, was taken charge of by Colonel Wellesley himself, who carried him to his own tent, and proved a friend and protector to him in after life.

Just before Colonel Wellesley started in chase of Dhoondiah he had received an offer from his brother of the military command of an expedition destined for an attack against the Dutch settlements at Batavia. Although this was a service he much desired, and was one which, if attended with success, would have proved both profitable and honourable to him, he sacrificed all personal inclinations, and professed his readiness to adopt any course that would best contribute to the public service. Lord Clive, to whom the matter was referred, was urgent in his entreaties that Colonel Wellesley should continue in his command at Mysore; and the instructions he received at this time to enter the Mahratta country at once decided him to decline the proffered command.

Later in the year, when Napoleon, finding himself master of the European continent, turned his attention again to the East, with the view of restoring to the French army in Egypt the resources they had lost by the defeat of his fleet in the Nile, a plan was promulgated of making India not merely secure against his aggressions, in the event of his con-

centrating his forces on that quarter, but of rendering it capable of acting against him in an offensive way, by despatching an Anglo-Indian army to Mocho, and thence across the Great Desert, to attack the French in the rear, while the army under Sir Ralph Abercrombie attacked them in front. About the time this scheme was in process of execution, a force of 5,000 men was collected at Trincomalee, with the view of a descent on the Mauritius, and Colonel Wellesley was nominated to the command. After waiting here above a month, without obtaining any tidings of the admiral with whom he had to act in conjunction, and conceiving the intended expedition had been abandoned, he removed his troops to Bombay. This step was taken on his own responsibility, but not without a certain degree of apprehension lest a measure of this decisive character should be disposed of by the Governor-General—a state of feeling justified by the result; for on arriving at Bombay, he had the mortification to find himself superseded in his command. Colonel Wellesley's explanation, however, proved so far satisfactory, that he was offered the position of second in command of an expedition destined for the shores of the Red Sea, the chief command of which had been entrusted to General Baird. The acceptance of this command was pressed upon him by his brother the Marquis, on the score of public duty; and Colonel Wellesley appears to have cheerfully accepted it, although he had evidently no great liking for his superior officer. Some time elapsing, and General Baird not having arrived, Wellesley, who had received information that Sir Ralph Abercrombie had already commenced his operations, prepared to act for a second time on his own responsibility, and to start off immediately to the Red Sea, there to set to work with the troops that had already arrived at their destination. This course he proceeded to justify in a note to his brother, on the ground that the man "who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience, is deficient in proper public spirit;" but before he could act ac-

cording to his intention, he was seized with a fever, which laid him on his back, and obliged him to give over all idea of joining the expedition. A favourable trait in his character was here made apparent. He had evidently regarded General Baird with feelings of considerable dislike; but, to quote his own words, "the kind, candid, and handsome manner" in which the old general had behaved towards him—treatment which, he freely confesses, he had not expected—had quite disarmed every vestige of animosity; and in a letter to the general, enclosing his plan of operations, he acknowledges his kindness, and informs him that he proposes to make known to their mutual friends, not only the distinguished manner in which General Baird had behaved towards him, but the causes which prevented him from demonstrating his gratitude, by giving to the general every assistance in the arduous service which he had to conduct.

The extensive territory of the Mahrattas, of which we have before spoken, was divided into five states, inhabited by a population of forty millions, all nominally subject to the descendant of the Rajah of Sattara. This unhappy personage, however, was kept in durance, and his power was usurped by the peshwah, or hereditary chief magistrate. Of the other rajahs, Holkar, Scindiah, and the Rajah of Berar, were the most prominent, as well for their power as their military propensities. Being continually at variance, all of them had greatly strengthened their armies, both as to number and discipline. In fact, more than three-fourths of their officers were European (principally French) or American. Scindiah's army consisted of eleven battalions of infantry, 500 matchlock-men, 18,500 cavalry, and 205 pieces of cannon, commanded by M. Peron; nor were the other armies less formidable. The Mysore, on its conquest, had been divided between the British and his Highness the Nizam—Scindiah, who had been solicited to join the allies in their war against Tippoo, having not only declined the proposal, but actually taken an immense present from the sultuan. The peshwah had also refused an offer of alliance; but his army and that of

Scindiah having been routed by Holkar, with whom they were at the time at war, he precipitately abandoned his capital, Poonah, and sought the protection of the Governor-General. His request was acceded to, and another attempt was made to include Scindiah in the treaty; but he entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Rajah of Berar, who possessed a force of 20,000 cavalry, 6,000 infantry, 35 pieces of artillery, 500 camel-guns, and 500 rocket-men. Holkar, in the meantime, raised his father to the Musnud of Poonah, while he himself, retaining the command of the army, virtually held the reins of power.

Affairs were in this state when Wellesley, who had been recently promoted to the rank of Major-General, was appointed to a command under General Stuart, in the army of Madras, which numbered 19,000 men, and which had been ordered to the north-west frontier, to check any incursion of the Mahrattas upon the British or the Nizam's territory—the latter, lying next to the hostile country, being peculiarly liable to invasion. At this juncture General Wellesley drew up an exceedingly valuable memoir as to the mode in which the campaign was to be conducted; and the system of tactics which he advised should be acted upon proved completely successful when the time arrived for carrying them out. Operations were commenced on his part by moving the division under his command towards Poonah, which city was reached in the course of six weeks. After a day or two's stay here, he marched towards the Ghauts. At this juncture, information was received that Holkar was about to join the hostile rajahs—a circumstance which precipitated the movements of the British. The chief command of the army of Hindostan was held by General Lake, to whom, in conjunction with General Wellesley, the highest discretionary powers were entrusted. Negociations were at once opened with the Mahratta chiefs; but though carried on on their part with a semblance of sincerity, it seems that their object was merely to gain time for the maturing of

their plans, according to the established rule of eastern diplomacy. Wellesley, however, soon penetrated their designs, and determined to render them unavailing.

During the month of August, 1803, when the English people were just beginning to feel the first symptoms of feverish alarm at the threatened descent of Napoleon on their shores—an alarm afterwards justified by the assemblage of an immense invading army, which lay for several months together encamped on the heights of Boulogne, almost within sight of "the island of his hate"—during the month of August, when too much excitement existed with regard to home affairs for the English people to take much interest at what was transpiring in the centre of an almost unknown empire, thousands of miles away, Wellesley marched with rapidity upon the Pettah and Fort of Ahmednuggur, reported to be the strongest in the Indian peninsula, and found himself at last face to face with the foe. Short work was made of the attack. A Mahratta chief wrote to his friend as follows: "These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man. They came in here this morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast. Who can withstand them?" The fort was carried by escalade, three hundred men having succeeded in mounting a bastion, when a cannon ball broke the last ladder, and thus cut off all communication with their comrades. They were, however, a gallant band, and drove all before them, till they reached one of the gates, which they opened, and having let in the rest of the storming party, the capture of the place was immediately effected. The loss amounted to 140 men

On the 29th, the English army took peaceful possession of Aurungabad, a city of great extent, and once of truly eastern magnificence. On the 21st of September, Colonel Stevenson, who in the meantime had stormed the fort of Jaulna, had an interview with Geneal Wellesley, and a joint attack upon the enemy, who was encamped at Boherdun,

two marches' distance, was decided upon. The engagement which followed was the famous field of Assaye. Owing to difficulties of the route, the two generals divided their forces, and proceeded by different ways. The result was, that on the 23rd General Wellesley, who had been deceived by some inaccurate information, suddenly found himself in the presence of the Mahratta army, drawn up in battle array: 30,000 horse formed the right flank, and 20,000 infantry, supported by 100 guns, the centre and left. Against this immense force General Wellesley could only oppose 8,000 men (of whom 1,600 were cavalry), and seventeen pieces of cannon. Not more than 1,500 were Englishmen. Notwithstanding this enormous disparity, an encounter was the British general's only safe policy. Any indecision would have been fatal, and Wellesley—in spite of the Fabian policy with which his enemies delight to charge him—was not the man to be appalled by difficulties, or be deterred by odds from striking a decisive blow. He immediately formed on the heights with the most intrepid coolness, although it was truly a scene to make

"The boldest hold his breath
For a time."

At the last moment, *instructâ acie*, the English general changed his front, having determined upon attacking the enemy's left instead of his right. This movement was cleverly and deliberately executed under the heavy cannonade of the Mahratta guns; and corresponding evolutions on the part of the enemy were also effected with very much greater success than could have been expected. Their front now became like one vast battery; and the English guns, which opened fire in return, were soon silenced. General Wellesley therefore ordered an assault with the bayonet upon the enemy's cannon, which were captured in spite of the indomitable resolution and obstinate bravery which Scindiah's gunners manifested. The officer to whom the command of the picquets with the 74th was intrusted by an unfortunate error of judgment had led his men into the

very hottest fire, which, by a more circuitous route, he might have avoided. So severe was it that the line was much disordered, and could scarcely maintain its ground. Profiting by this error, a dense mass of the Musselman horse stole round the enclosures of Assaye, and precipitated themselves upon the half annihilated but yet dauntless 74th. At this crisis, Colonel Maxwell with the 19th cavalry and a corps of Sepoys, rushed upon the assailants, and with great slaughter utterly routed them. Disregarding the heavy fire of grape and musketry, he then turned on the enemy's left. The 74th and the light troops re-formed and charged home, driving everything before them. But the battle was not yet over. Many of the enemy's guns, which had been left in the rear by the British line as they advanced, were, by a practice common to the native armies of India, turned upon our troops by men who had thrown themselves down upon the ground as though they were dead. General Wellesley thought it necessary to proceed in person to stop this fire, which for some time was very severe, when he had a most narrow escape, his horse being shot under him while he was galloping at the head of a regiment of English cavalry. The Sepoys, maddened with the excitement of victory, had pushed their successes too far. A part of the vanquished army had rallied, and were beginning the conflict afresh; but Colonel Maxwell, who had re-formed his brigade, immediately dashed amongst them, and destroyed their last chance of success. The defeat was total and complete: Scindiah's immense army was broken and flying in every direction. The British loss was of course considerable. It was returned as follows:—Killed, 428; wounded, 1,138; missing, 18; total, 1,584. Amongst the casualties, the most serious was that of Colonel Maxwell himself, who fell in the last charge. Thus terminated this brilliant engagement. "With all odds but those of science and spirit against him. Wellesley had maintained and confirmed the *prestige* superstitiously attached to the arms of England; and to this, the

first pitched battle in which he ever commanded, has been plausibly traced the establishment of that ascendancy which we enjoy in India to this very day."*

After the battle was concluded, General Wellesley was compelled to remain in the neighbourhood, from the difficulty of finding a place of security for his wounded; but Colonel Stevenson was despatched to harass the remnant of Scindiah's army, and to take Asseergur and Burhampoor, all of which services he performed in a most satisfactory manner, meeting but little opposition at the former, and none at all at the latter place. On the 25th of October, Wellesley broke up his camp, and marched southward against the Rajah of Berar. On the 31st, the rajah despatched 5,000 horse to intercept a convoy of 14,000 bullocks, which were being sent to the troops on the frontier. They were defended by three companies of the 3rd Madras Native Infantry, and two 3-pounders, under Captain Baynes. The attack was made at Umber; but the gallant little band beat off their assailants, notwithstanding the superior numbers of the latter, who retired with great loss. Scindiah, meeting thus with nothing but reverses, soon became tired of the war, and, after some weeks more had been spent in manœuvres without coming again to blows, he sent a vakeel to make his peace with the English Government. General Wellesley agreed to an armistice with him, but refused to suspend hostilities against the Rajah of Berar. Scindiah, however, did not act in pursuance of the stipulation into which he had entered, namely, that he should remove his troops to the east of Ellichpoor; and accordingly, on the 29th of November, General Wellesley again attacked him at the village of Argaum, routing his troops with immense slaughter, and capturing 38 pieces of cannon, all his ammunition, many elephants and camels, and much baggage.

The whole army of the confederated Mahratta chiefs was discovered formed in one long line of infantry, cavalry, and

* *Times.*

artillery, extending across the plains of Argaum, nearly five miles in length. Wellesley advanced with his army disposed in one massive column, the cavalry at the head leading in a direction nearly parallel with the enemy's line. As it neared their front it formed into two lines, and the right wing was hurled against the enemy's left. After a brief struggle, the whole of the enemy's line gave way, and precipitately retreated. The cavalry were soon in hot pursuit, cutting down the fugitives in their progress.

Flushed with success, the British commander determined to complete the work he had in hand without delay. He marched, therefore, with all possible rapidity, towards the fortress of Gawil Ghur, considered one of the strongest in India, and vainly thought by the natives to be impregnable even to British arms. Dragging the heavy ordnance over mountains and through ravines, the army, after several day's severe toil, at length found themselves beneath the walls of the fortress. Batteries were at once erected, and on the morning of the 17th of December, the breach being thought practicable, a storming party was ordered to the attack. False attacks were made in other directions, to divert the attention of the enemy from the real point of assault, one of which proved successful, and the gate was carried, after a dreadful slaughter had taken place. The walls of the inner fortress were at once escaladed, and the troops were quickly masters of the place.

This brought the Mahratta chieftains to reason. The Rajah of Berar urgently begged for a separate peace, which was concluded in two days afterwards on terms highly advantageous to the East India Company. Scindiah soon followed in the steps of his late ally, and the war was thus brought to a brilliant and prosperous termination. Some disturbances, however, broke out in various parts of the Nizam's territory, in consequence of the excesses of various formidable freebooters. On the 6th of February, 1804, after a few severe forced marches, General Wellesley came up with the most powerful and mis-

chievous of these predatory bodies, and completely dispersed it.

This event may be said to have completed his Indian career and to have ended our first Mahratta war. The share which Wellesley had in its successful termination gave promises of celebrity which were amply realized hereafter—the workings of the master mind were readily discerned—and in his first exploits there is a brightness of conception, a boldness in execution, that warrants the fullest comparison in martial daring between the conqueror of Lodi and the victor of Assaye.* These were appreciated at the time by those most intimately concerned in a way that bore ready testimony to his distinguished merit. The inhabitants of Calcutta presented him with a valuable sword, and in every settlement and town the people testified their feelings and sentiments by public rejoicings; and when his intended departure for England became known, addresses of affection and regret reached him from all quarters. Officers of regiments with which he had been connected, the native inhabitants of the city of Seringapatam,—the command of which he had held since its subjugation by British arms,—and the civilians and officers of the presidency of Madras, were among those who came forward to testify their regard. And to all he had a kind word to say, and to some a few morsels of valuable advice to give. To the Dewan of the Rajah of Mysore he presented his own portrait, accompanying it with a letter, penned in an almost affectionate strain, in which he recommended him to persevere in the laudable path which he had hitherto followed, to let the prosperity of the country be his object, to protect the ryots and traders, and to allow no man, whether vested with authority or otherwise, to oppress them with impunity; and, finally, to do justice to every man, as a means of insuring that prosperity and stability to his government which he himself most earnestly desired.

* Maxwell.

CHAPTER III.

1805—1808.

Lands in England—Appointed to the Command of the Troops at Hastings—Marries—Birth of his two Sons—Charge against the Marquis Wellesley—Appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland—Is employed in the Expedition to Copenhagen—Affair at Kioge—The Danish Fleet brought to England—Thanks of Parliament to the Officers engaged.

It was in the autumn of 1805, that Sir Arthur Wellesley—after an absence of nine years, during which his gallant services in the East had caused his promotion to a major-generalship, and had earned the honour of the knighthood of the Bath—this investiture being directed by the king to take place without waiting for a vacancy—and of the thanks of his sovereign and the legislature—landed once more on the shores of England, with a reputation as an able commander firmly established. He was soon after appointed to the command of the troops at Hastings. On the 8th of April, 1806, he was sworn one of his Majesty's Privy Council; and two days afterwards, he married Catherine, third daughter of the second Earl of Longford, by whom he had issue two sons—Arthur, Marquis of Douro, born February 3, 1807, in Harley Street, London; and Charles, born January 16, 1808, at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, near Dublin.

About the time he contracted this matrimonial alliance, he was called to a scene of strife in which the tongue was the chief weapon employed; and it appears that he wielded it as successfully as he had previously done the sword. The arena of warfare was the House of Commons, of which he had been elected a member soon after his return, by the burgesses of the borough of Rye—his antagonist a Mr. Paull, the representative of Westminster—the cause of quarrel his noble

brother's Indian administration. No Indian Government had ever been so remarkable for its military achievements, or so permanently useful to this country as that of the Marquis of Wellesley. During his seven years' administration, he had, says Mr. Alison, "added provinces to the British empire larger than the kingdom of France: extended its influence over territories more extensive than Germany; and successively vanquished four fierce and warlike nations, who could bring 300,000 men into the field. From maintaining with difficulty a precarious footing at the foot of the Ghauts, and on the Malabar and Coromandel coasts, the British Government was seated on the throne of Mysore; from resting only on the banks of the Ganges, it had come to spread its influence to the Indus and the Himalaya; it numbered among its principal towns Delhi and Agra, the once splendid capitals of Hindostan; among its stipendiary princes, the Sultaun of Mysore, and the descendant of the Imperial House of Timour." Mr. Paull, however, ventured to attack the Governor who had effected all this; but the result was the utter failure of his accusation, and he had the mortification of being laughed at. The discussion on one of his charges, which recited various acts of tyranny and fraud alleged to have been practised by Lord Wellesley upon the Nabob of Oude, was brought to a premature close by Mr. Paull's losing his seat, which he never more regained. On the 22nd of February, 1808, Lord Folkeston, much to the surprise of every one, resuscitated the question. Sir Arthur spoke on the subject, and asked for an immediate decision. On the 9th of March the charges were brought before the House, and adjourned till the 17th, when, the previous question having been carried by an immense majority, the following resolution was passed, on the motion of Sir John Anstruther, namely, "That it appears to this House that the Marquis Wellesley, in his arrangements in the province of Oude, was actuated by an ardent zeal for the service of his country, and an anxious desire to promote the safety, interests, and prosperity of the British empire in India."

This motion was carried by 180 votes against 29. A similar result attended another attempt on the part of Lord Archibald Hamilton to criminate Lord Wellesley.

In 1807 Sir Arthur accepted the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, under the Portland Administration, the Duke of Richmond being at that time lord-lieutenant. In this capacity he not only carried out the powers of a very strong Coercion Act, called the "Insurrection Bill," in a way that drew even from his opponents expressions of admiration, but he introduced practical reforms into the police, of which the sister country still reaps the fruits.

In taking office, Sir Arthur had stipulated that his ministerial duties should not interfere with his professional, and accordingly, in the summer of 1807, he was once more employed on active service. The renewal of the war against France by the third European coalition was proceeding with vigour, and to this compact England was a party. The duties which we undertook in connection with these alliances were chiefly limited to scouring the ocean with our fleets, and furnishing subsidies to the troops of the great Powers whose forces were actually in the field. Denmark, a state much too weak to maintain its independence if attacked by any of the great powers then at war, had been permitted to remain in a state of armed, but strict neutrality. At the commencement of the year, Murat had encroached upon her frontier; and though a collision had taken place between the outposts and the French troops, in which blood had been shed, the Crown Prince suffered himself to be pacified by a very inadequate explanation from the French general. This excited considerable alarm, inasmuch as in the basins of Copenhagen, a formidable fleet rode at anchor, which, in the hands of Napoleon, would have been a most mischievous addition to his already vast resources. Nor was the fear that he would resort to further aggression groundless; for information had been obtained, that in the treaty of Tilsit, he had entered into a secret compact with

Alexander, the Russian Emperor, to seize the Danish shipping. To prevent this, the English Government, with the utmost possible promptness and secrecy, prepared a large fleet, under the command of Admiral Gambier, and equipped an army of 20,000 men, under that of Lord Cathcart. In the latter, Sir Arthur Wellesley held a distinguished post.

On the 4th of August the English fleet anchored between the Castle of Cronenburg and Copenhagen. After a fruitless attempt at negociation, the troops, which had been reinforced by the German Legion from Pomerania, were landed on the 16th, between Elsinore and the capital; the fleet taking up a position nearer the city. On the 19th the fort of Fredericksweik was captured by surprise, and its garrison of 350 men made prisoners. A few days afterwards, the city was invested. On the 29th, Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had been sent with Generals Linsengen and Stuart to scatter the Danish forces under Generals Carstenkiold and Oxholen, came up with them at Kioge. The attack was planned in a most scientific manner, and resulted in the complete overthrow of the Danes, whose loss was very great. Sixty officers and 1,100 men, with ten pieces of cannon, were taken; and such was the panic of those who escaped, that they threw away their arms and clothing for more convenient flight. Sir Arthur, after this affair, proceeded into the interior to awe the population, and prevent insurrections. This he had successfully accomplished, when he was sent for by Lord Cathcart, to prepare and sign articles for the capitulation of the city, against which operations had been actively carried on. The authorities of Copenhagen, however, obstinately refused to make terms till the 5th of September, when their sight of the city in flames at once induced them to accept an armistice. The Danish fleet, which numbered sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, and many smaller vessels—and which Napoleon had intended to have used in his projected invasion of England and Ireland—was surrendered. The ships, together with ninety transports, were filled

with naval stores: three vessels on the stocks were taken to pieces and brought to England, and two others were destroyed.

On the 20th the British forces set sail for this country, which they reached safely with their capture. The loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 200 soldiers and 50 seamen. A previous writer has remarked, that "this short episode in the military life of our hero, has been thrown into shadow by his mightier achievements; but its merits were acknowledged by the special thanks of Parliament; and M. Thiers, in his recent history, introduces Sir Arthur Wellesley to French readers as an officer who had certainly seen service in India, but who was principally known by his able conduct at Copenhagen." It may be interesting to state here, that a mare belonging to Lord Rosslyn, proving in foal during the siege, the colt which she bore on her arrival in England was named after the Danish capital, and was bought by the Duke, whose favourite horse it continued for many years. It bore its illustrious owner at Waterloo, and survived till 1835, when it died at Strathfieldsaye.

On the 1st of February, 1808, the Speaker of the House of Commons, in publicly conveying to the officers engaged in the expedition the vote of thanks that three days previously had been passed by a majority of 81, made of Sir Arthur Wellesley's name special and flattering mention, to which Sir Arthur replied in modest and fitting terms. For the next few months he applied himself to his ministerial duties in Ireland, and in doing so, the reader, remembering the virulence of party feelings forty years ago, will not be surprised to learn that his conduct, though really most exemplary, was on several occasions freely criticised and condemned by the opposition.

CHAPTER IV.

1808–1809.

The First Peninsular Campaign—State of Europe—Joseph Bonaparte made King of Spain—Insurrection—The Maid of Saragossa—Sir Arthur Gazetted Lieutenant-General—Lands in Portugal—Affair at Obidos—Battle of Rolica—Sir Harry Burrard arrives, and forbids Sir Arthur's advance—French Attack at Vimiero, and are defeated—Sir Hugh Dalrymple assumes the command—Armistice—Convention of Cintra—Sir Arthur presented with a piece of plate—French embark—Dissatisfaction in England—Sir Arthur returns home—Appointment of Sir John Moore to the command—Inquiry into the Convention of Cintra—Sir Arthur thanked by Parliament.

THE next great act in the momentous drama of Sir Arthur Wellesley's life was the conflict in the Peninsula. At this period Bonaparte was Emperor of France and King of Italy—one of his brothers was King of Holland—a second, King of Naples—and a third, King of Westphalia. The German Netherlands and all the German States as far as the Rhine, were actually annexed to France; while the possession of numerous strongholds gave to Bonaparte the command of the rest of Germany. That empire was, in fact, dissolved, and its components had become mere feudatories of France. Switzerland and Denmark were under Gallic protection—Prussia and Austria existed only by sufferance—Sweden kept up a merely nominal warfare against Napoleon—and Russia was entirely subservient to him. Spain was utterly under his control, and Portugal purchased its neutrality by the payment of continual subsidies. England alone struggled manfully for her liberties and independence.

In respect to Spain and Portugal, Bonaparte did not stop here. With the bribe of a moiety of Portugal, which was to be partitioned between the two powers, he persuaded the Spanish Government to put the flower of their army under his

controul; and he immediately marched it away to the north of Germany. He then gave notice to Portugal to close her ports against England, as well as to confiscate the estates and seize the persons of any of our countrymen that might happen to be resident there. All this was to be done in three weeks, on pain of a declaration of war. Without waiting, however, even the brief period he had specified, he ordered Junot to invade the country at once. That general, with his forces strengthened by a considerable detachment of Spaniards, immediately marched from Salamanca, and made his way towards Lisbon with such celerity, that he had reached within ninety miles of the capital before the authorities were aware that he had even crossed the frontier. The Royal Family of Braganza at once fled, placing themselves under British protection, and finally emigrating to the Brazils; but as the Portuguese Government had yielded a reluctant consent to the French terms, Lisbon was placed under the blockade of a British fleet.

Junot, on arriving at Alcantara, where he was obliged to rest his men a little, issued a proclamation, in which he professed that he was coming to "emancipate" the country from English dominion, and to save Lisbon from the fate of Copenhagen. Amongst other things, he averred that his army was "as well disciplined as it was brave," and answered, "on his honour," for its good conduct—a pledge which succeeding events soon proved to be as worthless as the gauge offered for its truth. The most shameful spoliation and sacrilege were openly committed—churches, besides being stripped of everything valuable, were profaned in a manner revolting to think of—while the property of private as well as of public persons was "annexed" with the utmost rapacity. When Junot arrived at Lisbon, his troops were in a plight so pitiable as to move the compassion of the citizens, who treated them with the utmost kindness. The old fable of the countryman and the frozen snake was acted over again. As soon as Junot's straggling bands had been reinforced by the arrival of their comrades,

and had recovered from the effects of their march, they commenced the work of plunder and oppression. To give some idea of the extent to which this was carried, it may be here stated, that on the embarkation of the French troops, Junot, who, when he reached Lisbon, had not even a change of linen, demanded five ships for the removal of his own personal effects, having previously sent numerous large consignments of valuable property to France.

In the meantime Napoleon, with an army under Murat, had seized Madrid, driven out the wretched Bourbons, and proclaimed his brother Joseph, King of Spain—Lucien Bonaparte, to whom the crown was first offered, having declined the questionable honour. This step caused an immense excitement throughout the entire Spanish Peninsula, and insurrectionary movements broke out in every direction. In many instances the people triumphed, and, flushed with success, behaved with that sanguinary fierceness which victorious mobs are accustomed to display. Nor did the French fail to take the most fearful and cold-blooded revenge; so that Shakspeare's highly wrought picture of Scotland's miseries under Macbeth might have been applied almost without exaggeration to this unhappy country. Napoleon's forces amounted only to about 75,000 men; and though, by means of superior tactical knowledge his generals were enabled to quell various local risings, he was not able to awe the entire nation, or, when he had put down one band of patriots, to prevent the organization of another. (Even women, forgetting the weakness of their sex, burned with a noble ardour to expel the invader, and emulated the daring valour of their husbands, their brothers, and their sons. The maid of Saragossa, who rallied her dispirited neighbours by discharging a cannon on the foe at the siege of that city, has achieved a name destined to survive in history. While that siege was pending, the French General (Dupont) experienced a crushing defeat at Baylen, which so startled the new King of Spain, that he abandoned his attempts

on Saragossa, and collecting his army, retired with all speed to Vittoria.

These scenes of insurrection and bloodshed were imitated across the Portuguese frontier; and though the inhabitants probably met with less success in their warfare than the Spaniards, the disasters of Junot's compatriots in the latter country, joined to the revolt of some 5,000 of the Spanish troops, made his situation in the last degree perplexing.

"It was on the intelligence of this unexpected display of national vigour that England tendered her substantial sympathies to the Spanish and Portuguese patriots. The overtures of their juntas were favourably received, and it was decided by the Portland Ministry that Portugal would be as good a point as any other on which to throw 10,000 troops, who were waiting at Cork for embarkation on the next 'expedition' suggesting itself. Such was the origin of the Peninsular War—an enterprise at first considered, and even for some time afterwards reputed, as importing little more to the interests or renown of the nation than a diversion at Stralsund or Otranto, but which now, enshrined in the pages of a famous history, and viewed by the light of experience, will take its place among the most memorable contests which the annals of Europe record."*

Sir Arthur Wellesley accordingly received the command of a strong detachment, which left Ireland on the 12th of July. Sir Arthur (who had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General) preceding the troops in the frigate Crocodile, which reached Corunna on the 20th. He at once proceeded to Oporto, and after a consultation with the Supreme Junta, he commenced landing his troops at the river Mondego, on the 1st of August. Major-General Spencer's division arrived three days afterwards; and the whole process of debarkation being completed, Sir Arthur found himself at the head of 13,000 men. His first lesson was not to put any trust in the junta, or in their general, Freire, who, after a world of shuffling, was induced, by the

* *Times.*

threat of being left to fight his own battles, to place at the service of the English commander 1,400 infantry, and 260 dragoons. Sir Arthur entered Leyria on the 11th—a step which was attended by some important advantages; for it compelled the retreat of the French general, Loison, whom Junot, on the first rumours of the British expedition, had despatched with a moveable column of some 7,000 men, to scour the country, overwhelm the insurrection, and "drive the English into the sea."

On the 13th. Sir Arthur Wellesley marched from Leyria, to attack the French general, Laborde, who had retired with 6,000 men to Roliça, leaving strong picquets at Obidos, a village seven miles distant. Obidos was taken with small resistance; and Laborde, though opposed to a force of twice his own strength, was compelled by circumstances, induced by Sir Arthur's masterly advance on Leyria, to stand his assault. The advantages, however, of his position—a mountain-pass of great picturesqueness and strength—rendered the odds in favour of the British much less than the mere numerical statement would imply. On the 17th, Sir Arthur marched upon the enemy, and after a sharp conflict on the plain, the French retired into the defiles of the mountain. Here a brilliant fight ensued; but so perfect was Sir Arthur's attack, that, though Laborde exhibited a most praiseworthy amount of courage and science, his troops were driven back by only a small portion of the British troops, the rest being prevented, by the nature of the ground, from taking part in the struggle. Laborde then retreated further up the mountain; and after being again dislodged from his position at Columbiera, he made a last stand at Zambugeira, where he fought with desperation, in the hope that Loison might come up. While clinging with the utmost tenacity to his right, where the hoped-for junction would have been effected, he made a tremendous charge upon the British centre. The 29th regiment, which bore the brunt of the assault, was broken; but being promptly supported by the 9th, gave not an inch of

ground, and kept up a fierce hand-to-hand battle, until Major-General Ferguson had won the right. Laborde then retreated in excellent order, and collecting the detachment he had sent to look out for Loison, abandoned his guns at Segura, and gained Montachique, after a forced night march by the pass of Ruma. He had, however, left the line of Torres Vedras uncovered, so that the capital was open to a British advance. The French loss in this action—one of the most brilliant during the war—was at least 700 killed and wounded, while the British was only 179—a proportion of rare magnitude, when it is considered that only about 5,000 men were really engaged in the encounter. The gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, son of Lord Lake, was amongst the slain, having fallen almost at the end of the battle.

Intelligence being received that a reinforcement had arrived, under the command of General Anstruther, Sir Arthur was induced to postpone his pursuit of Laborde, and to march on Vimiero. On the 20th, General Anstruther's last brigade effected, with great difficulty, a safe landing in the bay of Maceira; and Sir Arthur, having now a force amounting to 16,000 men, and eighteen pieces of cannon, gave the order to march on Lisbon. As Junot's army was in the gross only 18,000 men, which, after deducting garrisons, would be reduced to 11,000, there is no reason to doubt that this prompt step would have been attended with the most entire success. Unluckily, however, Sir Harry Burrard, by whom Sir Arthur had been superseded in the chief command, had reached Portugal, and he prohibited the scheme, expressing his determination to wait for Sir Hew Dalrymple, to whom he was in turn to yield the direction of the British army. Fortunately for the fame of Sir Arthur, Junot himself, who, with Loison's corps, had joined Laborde, commenced the attack at Vimiero before Sir Harry, between whom and Sir Arthur an interview had taken place aboard the frigate in which the former had arrived, had landed. The strength of the two armies was nearly the same,

Sir Arthur having more infantry than his opponent, but being considerably weaker in his cavalry. At a little before ten o'clock on the 21st of August, the enemy attacked the British troops in several columns, but in every instance was repulsed with the bayonet; and being in turn assaulted by Brigadier-General Acland, and subjected to a heavy cannonade from the artillery on the heights, was, after a desperate contest, driven back in confusion, with the loss of several guns, many prisoners, and a large number of killed and wounded. In the meantime the French had made an impetuous attack on the left; but here they were also gallantly resisted by General Ferguson's brigade, which charged down the hill as soon as the enemy approached, and carried everything before it. In this encounter, six pieces of cannon and many prisoners, including General Brennier, who was also wounded, were taken. The defeat, when it is considered that not more than half the British force was engaged, was a most signal one. The enemy, in addition to the losses enumerated above, was obliged to leave behind him twenty-three ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, 20,000 rounds of musket-cartridge, and a large quantity of stores of every description. The English casualties were 128 killed, 466 wounded, and 46 missing; total 720. The French loss was about 1,800; and General Solignac was carried away severely wounded.

Just when the rout was completed, Sir Harry Burrard arrived, and to the chagrin of the victorious soldiers, ordered them to halt. It was in vain that Sir Arthur pointed out the comparative ease with which the brigades which had not been engaged, and of which the 1st and 5th were actually two miles nearer Torres Vedras than the French, could have cut off their retreat to the capital. No further operations were permitted; and Junot, reforming his "broken host," retired in good order. It was on this occasion that Sir Arthur, seeing the sacrifice of an opportunity which might have been turned to the completion of the war, turned round, and said to his

staff, "Well, then, gentlemen, we may go now and shoot red-legged partridges."

It was at this position of affairs that Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived, the command being thus changed three times within twenty-four hours. After receiving from Sir Arthur a brief but clear statement of his operations, Sir Hew gave the order to advance—though of course the remarkable advantages which the victory would have conferred upon our army were completely thrown away.

Before any further steps could be taken, General Kellerman was sent to the English camp with a flag of truce, and an armistice for forty-eight hours was immediately agreed to. On the 23rd, Junot had reached Lisbon, where the inhabitants, who had just heard of his defeat, had begun to manifest the most extravagant joy. An attempt was made, however, on the part of the French garrison to compensate him for his reverse, by receiving him with a royal salute in honour of his victory! But Kellerman's return with Colonel Murray soon dissipated any doubts which this characteristic Gallicism might have excited. The result of the negociations was the famous Convention of Cintra, the articles of which were signed on the 30th. They contained, amongst other extraordinary stipulations, an agreement that the French troops should be conveyed by the British government to any of the ports of France between Rochefort and L'Orient, with the arms, horses, guns military chest, ammunition, and other property; that they should not be considered prisoners of war, but be allowed to serve again; that subjects of France or of her allies should be protected and their property guaranteed to them; that no native of Portugal should be held accountable for aid furnished to the French; and that all prisoners except those taken in actual battle should be liberated.

The joy of the inhabitants of Lisbon, when the last detachment of the French left their shores, cannot be conceived, Their delight amounted to delirium, and could only be exceeded

by the ferocious detestation which they showed towards their late tyrants—to protect whom from the fury of the people required the most strenuous exertions on the part of the British troops.

The treaty of Cintra excited in England the utmost wonder and disgust, as, indeed, well it might. Never was the public condemnation of any measure so remarkable either for its unanimity or for the energetic force with which it was expressed. Some of the newspapers refused to disgrace their columns by inserting it; others went into mourning; and others ornamented the page by a graphic representation of three generals *gibbetted.* Sir Arthur Wellesley, in a fit of indignant chagrin, had immediately after its completion asked for leave of absence from his *corps* and returned home—Sir Hew Dalrymple was recalled, and Sir Harry Burrard resigned on the plea of ill-health; so that the command of the army devolved on Sir John Moore.

General Wellesley incurred the first shock of public censure. Further investigation, however, not only exculpated him from all responsibility, but brought to light his earnest, though ineffectual endeavours to procure a different result, and the country was soon satisfied that if the conqueror of Roliça and Vimiero had been undisturbed in his arrangements the whole French army must have been prisoners of war. Yet, even as things stood, the success achieved was of no ordinary character. The British soldiers had measured their swords against some of the best troops of the empire, and with signal success. The "Sepoy General" had indisputably shown that his powers were not limited to Oriental campaigns. He had effected the disembarcation of his troops—always a most hazardous feat—without loss, had gained two well-contested battles, and in less than a single month had actually cleared the kingdom of Portugal of its invaders. The army, with its intuitive judgment, had formed a correct appreciation of his services, and the field officers engaged at Vimiero testitified their opinion

of their commander by a valuable gift; but it was clear that no place remained for General Wellesley under his new superiors, and he accordingly returned to England, bringing with him conceptions of Spanish affairs which were but to speedily verified by events.

The inquiry, instituted by command of the king, may be said to have terminated without any further result; and the subject was soon afterwards suffered to drop—not, however, before Sir Arthur, who, in the meantime, had resumed his official duties as Irish secretary, and once more taken his seat in parliament, had received for the mortification and unpopularity which the conduct of his colleagues had brought upon him, some compensation in the very flattering panegyrics which both houses in January, 1809, passed upon his first brilliant and glorious services in the Peninsula.

CHAPTER V.

1808—1809.

Second Peninsular Campaign—Advance of Sir John Moore into Spain—Napoleon arrives and takes the Command—British Retreat—Battle of Corunna—Spain rapidly subjugated—Third Campaign—Sir Arthur Wellesley lands at the Tagus with an English Corps—Insubordination of the French Officers—Affairs at Albergaria, Grijon, and Cavalhos—Soult escapes to Oporto—Passage of the Douro, and capture of the City—Soult's Retreat from Portugal—Sir Arthur Returns to Oporto—Fourth Campaign—Battle of Talavera.

WHILE the events related in the last chapter were taking place, Spain had fallen completely into the hands of the French. However brave the resistance of the people, it was of too desultory and unsystematized a nature to stand long before the rapidly augmenting forces of Napoleon. The Spanish armies were altogether too ill equipped—too injudiciously commanded—too divided in their aims and operations—to offer much opposition to a soldiery, so well disciplined and so ably commanded as the French. In the meantime the thrasonical bombast of the Juntas, and the boundless enthusiasm of the people, added not a little to the difficulties of their allies, who were continually finding the assistance they were lead to expect greatly inferior to what had been stated. Thus the French had with ease made themselves masters of nearly all the strong places in the country. On the 8th of November, 1808, Napoleon himself arrived at Vittoria, and assumed the command of the troops, with which he pursued his operations against the Spanish generals with great vigour and success.

Sir John Moore did not receive orders to advance into Spain till the 6th of October, long after the period at which such a step would have been judicious had passed away. It was fully three weeks before the army was ready to march from Lisbon. On the 13th of November, he reached Salamanca, and his forces, joined to the corps which had landed a month before

at Corunna, under Sir David Baird, amounted to 32,000 men, all well equipped and in high spirits. As, however, Napoleon had now in Spain 255,000 men and 50,000 horses, actually under arms, together with 200 pieces of cannon, and could have despatched an army of above 180,000 men and 40,000 horses on any expedition, without taking a single soldier from his garrisons or lines of communication, it must be apparent that the enterprise was one of extreme risk. The result verified this expectation. After a brilliant cavalry affair at Sahagun, and a few other highly creditable skirmishes, Sir John Moore received information that Napoleon, with a vastly superior force, was coming upon him; and, as it would have been madness to have risked a battle, he gave orders to retreat on Corunna. Every one has heard of that ill-fated movement. Though managed with consummate skill, such was the severity of the forced marches, such the inclemency of the weather, such the insubordination into which the men, disheartened by retreat, and worn out by hardship and disease, were betrayed, that the only wonder is how they ever reached their destination at all. Fortunately, Bonaparte, whose attention was directed, by the hostility of the Emperor of Austria, committed the pursuit of the English army to Soult, which, on the 16th of January, 1809, at last entered Corunna, and having commenced its embarkation, was attacked by that general in force. The English gained a splendid victory; but it was a poor compensation for the melancholy death of Sir John Moore, who, in the heat of battle was struck on the breast by a round shot. He only survived long enough to be conscious of the glad tidings of a complete triumph. The British casualties in this engagement were estimated at 800 men, while the French were supposed to amount to 3,000.

The subjugation of Spain by the French was now soon completed. Corunna, after gallantly holding out to the 19th, to cover the departure of the fleet, capitulated. Ferrol surrendered without a struggle. Saragossa, after a frantic defence,

which lasted fifty-two days, and in which half the inhabitants died from their wounds or from pestilence, yielded. Oporto was stormed, in spite of the gallant fight which the peasants made on the line of Soult's march, and the trifling opposition of the Spanish and Portuguese armies, which were cut to pieces with the greatest ease. The only English force in the Peninsula was a body of 1,500 men, under the command of Sir Robert Wilson; and their efficiency was in a great measure impaired by the absurd jealousy of the inhabitants, which had by some means been aroused.

Such was the state into which the Peninsula had fallen during the absence of the great English general; and it will, therefore, hardly be a matter of surprise that the British Government had seriously thought of abandoning the two wretched kingdoms to their fate. Sir Arthur Wellesley, however, transmitted to the ministry so able and encouraging a memorandum on the defence of Portugal, dated March 9, 1809, that they determined on another effort. A strong reinforcement was sent out, and Sir Arthur was named to the chief command. At this time, Soult had left Ney to maintain the ground already won, and at the head of 30,000 men, he himself descended upon the Douro, and was soon in secure possession of Oporto. Had he continued his advance, it is not impossible that the campaign might have had the termination he desired—namely, the final subjugation of the Peninsula; but at this point he waited for intelligence of the English in his front, and of Victor and Lapisse on his flank. His caution saved Portugal, for, while he still hesitated on the brink of the Douro, there again arrived in the Tagus that renowned commander before whose genius the fortunes not only of the marshals, but of their imperial master, were finally to fail.

The arrival of Sir Arthur Wellesley caused the most intense joy amongst the Portuguese, who welcomed him with a premature, or rather a prophetic ovation. They named him marshal-general of the native forces, and gave him full authority to

employ them at his discretion—a step incomparably the wisest they could possibly have adopted, though their conduct, as well as that of the Spanish, throughout the war, often exhibited an inexplicable want of gratitude, and of cordial co-operation with these troops, whose task it was to free their country from a merciless and rapacious invader.

Sir Arthur Wellesley lost no time, after his debarkation on the Lusitanian coast, in commencing his operations. Leaving a Portuguese corps, amounting to 7,000 men, and four British regiments to defend the capital, and placing bands of soldiers to intercept the march of Victor, in case he should make any attempt on Lisbon, he removed his head-quarters on the 1st of May to Pombal, and on the following day to Coimbra. Here a French officer, named D'Argentin, made some traitorous overtures to the British commander, offering to seize Soult and the other principal generals. Sir Arthur lost no time in transmitting a secret despatch to the government in this country, and in placing himself under the special direction of the cabinet. On the 9th of May, however, the treason was discovered, and D'Argentin arrested. As Sir Arthur, with a vivid appreciation of the danger that ever exists in trusting persons guilty of treachery, had managed the correspondence with a most commendable reserve, Soult could extract nothing from his prisoner, but the fact that a dangerous spirit of disaffection was spread amongst his officers, many of whom were united in a treasonable society, called the Philadelphes, the object of which was to overturn the rule of Napoleon, and to re-establish a republic.

Placed in this difficult position, Soult nevertheless displayed a truly courageous firmness, as well as talents of the highest order; and in spite of the able manner in which Wellesley frequently turned his positions, he was enabled, after smart skirmishes at Albergaria, Grijon, and Cavalhos, in all of which he was worsted, to escape to Oporto, having been assisted in his flight by a number of fortunate accidents, which saved him

from destruction. As soon as he had reached the city, he commenced destroying the floating bridge over the Duoro, and completed his task just before the British came up on the 12th of May. He now thought himself secure, as the river is at that place deep, and three hundred yards in breadth. It was, however, necessary for the English army that it should be crossed without delay; and that was almost immediately effected by a scheme so singular that it deserves particular mention.

On the north bank, directly opposite to the heights of Serra, there was a very strongly built ecclesiastical edifice, called the Seminary, which commanded important positions with respect to the city, and under cover of which the troops might easily be transported. Colonel Waters, to whom the task of finding boats had been confided, had fallen in with a barber, who, eluding the French sentries, had rowed across in a small skiff. Waters, with this man and the prior of Amarante, recrossed the river, and quickly returned with several large barges. As soon as one was pronounced ready, an officer with twenty-five men of the 3rd Buffs sprang into it, and in less than twelve minutes had landed unperceived on the opposite bank. A second boat was equally fortunate; but the third, in which was General Paget, was discovered. The utmost confusion immediately prevailed. The Seminary was fiercely attacked and as desperately defended, the number of combatants increasing every instant. The French were four times as numerous as the British; but they could only attack on one side, for, during the preliminary arrangements of this bold enterprise, Wellesley had placed twenty cannon on the Serra, and kept up so warm a fire, that Soult's troops dared not encounter it. General Paget being wounded at the commencement of the assault, its direction devolved upon General Hill. The Seminary was soon taken, and the lower part of the city deserted; upon which the inhabitants conveyed boats across to the English, who were thus quickly reinforced to a considerable extent. The city was

presently abandoned, and the French precipitately retreated, their flying columns being dreadfully cut up by the murderous volleys of the 48th and 68th, who had held the Seminary; in fact, nothing but the inactivity of General Murray on the right preserved them from utter ruin. Their loss was 500 killed and wounded, besides 700 sick left in the hospitals; five guns were taken in the fight, and fifty in the arsenal, with a large quantity of stores and ammunition. At four o'clock the English commander sat down to enjoy the dinner prepared for Marshal Soult.

On the following day, Marshal Beresford crossed the river higher up, and compelled Loison to abandon the bridge of Amarante. Soult's retreat was thus fairly cut off. Joining Loison, however, at Guimaraens, and having previously destroyed his stores and ammunition at Penafiel, he pushed forward through almost impassable roads to avoid pursuit. By a bold and successful stratagem, Major Dulong surprised the Ponte Nova, a bridge over a mountain torrent called the Cavedo, which was guarded by the Portuguese, and which a dozen men might have held against a thousand. The French, however, did not escape without tremendous losses, for the English artillery had come up, and opened a heavy fire on the troops as they crossed. Soult was also fortunate enough, after two attempts, to carry the bridge across the Saltador; and as the Portuguese, under Silveira, were much too tardy to intercept the retreat further, the pursuit was relinquished, after an abortive attempt to continue it by Colonel Talbot, who was outnumbered and driven back by General Franceschi. The retreat of the French general was fully as disastrous as that of Sir John Moore, whom he had chased so short a time before from Sahagun to Corunna: his troops were subjected to equally cruel hardships —with this aggravation, that whereas many of the British, whom fatigue and the inclemency of the weather had rendered incapable of proceeding further, were kindly nursed by the peasants, every Frenchman that lagged behind his comrades

even a few yards was barbarously murdered, in revenge for the rapine and bloodshed of which the armies of Napoleon had everywhere been guilty. Nothing was saved. Artillery, ammunition, baggage—all were lost; and there perished a full fourth of the army which, a few months previously, had crossed the frontier filled with anticipations of glory and—plunder.

Sir Arthur Wellesley having driven Soult across the border, returned to Oporto, having in twenty-eight days marched 200 miles through a rugged country; utterly routed one of his opponents, and at the same time provided an adequate defence against the other. On the 13th, he issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of that city, requiring them to discontinue their cruel practices on the French; and when he marched away towards the Tagus, which he did after a very brief halt, he left Colonel Trant with full powers to enforce his orders, and to give the prisoners the protection to which, by the laws of war, they were entitled. Sir Arthur's march was necessarily very slow, inasmuch as he had not only bad weather to contend against, but it was indispensable that some rest should be afforded to his wearied army. It was with unspeakable sorrow that he perceived the disorderly state into which his troops had fallen; but he did not content himself with merely feeling regret. He used his utmost exertions to restore the good order which is usually a characteristic of British soldiers. By means of a wholesome severity, and an inflexible determination to restrain all excesses, the march was conducted with much greater discipline than could have been expected.

While the general's energies were thus employed, a multitude of harrassing circumstances arose on all sides. First, there were the native allies to manage—a most difficult task, requiring at once the greatest firmness and the most delicate finesse; then there were disputes as to the rank in which British officers, holding higher commissions in the Portuguese army than in their own, should be considered; lastly, there were financial embarrassments. The great difference in that

respect between the French and the English policy was this:—the former quartered themselves in the country in which they happened to be, while the latter honestly paid for all they consumed. The advantages of the English plan are obvious—our troops almost invariably met with assistance from the inhabitants, while the French had all possible obstructions thrown in their way; but Sir Arthur did not escape the inconveniences attendant upon an empty military chest. He was delayed a full month in consequence of the non-arrival of supplies. On the 11th of June, he had an interview with Cuesta, the Spanish general, as to the manner in which Victor should be attacked. Cuesta was a man never remarkable for his abilities, and age had now rendered him infirm in body and almost imbecile in mind. After a world of trouble, Sir Arthur made him acquiesce in a plan of operation; but the old general soon proved that little dependence was to be placed on his assistance.

On the 23rd of July, he declined to attack the enemy at Talavera, and a valuable opportunity was thus thrown away. The following day Victor retired to Torrijos, when Cuesta, in spite of the earnest protest and entreaty of Sir Arthur Wellesley, insisted on pursuing him. He passed the Alberche, and there found that the French were concentrating, instead of retreating, almost within cannon-shot of his advanced guard. They were in force to the number of 50,000 men and ninety-five pieces of artillery (for Joseph Bonaparte had lately joined Victor), while the headstrong old man was completely separated from his allies. When he gave orders to return, he found it was too late, for the French, crossing the Guadiana at daybreak, soon drove him to St. Olalla. Battle was offered, but so sooner had the Spaniards caught sight of the French columns, than they fled in the wildest disorder. Fortunately, General Albuquerque, with 3,000 cavalry, arrived and checked the pursuit, so far as to allow the fugitives to recross the Alberche. The position Cuesta now occupied was as dangerous as possible, and had he been attacked, he must again have been routed. Sir

Arthur Wellesley, who by this time fully appreciated his worthlessness, besought him, while General Sherbrooke's division could yet cover the movement, to occupy Talavera, where he would at least be out of harm's way. Cuesta, however, had another fit of childish obstinacy, and flatly refused, till he saw Victor's troops advancing, and heard the British ordered to retire. He then did as he was requested, and the brunt of the battles which ensued, and in which the French, amounting, as has been said, to 50,000 men, were commanded by Joseph Bonaparte (in person), by Marshals Jourdan and Victor, and by General Sebastiani, was borne by the British troops, who did not exceed in any arm one-third the strength of their foes.

About two o'clock on the 27th of July, the action commenced by the divisions of Lapisse and Ruffin, crossing the Alberche and advancing with such celerity on the Casa de Salinas, that Sir Arthur was nearly taken prisoner. Happening to be in the house, he had barely time to mount his horse and ride away. This was the second narrow escape he had met with; for, on the preceding day, a three-pound shot passed just over his head, and struck a tree, under which he was standing. The sudden attack of the French surprised and threw into some confusion the 87th and 88th regiments, the retreat of which Wellesley directed in person. Victor, elated by his temporary success, sent a body of cavalry to make the Spanish unmask their line of battle, where they lay safely ensconced in a position which almost any other troops would have made impregnable. These heroes, however, fired one volley and then 10,000 infantry threw away their arms and took to their heels, followed by the artillery. The adjutant-general, O'Donogue, and Cuesta himself, were amongst the foremost, and the result would have been calamitous, had not Sir Arthur Wellesley, with some English squadrons, aided by the fusilade of the remaining Spaniards, stopped the assailants as they wese about to charge, and driven them back in disorder. Of the runaways, 6,000 never "showed" again, but scattered

themselves over the country, spreading the most awful stories of the English disasters. A body of Spanish horse drove the rest back to their post, and thus this part of the affair terminated.

It was now growing dark, and Victor, encouraged by the tempting confusion on the British right, planned an attack on the left, where a ridge, which commanded the whole position was unoccupied—a scheme which was successfully accomplished. General Hill, in advancing to Donkin's aid, who was being overpowered by vastly superior numbers, rode up to the French, mistaking them for English stragglers. The error was attended with bad consequences, for Brigade Major Fordyce, who accompanied him, was shot dead, and the general himself was seized by a grenadier, whom, however, he managed to shake off and escape from. The English corps which had been sent to recover the heights were also repulsed in consequence of the superior numbers in which the French had occupied the ridge; but General Hill, assuming the command of the 29th, charged bravely on the foe, and after a sanguinary and confused conflict (for the night was quite dark), drove the French from their dearly bought, and not long retained, vantage ground.

Two thousand men were killed and wounded in these two attacks. The battle was suspended till the next day, and the wearied soldiers sought to recruit their energies for the coming fight. Repose, however, they seemed to be fated not to taste; for about midnight a tremendous fusilade throughout the whole length of the Spanish lines startled the camp from its propriety. There seems no reason to doubt that it was as brilliant a volley as was ever let fly. Sir Arthur is reported to have expressed his admiration at the performance, coupled with a hope that they would do as well the next day, and a suspicion that they had nothing to fire at. This turned out to be the fact; and three battalions of the valiant powder-burners had actually taken to their heels before the general had finished his remark.

The attack on the height was renewed at five the next morning, and after the firing had been kept up without intermission till nine, and numberless charges had been made, all of which had been gallantly repulsed by Generals Tilson and Stewart, the French retired in despair. For three hours a sort of truce was agreed to by mutual consent, and it was spent by the exhausted soldiers in refreshing themselves, and in succouring the wounded. A small stream ran between the rival troops, at both which came to drink. Courtesies were interchanged and hands pressed in friendship that in a few minutes afterwards would be wielding weapons against each other in deadly strife. The next attack was on the British centre. It was repulsed with great slaughter, and ten guns were captured; but the French rallied and renewed the assault, though with the same ill success. The carnage was fearful, and the dry grass accidentally igniting, many of the wounded perished in the flames. While the first centre attack was being executed, another was made upon General Sherbrook's division, which was in the left and centre of the British front line. No exploit during the day was more gallantly performed than the manner in which the French were repulsed; but the English, carrying their pursuit too far, exposed themselves to the fire of the artillery, and were obliged to retire under cover of General Cotton's brigade of cavalry. They soon however rallied, and returned to assist in the second repulse of the French, whose leading files "halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort." They left behind them in the hands of the victors four standards, 20 pieces of cannon, some ammunition, and a number of prisoners. The casualties in this well fought field of Talavera were painfully great. On the English side, 40 officers, including Generals Mackenzie and Langworth, 28 sergeants, and 789 rank and file, were killed: 195 officers, 165 sergeants, and 3,533 rank and file were wounded; and 9 officers, 15 sergeants, and 629 rank and file were missing. According to Jourdain's return, the French had 2 generals and 944 men



BATTLE OF ASSAYE.

killed, 6,294 wounded, and 156 made prisoners; but English and Spanish writers affirm that their total loss was fully ten thousand.

The British troops bivouacked on the field of battle with little food and no shelter—the dead and wounded lying all around—and great was their surprise when morning broke to discover that the French army had crossed the Alberche to occupy a position on the heights of Salinas.

"Far from the field where late she fought—
The tents where late she lay—
With rapid step and humbled thought,
All night she holds her way;
Leaving to Britain's conquering sons
Standards rent, and ponderous guns,
The trophies of the fray;
The weak, the wounded, and the slain,
The triumph of the battle plain,
The glory of the day."

CHAPTER VI.

1809—1810.

Fourth Campaign continued—Extraordinary March—Misconduct of Cuesta—Retreat towards Portugal—Spanish Defeats—Sir Arthur created a Peer—Attacked in Parliament—British Camp removed to the Mondego—More Spanish Defeats—Affair at Barba del Puerco—Ney repulsed from Ciudad Roderigo—The Guerillas—Roderigo surrenders—Affair at Almeida—The Town taken—Battle of Busaco.

AFTER the victory of Talavera, a disgusting illustration of the brutal and ungrateful disposition of the Spaniards, was exhibited in the conduct of the Talaverians and of Old Cuesta. The former, though they had provisions enough to have kept the army for a month, could scarcely be made, by the most strenuous exertions of the English general, to afford his men a bare subsistence; while the wounded, who had shed their blood in the defence of the town, had their chances of recovery greatly diminished by the want of ordinary nourishment. Cuesta, instead of assisting in the sad duties which a victory imposes upon the conquerors, occupied himself in the more congenial task of decimating his delinquent regiments. At the earnest intercession of Sir Arthur, he was induced to punish only a tenth of those chosen by lot, so that all but six officers and forty men escaped.

On the 29th, the light brigade, consisting of the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th Rifles, arrived at Talavera, having travelled, in twenty-six hours, in heavy marching order, the astonishing distance of sixty-two miles, under a burning sun, and through a district where water was scarce. After a march of twenty miles, they had learned from some of the Spanish fugitives that Sir Arthur Wellesley was killed, and the English utterly routed. On hearing this, they determined upon advancing to the assistance of their comrades, and after a slight pause resumed their

march. This feat, quite unparalleled in military annals, was performed with the loss of only seventeen stragglers left behind.

Sir Arthur Wellesley soon had another display of the worthlessness of his Spanish allies. The conduct of Cuesta, in fact, seemed to become worse and worse. Information had been received that Soult was advancing on the pass of Banos, and Sir Arthur entreated that a Spanish corps might be sent to stop his further progress. But Cuesta steadfastly refused till the 1st of August, when it was quite too late. Soult gained the pass without opposition, and was advancing at the head of 15,000 veterans, fully equipped. Wellesley, therefore, removed on the 3rd to Oropesa, Cuesta consenting to remain at Talavera, to take care of the wounded. Some papers, however, being found on the person of a friar, in which King Joseph instructed Marshal Soult to use the utmost diligence, and promised him his own assistance, as well as that of Marshal Ney, the Spanish general immediately sent word to Sir Arthur that he should abandon his charge. This he proceeded to do, with shameful inhumanity, leaving the sick to shift for themselves. Sir Arthur having wearied himself with protesting against this cruel conduct, contrived, by dint of incredible exertion, and submitting to the loss of a large quantity of baggage, to fill forty wagons with the wounded; but though he thus brought away about 2,000, almost as large a number were unavoidably left behind. The position at Oropesa being a weak one, he retreated on Jaraicejo, where he arrived on the 11th. In the meantime Cuesta had permitted himself to be surprised at Arzobispo, in the middle of the day, and was routed, with the loss of 400 prisoners and five guns, escaping from total ruin only by the forbearance of the French.

The incapacity of this wretched old man had at length become apparent even to the Junta; and they at last removed him from his office, and appointed General Eguia in his room. Mr. Frere, the English agent, was also superseded by the

Marquis Wellesley; but all the evils that misconduct could possibly effect had already been done; and Sir Arthur's only chance of safety lay in returning once more to Portugal, especially as the health of his men was fearfully deteriorated, and as—Austria being subjugated by the loss of the battle of Wagram, Napoleon was again at liberty to march into Spain.

It is a creditable and interesting fact, that when Victor entered Talavera, he treated the English wounded with as much humanity as the Spanish general had manifested cruel neglect. Neither he nor his successor, Mortier, would permit their own men to be relieved, before they had afforded every assistance to their gallant foes. Victor paid the English a handsome compliment, but remarked that they had yet to learn how to manage the Spanish.

In the meantime the latter were exhibiting to the world their utter inability to contend in arms with the French, or, indeed, with any other nation who had not learned the art of throwing down their weapons, casting off their clothes, and running away at the sound of their own fusilade. On the 11th Venegas was routed with great loss by Sebastiani, at Almonacid, where he left 3,000 slain, 4,000 prisoners, and all his guns and baggage. At Tammanes, however, the Duke del Parque, in conjunction with Wilson's corps, fought a gallant battle with Marchand, who retreated with loss. The Duke immediately afterwards occupied Salamanca without opposition; but at the beginning of November this success was capped by a dreadful defeat. Ariezu, who had superseded Venegas, having joined Eguia, and being then at the head of 50,000 men, was met by Joseph Bonaparte in person, with an army numbering little more than half the number he had under his own command. Never was there such a rout. The French, besides killing myriads of their opponents, took fifty pieces of artillery, 10,000 prisoners, and the whole of the baggage. In short, they completely dispersed the Spanish army. Del Parque also suffered himself to be lured into a general engagement at Alba de

Tormes, where he was beaten almost as effectually, and where he lost 5,000 men, half his artillery, and most of his arms. These events proved the soundness of Wellesley's discretion in retreating towards Portugal, which he felt certain he could hold, even if his forces were insufficient to drive the French from Spain. The events of the whole war had taught him one valuable lesson, namely, to place no reliance whatever in the native armies, which had uniformly shown themselves to be rather an encumbrance than an aid.

The news respecting the war produced a conflict of opinion in England. Sir Arthur Wellesley, as we now term him for the last time, received a letter from the Duke of Portland, dated August 22, 1809, intimating that the king had created him Baron Douro, of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington, of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset. At the opening, however, of the session of 1810, he was violently attacked by the Opposition, who denounced his victories as "gilded disasters." In the Upper House, the new Viscount's principal assailants were Lord Grenville, and the Earls Suffolk, Grosvenor, Grey, and St. Vincent; in the Lower House, Mr. Ward, Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Whitbread, General Tarleton, and Sir Francis Burdett. The Marquis Wellesley, who had been included in the reproaches cast upon his noble brother, made a splendid speech in defence of his own and Lord Wellington's policy. Mr. Wyndham and Lord Holland, though of different politics, also pronounced an unreserved eulogium upon the newly created noble's military talents, and gave a sanguine opinion as to the victory at Talavera. Even Lord Lansdowne, while moving a vote of censure on the ministers for "rashness and ignorance," paid a glowing compliment to the valour and skill which had defeated Joseph Bonaparte. The motions on the address and on a vote of thanks to Lord Wellington, upon which the debates were taken, were suffered to pass without a division; but on the question of granting Lord Wellington and his two next heirs a pension of 2,000*l.*

a year, a trial of strength took place, in which the Opposition was beaten by a large majority.

If it was somewhat ungrateful in Lord Wellington's own countrymen to attack the general, than whom, in all the bright catalogue of England's military heroes—or, indeed, of the illustrious commanders of the whole world—they could find none that would better justify their admiration and pride—it must be confessed that the gloomy aspect of affairs might be pleaded as a sufficient reason, if not as an adequate excuse for their ill temper. Excepting the victories of Wellington, Napoleon's successes had scarcely met with a check; and his matrimonial alliance with Austria seemed to be an additional element in his already enormous power. To add to other embarrassments, the army in Spain was ravaged by agues, fever, and dysentery, from which the commander himself did not escape. On his journey from Jaraicejo to Badajos, to which town he had shifted his head-quarters, and at which he received the Duke of Portland's letter, he was so indisposed as to be compelled to travel in a carriage—a most unusual occurrence, his journeys being almost invariably made upon horseback. The average number of deaths *per mensem* was 900. In the middle of December he crossed the Tagus, and proceeded to the Mondego—a change of air that very materially improved the health of the soldiers. It will not be necessary to describe the subsequent changes of the British position; and for some time their noble commander was principally employed in the harassing task of enforcing order amongst his turbulent soldiers, and in defending himself from the charges which the Opposition relentlessly heaped upon him.

The French, during this period, found different employment in subjugating the strongholds that yet remained. In Catalonia they met with a brave and dogged resistance. The siege of Gerona lasted upwards of seven months—and the endurance of the inhabitants, who, in addition to the conflagration and ruin of all their dwellings, were ravaged by pestilence and famine

to a shocking extent, equals, and perhaps exceeds all that was ever shown by a blockaded town. It even threw the defence of Saragossa into the shade, but the townspeople were at last compelled to submit upon honourable terms. Hostalrich was taken after a gallant defence of four months; but Las Medas and Llerida yielded after a residence so paltry as to induce the suspicion of treason. Cordova, Jaen, Granada, and Seville were captured with scarcely a show of opposition. Malaga shared their fate, though it made a stout resistance. All the passes, many of which were considered impregnable, were carried with scarcely the expenditure of a cartridge; and with the exception of Cadiz, nearly all Spain was at last occupied. Albuquerque, however, after being rendered a long time inoperative by the stupid vacillations of the Junta, at last took the responsibility upon himself, and by extraordinary marches distanced Victor, who was advancing to the last named city, which had in itself no means of defence, and must therefore have inevitably fallen. The Spanish General was immediately joined by volunteers and deserters, who swelled his troops to 13,000 men, and he was soon afterwards reinforced by an Anglo-Portuguese corps of 5,000 men, and further strengthened by an English fleet which had entered the bay. Victor's intentions were thus completely frustrated.

There being now in Spain a French army of 365,000 men under the nominal command of Joseph Bonaparte, who was assisted by the *élite* of Napoleon's splendid staff of Marshals and Generals, it was evident that Portugal would not be long uninvaded. Lord Wellington having, with admirable sagacity, come to the conclusion that the incursion would be made in the north, shifted his line, so that its four main points should rest on Guarda, Celerico, Pinhel, and the west bank of the Coa. In the south, Badajos, Almeida, Elvas, and other important fortresses were garrisoned by the Portuguese. A more brilliant arrangement for the defence of a country could scarcely be devised; but Lord Wellington's talents in this branch of military

tactics were proved by the whole war of the Peninsula to be unrivalled. The first conflict took place in the night of March 19th, 1810, when the French attacked the line near the village of Barba del Puerco. The defence of twenty-five miles had been entrusted to General Crawfurd, and the light division which only numbered 4,000 men; but such was the celerity and discipline of these splendid soldiers, that they proved quite equal to the task, and the French, after gaining a small temporary advantage, were driven back with great loss.

More business-like operations, however, were now immediately commenced. Detachment after detachment took up its position, and on the 4th of June, Ney had regularly invested the important and strongly fortified town of Cuidad Roderigo, which was defended by a garrison of 5,000 men, and contained about as many more inhabitants. The Governor was a brave old man named Andres Herrasti. Ney made a reckless and impetuous assault, thinking to carry the town by a *coup de main*, but he was repulsed with tremendous slaughter. On the 24th, Massena, whom Napoleon had appointed to the command of the army of invasion, assumed its direction and adopted a more cautious policy.

During the siege, the annoyance which the bands of Guerillas proved to the assailants of Roderigo was immense. The thrilling incidents which occurred in the progress of this wild and sanguinary warfare, were innumerable. The Spanish brigands are essentially a romantic race, and when it is considered that on this occasion their cause was that of patriotism and religion, and that they almost all had deep wrongs to avenge upon the lawless and brutal invaders of their country, we can hardly, despite their cruelties, entirely withhold our sympathies from them. The most dreaded chieftains of these mountain warriors, amongst whom were many women, were Julian Martin Siez—usually known as the Empecinado, Julian Sanchez, and a nephew and uncle named Mina. The ruthless deeds of the French, and the fearful retaliations of the Guerillas



STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.

cannot be thought of without a shudder. They extended even to the crucifixion of prisoners upon the trees.

In spite of the noble determination of Herrasti, who was reinforced by Julian Sanchez, Roderigo was doomed. Fain would the English have marched to its rescue, but the risk was too great; and on the 11th it surrendered, 60,000 men having been employed in its investment. Sanchez, with his brave band escaped by forcing their way through the enemy's ranks. On the 10th, an unfortunate attempt was made by Craufurd's division to cut off a foraging party of the French, who, favoured by the ground, gallantly resisted, and got away without suffering any loss. A few days afterwards, Craufurd was obliged, by an advance of cavalry, to retreat upon Almeida, an operation which he effected safely, after having destroyed Fort Concep-tion. Early on the morning of the 24th, he was attacked in passing the Coa; and though his position was a very unfavourable one, he successfully withstood every attempt of the foe to carry the bridge, and saved all his guns and baggage. The English casualties were trifling, but the loss sustained by Massena was at least three times as great. Military writers concur in blaming General Craufurd for not avoiding this action, which he might easily have done. That it was a brilliant affair there can be no doubt, but while it placed his detachment in circumstances of great peril, it was attended by no useful result.

In the night of the 26th, the town of Almeida was attacked, and on the next day was carried by the French owing to an accidental explosion of the powder magazine, which dismounted nearly all the guns, and killed or wounded most of the artillery men.

This disastrous event was productive of the worst consequences. Lord Wellington had calculated that the town would have found the French occupation till the season was far advanced; but they were now set at liberty to pursue their operations without delay. Nor should the despondency which

such an event was likely and in fact did cause, both at home and in Portugal, be overlooked. In Lisbon and Oporto there was a perfect panic, and another ingredient was thus mingled with the cup of perplexities which the British commander was forced to drain to the very dregs. However great Lord Wellington's physical courage, and that is undisputed, it sinks into insignificance when compared with the moral daring required to maintain his ground against his formidable foreign enemies, and his yet more annoying assailants at home.

Massena continued his advance and Wellington steadily receded. There was some brisk skirmishing between the British picquets and the French light troops, but the English light division succeeded in winning the ridge of Busaco. The French army had not made their march unmolested; and the badness of the roads having delayed the military chest and the artillery, Colonel Trant had made a daring effort to seize both; but though he failed in this, he carried off a hundrd prisoners and delayed Massena two days. This circumstance was attended by momentous results. Massena, while the skirmish at Busaco was taking place, was ten miles behind, and directed the battle to be postponed till he arrived. Profiting by this, Lord Wellington was enabled to bring up the second division from Alva, and the fifth from the other side of the Mondego, as well as to take his ground more firmly. The next morning (the 27th) at daybreak, the French made two attacks, one in two columns commanded by Regnier at Antonio de Cantara, and the other in three columns under the direction of Marshal Ney, in front of the convent of Busaco—which is situated at a distance of about three miles from Regnier's attack.

Regnier succeeded in throwing a Portuguese regiment into disorder and in carrying the height; but was unable to support his men, in consequence of the terrific fire which the British poured upon the advancing corps. Nor were those who had reached the crest of the hill suffered to remain long victorious, for the 45th and 88th charged a portion of them with tremen-

dous impetuosity, and drove them headlong down the declivity. General Leith, with the 9th, rushed upon the rest and soon sent them after their comrades. Ney's attack had to contend with much greater difficulties in the initiative steps. The English artillery working with admirable precision, decimated the advancing columns, and no sooner had Simon's brigade gained the crest of the hill than General Craufurd, who had manœuvred throughout with great skill, ordered the 43d and 52nd to charge. A truly English cheer was the response, and the French were hurled down the steep, and pursued far into the valley, leaving a thick line of dead bodies to mark their track. Marchand had now gained a wood half-way up the heights, but he did not venture to leave the shelter of the trees; and Ney, having the position in person for an hour, at length abandoned it as hopeless. A truce was granted to remove the wounded, but it was soon broken, in consequence of the French refusing to leave a village that commanded the light division; Craufurd thereupon instantly ordered it to be cannonaded, and a company of the 43rd soon cleared it of its occupants. During the whole of the day Wellington was to be seen in the hottest of the fight, directing the movements, advising with his generals, and animating his soldiers. The English loss was 197 killed, 1,014 wounded, and 58 missing. The French had 2,000 killed, probably twice as many more wounded, and about 300, including General Simon, three colonels, and thirty-three inferior officers, taken prisoners. The moral value of the victory was incalculable; it did much to revive the hopes of the desponding; and the praises lavished upon the admirable conduct of the Portuguese levies spread a spirit of resistance widely among their countrymen, who now flocked in numbers to Lord Wellington's banners.

CHAPTER VII.

1810—1811.

The lines of Torres Vedras—Foraging talents of the French—Massena retreats to Santarem—Soult advances to his aid—Abortive Descent on Andalusia—Soult's Successes—Battle of Barossa—Badajos shamefully betrayed—Soult abandons his expedition.

THE English General continued to retreat, publishing on his way proclamations, ordering the inhabitants to desert their homes, and destroy the supplies which the French might otherwise have found to subsist upon. These commands were generally obeyed, but still Massena pressed on, disregarding all the military rules that forbade his persevering in the pursuit after his defeat at Busaco.

Early in the October of the preceding year, Lord Wellington had visited Lisbon—a step which, during his absence, had caused the most energetic gossip. The gloomy prospects of the English army made it generally believed that his object was to enter into arrangements for the embarkation of his soldiers; and some of the Portuguese regiments talked openly of seizing the fortress commanding the fort to prevent the noble lord from running away! Far otherwise was his design. It was to take measures for the protection of the capital. The great problem of strategists at that period was the defence of Portugal against an overwhelming force. Looking at the frontier, this was declared by those best qualified to answer the question, to be impossible; but Lord Wellington's discriminating eye discerned a mode in which the object could be attained; and he forthwith planned the celebrated lines of Torres Vedras, which are admitted by all authorities to be, without exception, the most astonishing achievement of military science that the whole history of war, whether modern or ancient, can boast.

A semicircle of rising grounds between the Tagus and the

sea were so strongly fortified as to be rendered impassable to a foe of any conceivable strength; and the whole peninsula on which Lisbon stands was thus completely isolated and rendered perfectly secure from aggression. The defences consisted of ten separate fortifications, mounting 444 guns. They formed two lines, the outer one, which was nearly forty miles in extent, having 100 guns, and the inner one (about eight miles within) 200, the remainder being disposed on redoubts along the shore and the river. Though the French, and, indeed, the British army had scarcely heard of these magnificent works, nearly 7,000 labourers had been employed, besides a large force of artillerymen and engineers, British and Portuguese, in the service of the army. In addition to the fortifications erected, mountains were scarped—rivers obstructed, in order to render the country swampy and impassable—trenches dug, from which concealed infantry might pour withering vollies on the enemy—roads blocked up outside the lines, and, inside, new ones formed, so as to make the interior communications perfect—bridges were mined ready for explosion—and telegraphs were erected at Torres Vedras and other proper stations. These were placed under the direction of seamen from the fleet, which lay in the Tagus, and which was quite strong enough to defend that side of the position. In a word, when the advanced guard entered the lines on the evening of the 8th of October, 1810, and saw the result of a year's secret labours, they were perfectly amazed at the wonderful skill and prudence which had been shown in their design and execution.

The English retreat, over a distance of 200 miles, was managed, with the exception of a slight confusion at Coimbra, with the greatest order, and without any loss. There were several skirmishes between the outposts on the line of march, but they do not call for notice. The last was on the 12th, at Sobral, after which the English quietly took their places at the posts allotted to them. On the 14th the French made another

attack on Sobral, but were driven back, and a redoubt they had hastily thrown up was captured. "Rapidly recovering himself, however," says the writer of a memoir in *The Times*, "Massena followed on his formidable foe, dreaming of little less than a second evacuation of Portugal, when, to his astonishment and dismay, he found himself abruptly arrested in his course by the tremendous lines of Torres Vedras. Thus checked in mid career, the French marshal chafed and fumed in front of these impregnable lines, afraid to attack, yet unwilling to retire. Here did he lie inactive, tenacious of his purpose, though aware of his defeat, and eagerly watching for the first advantage which the chances of war or the mistakes of the British general might offer him."

The position of Massena was in itself sufficiently desperate. Behind him, his communications with Spain were cut off. Whenever he quitted a post, it was immediately seized by the Portuguese. Three days after he had established hospitals at Coimbra, Colonel Trant from Oporto surprised the city, captured and carried back with him 5,000 sick and wounded, together with the marine company that guarded them. Altogether Massena was much in the dilemma described by Mr. Maxwell: "To attack were madness—to retreat disgraceful—and to remain impossible." The "impossible," however, was not quite correct; for, owing to the shameful manner in which the Portuguese government had neglected to carry out Lord Wellington's directions for the removal of provisions, the French were enabled to linger along six weeks. Their ingenuity in finding supplies was, however, greatly taxed; and as they suffered much from disease and hunger, they soon became thoroughly disheartened. An English brigade could not have existed in their position a week; but Massena contrived to keep 60,000 men and 20,000 horses for the period named. "Nothing," says Dr. Southey, "escaped the search of the French soldiers. They had been so long accustomed to plunder, that they proceeded in their researches for booty of every kind upon

a regular system. They were provided with tools for the work of pillage; and every piece of furniture in which places of concealment could be constructed they broke open from behind, so that no valuables could be hidden from them by any contrivance of that kind. Having satisfied themselves that nothing was secreted above ground, they proceeded to examine whether there was any new masonry, or if any part of the cellar or ground-floor had been disturbed; if it appeared uneven, they dug there; where there was no such indication, they poured water, and if it were absorbed in one place faster than another, there they broke the earth. There were men who, at the first glance, could pronounce whether anything had been buried beneath the soil; and when they probed with an iron rod, or, in default of it, with a sword or bayonet, it was found that they were seldom mistaken in their judgment. The habit of living by prey, called forth, as in beasts, a faculty of discovering it. There was one soldier whose scent became so acute, that if he approached a place where wine had been concealed, he would go unerringly to the spot."

The state of the British all this time was the perfection of comfort. The defence of Lisbon proved, in fact, the halcyon days of the Peninsular war. The duty was light; the provisions, and even luxuries, plentiful; and the quarters excellent. The officers had ample time to hunt, and the men to indulge themselves in athletic games. In short, reversing the usual order of things, the besieged enjoyed every comfort, and the besiegers every hardship known in war.

At length Massena grew weary of watching the lines of Torres Vedras; and on the 15th of November, having previously made his preliminary arrangements with extraordinary skill, commenced a movement on Santarem. In doing this, he was, of course, greatly favoured by the extreme caution which Lord Wellington's position imposed upon him; for with the exception of the second and the light-division, which were immediately despatched to watch the enemy's manœuvres, the

English general had determined to keep his men within the defences until he should be perfectly satisfied that the French were really retreating, and not attempting a stratagem to allure him from his posts. Massena remained at Santarem several weeks, his forces being encamped between that city and the Zezere. On the 19th, Lord Wellington had determined to attack him; but on discovering the strength of his position, he gave up the idea, and determined to let the French marshal take the initiative. The situation of the two armies was thus reversed—the French being almost as unassailable at least, during the winter months, at Santarem, as the British had been at Torres Vedras. A multitude of reasons might be urged why Massena was unwilling to leave Portugal. Not to speak of the reluctance which a soldier always feels to give up an expedition as unsuccessful, it must be borne in mind that the invasion was little more than a border foray on a gigantic scale, its object being to raise, by the plunder of Lisbon and Oporto, supplies of which the army of Spain stood in pressing need. From what has been related, it will be seen that the French operations had hitherto been unproductive; but there was a reasonable hope that a favourable reaction might take place in the popular mind; or that the English might be recalled home, in case the anti-war party, to which the Regency question had given additional strength, should gain the ascendant. Massena, however, was not left entirely to his own judgment; for on the 2nd of December, 1811, General Foy arrived, after a march of tremendous difficulty, and brought him strict orders from Napoleon to maintain his position in Portugal, who promised him the assistance of Soult, and, if necessary, the army of Andalusia.

Intimation of Bonaparte's wishes had been many times despatched to Soult, but the messengers had one and all fallen into the hands of the Guerillas. Just at the close of the old year, however, Soult was made aware of his master's will, and lost no time in setting out with 16,000 foot, 4,000 horse, 50

pieces of artillery, and suitable equipments, leaving Victor to blockade Cadiz, and to defend the communications. It will be but necessary to add that nearly all the opposition he had to experience was that of the Spanish army, and that the Marquis of Romana, the only native General who had the slightest pretensions to military skill, or even to common sense, had died on the 23rd of January, and the conclusion will immediately suggest itself to the reader that the French Marshal was not much impeded in his movements. Such was the fact. The most important passes and bridges were carried with the utmost ease. Olivença, in which were 20 pieces of cannon, a large supply of provisions, and a garrison of 4,000 men, yielded on the 11th of January at the first shot. On the 28th, Ballasteros was defeated by Gazan at Castellejos with a loss of 1,000 men. Nine days before Soult had crossed the Gevora unperceived with 5,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry, and fallen upon the Spaniards, who were more than twice as numerous. In a very little time the latter were almost annihilated. Eight thousand prisoners, including General Virues, were taken, and only 1,000 escaped, half to Campo Mayor, and half to Badajos, Mendizabel and Carera ran away as soon as they were aware of the attack. Nor did the French successes rest here. Hoping to profit by Soult's absence, an exceedingly well-devised descent upon the Andalusian coast was planned; but being entrusted to Lord Blayney, a nobleman whose courage was rendered useless by his ignorance, it signally failed. On the 5th of March another victory would have been added to the list of French triumphs, had it not been for the unparalleled gallantry of British soldiers. The two generals that held Cadiz against Victor, namely, Lieutenant-General Graham, a very veteran in arms, who was afterwards created Lord Lyndoch, and who commanded the British, and Don Manuel de Lapena, who commanded the Spanish, had devised a plan to raise the siege, in pursuance of which they shipped 14,000 troops, nearly a third of whom were British, proposing to land at Tarifa, and

then marching back on the city, to take the foe by surprise. They did not, however, succeed in disembarking where they intended, but were driven to Algesiras. As General Graham had given up the command to his colleague, Lapena led the army by an unnecessarily lengthened route to the heights of Barrosa, where the wearied soldiers suddenly found themselves in the presence of the enemy; for Victor, having become aware of the shipping of the troops, had taken a corps of 11,000 men, the *élite* of his army, to watch the approach of the allies. After a smart skirmish Lapena effected a junction with Zayas, another Spanish general, and the whole army then took up a good position on Victor's left. Lapena, however, did not appreciate the advantage of his ground, but in spite of his colleague's entreaties to hold Barrosa, ordered him to march through a pine-wood on Bermaja. Scarcely had the British commander entered the wood when he was astounded to see the Spanish quitting the heights. Victor, who lay concealed in the woods of Chicklana, instantly seized the ground the Spaniards had so absurdly quitted, and captured Lapena's guns and baggage. Graham saw that if the French were allowed to hold the position which his colleague's infatuation had given him, nothing could save the allies from destruction; and, disregarding the numerical odds as well as the superiority Victor possessed in having fresh troops, he determined on an attempt to win back the heights.

> "Now the cannon's awful breath
> Screams the loud halloo of Death!
> And the drum,
> And the drum
> Beats so loud!"

Boldly, however, did his men charge up the steep ascent, neither heeding the multitude of their foes nor the terrible fire which prostrated every second man of the advancing columns. At last the French gave way, but not before two of their

most gallant generals had fallen mortally wounded; and after an unsuccessful attempt to rally they had been decisively routed. Their loss was 2,000 killed and wounded, an eagle, six guns, and 438 prisoners, including two general officers, one field officer, nine captains, and eight subalterns. The English casualties amounted to 202 killed, and 1,040 wounded, or more than a fourth of the gallant band engaged in the action.

The disgust which Lapena's treachery created (for he never came near the fight till the field was won) can be readily conceived. It was brought to its climax when the cowardly Spaniard actually claimed the victory, and ascribed the failure of the expedition to Graham's misconduct; but the intrepid old man was amply rewarded by the complimentary letter of Lord Wellington and the flattering and unanimous votes of thanks which were given him by both houses of the English legislature. Of course he was unable to follow up his advantage, and the victory, however brilliant, was useless.

On the 11th, the important and strongly-fortified town of Badajoz was betrayed to the enemy by the infamous Jose de Imaz. He had a garrison of 8,500 men—almost equal to Mortier's corps, by which the place was invested; he was well supplied with ammunition and provisions; he knew Massena was retreating, and that Wellington was coming to his relief. The scoundrel read the letter containing this information, handed it over to the enemy, and opened the gates of the town. An inquiry was afterwards instituted into this affair; but it lasted longer than the war, and the traitor escaped. The fall of this town was heavy news for the English, but it was the termination of Soult's expedition, for he immediately returned to Andalusia, having, with a corps of 20,000 men, taken three important towns and captured or destroyed 22,000 Spaniards – all within two months.

CHAPTER VIII.

1811.

Fifth Campaign—Massena retreats—Affairs at Pombal, Redinha, Cazal Nova, and Foz d'Aronce—Misconduct of the Portuguese Government—Lord Wellington's Memorandum on the Peninsular War—Atrocities of Massena's Army—Insubordination of his Officers—Is driven from Guarda and the Coa—Evacuates Portugal—Affair at Campo Mayor—Attempt on Badajoz—Battle of Fuentes d'Onorno—Escape of the Garrison of Almeida—The Siege of Badajoz abandoned—Battle of Albuera—Affair at Usagre—Improved state of opinion at home.

WE must now retrace our steps a little, and return to the lines of Santarem. Famine, sickness, and disaffection were daily rendering Massena's ground less tenable; and a considerable reinforcement of British troops having arrived on the 2nd of March, he determined upon an immediate retreat. On the night of the 5th he commenced his march, having, as he had previously done in quitting his position before the lines of Lisbon, made a number of masterly manœuvres, to conceal his intended movement. The following morning, Lord Wellington advanced in pursuit, and hung closely on the rear of the French, who had chosen the route of the Mondego.

A number of dashing affairs took place on the road, but it was not till several days had elapsed than any serious operations could be commenced. The enemy, who attempted to hold the ancient castle of Pombal, was driven thence by a corps under the command of Sir William Erskine and Major-General Slade. Night came on before the attack could be followed up, and the French retired under cover of the darkness. The next day they had taken up a strong position between Pombal and Redinha; but they were attacked and driven from the heights, with the loss of many killed and wounded, and some

prisoners. On the 13th the British came up with them again at Condeixa, where they held a very strong position; but Wellington immediately despatched Picton with the third division towards the only road open to them; and they left Condeixa, encamping at Cazal Nova, three miles distant. The English General lost no time in communicating with Coimbra, which was still held by Trant, and made prisoners a detachment of French cavalry, which was upon the road. On the 14th, a flank movement was also made on Cazal, by which the enemy's formidable position was turned, and they were driven from all their posts in the mountains with considerable loss. Massena himself had a narrow escape; but, by taking the feathers from his hat, he managed to avoid being made prisoner. The French were now obliged to retreat by the route of Ponte da Murcella; so that Coimbra and Upper Beira were saved from their ravages. This was a boon to those districts of no ordinary character, for the atrocities of the French fairly "out Heroded Herod," and threw their former barbarities into the shade. The army had no provisions, and was of course obliged to subsist upon pillage, which was accompanied by almost incredible cruelties.

Another brilliant affair occurred at Foz d'Aronce, where Wellington suddenly determined to attack the left wing under Ney, with part of Picton and Nightingale's divisions. The idea was most successfully carried into effect. The enemy was obliged to quit all his strong positions on that side Ceira, with considerable loss of men, baggage, and ammunition. The French, however, destroyed the bridge—a circumstance which, added to the fatigue of his troops, and the want of supplies, induced Lord Wellington to halt. This last cause, indeed, operated as a serious impediment to the British operations: for the Portuguese Government provided nothing for their troops; and as the country through which they marched was exhausted, the poor fellows must have perished of sheer famine, but for the compassionate assistance of the English. As it was, there were not wanting

cases in which soldiers did actually die of hunger. The Portuguese proved themselves to be, in several particulars, little better than their notable neighbours the Spaniards. What will the reader think of a country, the Government of which denied its brave defenders lodgings in its capital? and instead of finding them provisions, preferred grave accusations against them for cutting fire-wood? Or what disgust will not the conduct of the Conde de Castello Melhor excite, who actually complained of the British army for cutting down olive trees on his estate, which lay within the lines of Lisbon, to make the defences by which that estate was preserved from devastation, and his person from violence?

Behaviour like this might well justify the complaints as to expense which the English Cabinet began to utter. Lord Wellington, on the 2nd of March, submitted a most valuable letter to Lord Liverpool on this subject. In answer to the statement that the campaign had cost nine millions, his lordship showed that the Portuguese subsidy—the expense of having the troops in the field abroad, instead of in quarters at home—the expense of procuring specie, and the additional price of some articles of consumption purchased in the Peninsula—in fact, that all the extra charges on account of the war amounted only to three millions.

"I shall be sorry," wrote his lordship, "if Government should think themselves under the necessity of withdrawing from this country on account of the expense of the contest. From what I have seen of the objects of the French Government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French Government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in his Majesty's dominions. Then indeed would his Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, of which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge; and the

cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtue and happiness of its inhabitants, would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor, in the scene."

In point of fact, the Peninsula contest must be looked on in the light of the war of the invasion of England, being fought on our neighbour's ground instead of our own.

We must now resume our sketch of Massena's retreat, though language would fail to picture its horrors. The French army seems to have been a sort of fiendish incarnation of the "abomination which maketh desolate" Its course was marked by a broad trail of smouldering dwellings. The towns of Redinha, Condeixa, Miranda de Corvo, as well as all the villages they passed, were burnt to the ground. The convent of Alcobaça, the most ancient, the most splendid, and the richest religious house in the country—the mausoleum of nearly all the kings of Portugal—was sacrilegiously plundered of all its valuables—that is, its gold, silver, and precious stones—and then wantonly demolished. Its priceless library, its important records, its wonderful relics, and its inestimable works of art, were doomed to destruction. "They brake down the carved work with axes and hammers," and what escaped their ruthless hands the fire consumed. The glorious edifice of Batalha—the burial place of Joam I., its illustrious founder—was desecrated in a similar manner; and the body of Joam himself was torn from its shrouded rest, and treated with every indignity that an irreverent fancy could invent. But all this will give but a faint idea of the French enormities. In the district of Leyria, the population was reduced from 48,000 to 16,000; and in the sub-division of Pombal, from 7,000 to 1,800. The owls and the bats took possession of the deserted houses of Santarem. Wolves and dogs that knew no owners, preyed on the dead in the streets of Leyria. The wretched survivors fed on boiled grass, seasoned, where they could obtain it, with the brine and

scales left in the baskets which had contained salt fish. The atrocities that Bugeaud perpetrated in Algeira, were but a faint re-enactment of the shocking tragedy which Massena had performed thirty years before in unhappy Portugal.

Whatever may have been the plans of the French commander, they were seriously disarranged by the insubordination of his generals. At Celerico, Ney flatly refused to obey his orders, and fell back upon Almeida, instead of marching towards Coria. For this he was superseded by Loison. In the meantime, Massena had reached Guarda unopposed, and had determined to hold it for some considerable period. Guarda is situated on a rock, in the midst of an extensive plain, and its site is supposed to be the highest of any city in Europe. Its strength was thus very great, and the position was an exceedingly fine one; but on the 29th of March, Wellington, by means of a splendid combination, made Massena hastily abandon the place, and resume his flight. Slade's pursuit with the cavalry was, however, ineffective, and the French escaped with the loss of 300 men. Massena's next position was on the right bank of the Coa. On the 3rd of April, Wellington sent a detachment, under Colonel Beckwith, across the river, to attack them at Sabugal. The arrangements were slightly varied, owing to some unaccountable accident; but after a gallant fight, the enemy was driven once more from his post, with a loss of 200 killed, 600 or 800 wounded, and 300 (including six officers) taken prisoners. The total loss to the British, from the 10th of March to the 17th of April, was—3 officers and 17 rank and file killed; 11 officers and 136 rank and file, wounded; one officer (Lieutenant-Colonel Waters) and 4 rank and file missing—total, 172 only. On the 4th of April the French crossed the Spanish frontier, and on the next day the evacuation of Portugal was completed. Their losses during their bootless expedition had been tremendous: Massena had entered the country with 65,000, and had been reinforced with nearly 20,000; he re-entered Spain with an effective force of only about 35,000 men. His losses had, in

fact, been nearly 40,000, of whom two-thirds were old and well tried soldiers.

On the 26th, Lord Wellington received the thanks of parliament for the liberation of Portugal. Subsequently, when he crossed the frontier, and entered Spain, he must have felt within himself that the thanks thus awarded him were honestly deserved, as he rose in his stirrup, and waving his hat, ejaculated a prophetic farewell to that country which had been the recent scene of his gallant victories.

On entering Spain, Massena, whose corps was made up 40,000 by convalescents and detachments, marched on Salamanca, where he proposed to rest his worn-out troops. But following up his wary enemy with a caution which no after flush of success ever contributed to disturb, Wellington soon found himself in a condition to attempt the recovery of Almeida, a fortress which, with Ciudad Rodrigo, forms the key of north-eastern Portugal, and which had surrendered to Massena on his advance. He therefore encamped between the Coa and the Agueda, sending Marshal Beresford to relieve Campo Mayor, and to commence the siege of Badajoz. At this point, therefore, we now commence the famous sieges of the Peninsula—sieges which have conferred a lasting honour on the troops engaged. Campo, itself but a weak fortress, and held by a very small band of gallant soldiers, under a brave Portuguese, named Tallia, made a splendid defence till the 21st, when it surrendered on honourable terms, four days before the aid it so well deserved came up. The arrival of the British was quite unexpected; and the French general, Latour Maubourg, precipitately abandoned the place as soon as he became aware of the formidable opponent who had reached the spot. As his force, consisting of three battalions of infantry, 1,200 cavalry, a troop of horse artillery, and a siege train of thirteen guns, were leaving the town, Beresford ordered an attack; and while preparing for it, the French cavalry charged the 13th, but were driven back, and the 13th, charging in turn, rode

fairly through them, and kept up a fierce though straggling conflict to the very gates of Badajoz, where a few score of English were taken prisoners, and a hundred more killed and wounded; and although the enemy's casualties amounted to more than three times that number, yet a steadier attack must have given the English a much more solid advantage. Lord Wellington was greatly annoyed at the conduct of the cavalry, and threatened to send the 18th and 1st Portuguese cavalry to Lisbon, if again guilty of a similar piece of indiscretion.

Beresford after this affair disposed his corps at Elvas and its vicinity, and suspended his operations to enable his men to obtain a little rest, but he was greatly delayed by the neglect of the Portuguese authorities to furnish the materials for a bridge over the Guadiana. It was thus not until the 6th of April that the allies had crossed. By this time, the French commandant, Lanteur Maubourg, had sent out foraging parties and obtained a sufficient supply of provisions. On the night of the 7th he advanced with 3,000 infantry and 500 light dragoons, and succeeded in carrying off a squadron of the 13th light dragoons. On the 13th, the fourth division took Olivença, and followed Beresford to Zafra, where they arrived on the following day. A remarkably brilliant affair had occurred during Beresford's march. At Usagre, some French hussars, who were out on a plundering expedition, fell in with the 13th light dragoons. The English charged them and put them to flight without the cost of a single soldier. A smart pursuit for six miles succeeded, and the French lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, fully 300 men.

On the 18th, Latour retired to Guadalcanal; and three days afterwards Lord Wellington arrived at Elvas, whither Marshal Beresford had returned. On the 22nd, Lord Wellington with the German and Madden's cavalry forded the Guadiana, and went close to Badajoz, on which he was making *reconnaisance*. While so engaged, a convoy arrived, at which the British escort instantly dashed. A smart contest ensued,

but Phillippon, the governor, making a *sortie*, brought it off safely, and Wellington lost a hundred men by the affair.

Before the siege could be proceeded with, it was necessary to obtain the co-operation of the Spanish armies; but the state of political affairs was such as to occasion some delay. While the business was pending, information was received that Napoleon had conveyed peremptory orders to Massena to take the field again. Lord Wellington, therefore, immediately returned to the Agueda, leaving proper instructions with Beresford. When he reached Villa Fermosa, he found that the French army, which had been reinforced at Salamanca to 46,000 men, including 5,000 horse, was concentrating at Ciudad Rodrigo, Massena having published an address to his soldiers, in which he spoke of Portugal as a "scene of triumphs"—by, it may be presumed, a figure of speech not uncommon in French dispatches and proclamations. On the 2nd of May, he left Ciudad and marched to the relief of Almeida. Wellington, however, had chosen a position, though a somewhat dangerous one, at Fuentes d'Onoro, a picturesque village on the banks of the Dos Casas, where he intended to give him battle. On the 3rd, the enemy formed on the right of the Dos Casas, and in the afternoon Loison made a furious attack upon the lower part of the village, and though it was gallantly repelled, the enemy's cannonade was so heavy that the ground was gradually yielded, but Colonel Cadogan, charging bravely with the 71st, cleared that part of the village of which the French had obtained temporary possession.

Night put an end to the contest. The next day was spent by Massena in making a *reconnaissance*, and on the 5th he recommenced operations by storming the neighbouring village of Poco Velho, from which the English cavalry were obliged to retreat. Montbrun's squadrons then mounted the *plateau* and rushed upon the light infantry, but they being all in square except the 7th division, were unassailable except that devoted band (the 7th), which was much cut up before it could form.

Wellington's situation was now one of immense peril, but confident in his men, he resorted to an expedient, in itself a master stroke, but in which the slightest mistake would have been fatal. It was to abandon his only way of retreat, the bridge of Sabugal, and throw back his outflanked right wing to a right angle with its original position. In executing this movement the outside flank had to traverse a distance of four miles, surrounded by the terrible cuirassiers of Montbrun and impeded by the multitude of camp followers who crowded the plain. The least error or faltering would have involved the field in an irremediable and disastrous confusion; but the steadiness with which the manœuvre was performed by the English soldiers fully justified the trust their gallant commander reposed in them. When the movement was completed they presented a front which the boldest might have hesitated to attack. Massena did, however, assail it, and that with tremendous fury; but he failed to break Lord Wellington's lines. At one time indeed, his troops had succeeded in obtaining a footing in the upper village, but it was only held for an instant. Colonel Wallace exclaimed to his regiment. "At 'em eighty-eighth!" and his men supported by the 71st and 79th, rushed on the foe with a terrible shout, and the French were hurled headlong from the village.

This terminated the battle: Massena encamped for the night, and the English threw up some works to defend the ground they had so bravely held. The 7th of May, however passed quietly, and on the 8th, Massena retreated towards Rodcrigo. Never was a more creditable victory. There were only four English divisions engaged, and they were in every arm much inferior—numerically speaking—to their antagonists In cavalry the disparity was most remarkable, and the British horses were in very ill condition owing to the bad forage on which they had lately been kept. Our losses were 11 officers and 224 rank and file killed, 81 officers and 1,153 rank and file wounded, and 7 officers and 310 rank and file missing. The

French casualties are variously given, but their probable amount was at least twice as many. Massena with the characteristic mendacity of his fellow marshals actually claimed the victory; but the fact that the relief of Almeida, for which he had set out, was given up, completely proved the falsehood of the boast. Wellington during the whole of the two days displayed consummate skill and tact, but it is said by military critics that his opponent conducted his battle with incredible lack of judgment.

Very greatly, however, to Lord Wellington's surprise and chagrin, the garrison of Almeida contrived after all to effect its escape. The governor was General Brennier, who, as the reader has already learnt, was made prisoner at Vimiero, but who was afterwards exchanged for an English officer then in the custody of the French. Ascertaining the fate of Massena's expedition to his aid and finding his provisions running low, he commenced destroying his guns and the defences; which he managed to do with so much ingenuity as to keep his besiegers in total ignorance of his operations or plans. About midnight on the 10th he blew up the mines he had made, and sallying forth with his men (who were about 1,400 in number), he was enabled after sustaining severe losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners, particularly at the bridge over the Agueda at Barba de Puerca— to join his countrymen. This unlooked for and provoking occurrence is to be referred to the carelessness and false security of General Campbell, to whom Lord Wellington had entrusted the blockade.

After the hard won victory of Fuentes, Lord Wellington made a hasty journey to Elvas; Massena, Ney, Junot, and Loison, also quitted their army, which was left under the command of Marmont, and returning to France. At Elvas, Wellington received some very important intelligence from Marshal Beresford, whom he had left to conduct the siege of Badajoz. The Marshal having heard of the rapid approach of Soult, abandoned his operations against that town, and after a con-

sultation with his Spanish colleagues, determined to give the French general battle at Albuera, on the 16th. The allies slightly outnumbered their opponents; but fully a half of their army consisted of the worthless Spaniards, with whom, as Lord Wellington has remarked, it was impossible to manœuvre, the only thing they were capable of, when they did not run away, being to stand still. The remaining moiety of Beresford's force was nearly half English and half Portuguese. The fight was one of the most tremendous and bloody of the whole war, but it ended in the discomfiture of Soult and his army of veterans, which in cavalry and artillery was vastly superior to the allies. Beresford was guilty of a few errors of judgment; which, however, were amply atoned for by the dauntless bravery which he manifested during the whole conflict. Blake, the incapable commander of the Spaniards, on the other hand, committed many serious faults, which greatly imperilled the battle. The casualties on both sides were awful. In addition to 500 Germans and Portuguese, and 2,000 Spanish, killed, wounded, or missing, the English lost out of 7,500, no fewer than 4,407! The French had 8,000 put *hors de combat*. It was at this battle that Soult made the remark which has become proverbial of British soldiers. He is reported to have said, "There is no beating those troops in spite of their generals! I always thought them bad soldiers, and now I am sure of it; for I turned their right and penetrated their centre. *They were completely beaten; the day was mine, yet they did not know it, and would not run.*"

The honour of the victory, however, according to Alison, belonged to Sir Henry Hardinge, the personal friend of Wellington, who, at a moment when all seemed lost, boldly took upon himself the responsibility of venturing another throw for victory, by ordering the advance of General Cole's division on the right, and bringing Abercrombie and his reserve into action. Pressing forward to the post of danger, they recovered the guns that had been captured, and dispersed the French lancers. As they came near Gerard's infantry they were re-

ceived with a dreadful fire; Colonel Myers was killed; Cole himself, and Colonels Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshaw, fell badly wounded; and the whole brigade "staggered by the iron, reeled like sinking ships." "Suddenly recovering, however," says Colonel Napier, in strains of sublime military eloquence, "they closed on their terrible enemy; and then was seen with what strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardiest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded column, sacrifice their lives to gain time and space for mass to open out on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up and fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flanks, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm weakened the stability of their order; their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in their front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the furthest edge of the hill. In vain did the French reserves, joining with the struggling multitude, endeavour to sustain the fight: their efforts only increased their irremediable confusion; and the mighty mass at length giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the ascent. The rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood; and 1,500 unwounded men, the remnant of 6,000 unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Soult immediately retreated with his routed forces, still a formidable army; and after a brilliant cavalry affair at Usagre, Beresford's advance terminated, and General Hill having come over from England, took the command, and Beresford re-

turned to his post in Portugal, where his services were invaluable.

By this time Lord Wellington had also triumphed over his English opponents. So palpable had been the effect of his Peninsular victories upon the *prestige* of Napoleon, that the Whigs began to perceive that the war had not been a profitless expenditure of blood and treasure, but that it was most materially weakening the power of the great bugbear of Europe. Many of the leading members of the Lower House repudiated, without hesitation, their previously expressed sentiments; and Mr. Whitbread had actually the candour, or rather the magnanimity, to write a recantation of his former errors, to Lord Wellington himself. Thanks were voted by both houses to his lordship, and his opinion now began to have its just weight, not only with the ministers, but with the English people at large. This was a most beneficial change, for had the conduct of the war been unreservedly committed to his lordship from the first, it would undoubtedly have been much shortened, and the ultimate cost much less than proved to be the case. The great fault of England had been in wasting her resources in small efforts, instead of concentrating them in operations more worthy of her great name, and more likely to be successful. The Cabinet had devised, about this time, a number of descents upon the Spanish coasts, but having happily submitted them to Lord Wellington, he so earnestly protested against them that they were immediately abandoned.

"By this time," to quote the emphatic language of the *Times*, "the repeated victories of Wellington and his colleagues had raised the renown of British soldiers to at least an equality with that of Napoleon's veterans, and the incomparable efficiency, in particular, of the light division was acknowledged to be without a parallel in any European service. But in those departments of the army where excellence is less the result of intuitive ability, the forces under Wellington weer still greatly surpassed by the trained legions of the Emperor.



IN PORTUGAL, 1811

While Napoleon had devoted his whole genius to the organization of the parks and trains which attend the march of an army in the field, the British troops had only the most imperfect resources on which to rely. The engineer corps, though admirable in quality, was so deficient in numbers that commissions were placed at the disposal of Cambridge mathematicians. The siege trains were weak and worthless against the solid ramparts of Peninsular strongholds, the intrenching tools were so ill made that they snapped in the hands of the workmen, and the art of sapping and mining was so little known that this branch of the siege duties was carried on by draughts from the regiments of the line, imperfectly and hastily instructed for the purpose. Unhappily, these results can only be obviated by long foresight, patient training, and costly provision; it was not in the power of a single mind, however capacious, to effect an instantaneous reform, and Wellington was compelled to supply the deficiencies by the best blood of his troops."

CHAPTER IX.

1811—1812.

Fifth Campaign continued—Second Siege of Badajoz—Siege converted into a Blockade—Soult and Marmont separate—Affair at El Bodon—Gallant exploits before Ciudad Roderigo, and at Arroyo de Molinos—Spanish successes—Sixth Campaign—Siege and Capture of Roderigo—Lord Wellington created an Earl—Other Honours and a Grant of £2,000 per annum conferred upon him.

THE next operations in which the British commander engaged was another siege of Badajoz. It was absolutely necessary that this town should be reduced without delay, as within a very short time he might expect a combined attack from Soult, who had greatly reinforced his army, and from Marmont. Several days were lost in making indispensable repairs in the siege implements; but on the 3rd of June, batteries were opened simultaneously on the castle, and on the Fort of San Christoval, which stands upon an eminence on the left side of the Guadiana, and about a quarter of a mile from the town, which it thus commands. The operations were conducted under every disadvantage. The cannon, which had been brought from Elvas, was old and bad; nor were the stores and engineering tools much better. San Christoval was attempted to be carried again and again without success; and at length the movements of the French armies, together with the fact that ammunition was growing scarce, induced Lord Wellington to raise the siege, though the blockade was still continued.

Spencer, who held Almeida, had proceeded to destroy the defences of that town, and to retreat in safety in the face of Marmont's army. Wellington had taken up ground at Albuera, in the hope of forcing Soult to give him battle before he

could be reinforced by his colleague; but the French Marshal declined doing so. On the 17th, the allies re-crossed the Guadiana to Caya, and two days later the convoys arrived at Badajoz, which was thus once more fully victualled for a long resistance. Wellington's position was very judiciously chosen; and, indeed, without some advantages of that description, he must have been overwhelmed by the enemy, whose two armies being now combined, consisted of 63,000 infantry, 7,500 cavalry, and 90 pieces of cannon—being, in the first arm, 10,000 stronger, and in the other two nearly one-half more numerous than the allied troops. On the 24th, their cavalry and horse-artillery crossed the river in two columns, the right on Campo Mayor, and the left on Elvas. The latter obtained some trifling success, but the former effected nothing; and after manœuvring the whole day, withdrew. After remaining a whole month together, the French armies, which had been supported by numberless raids upon the surrounding country, were forced by the failure of supplies to separate; Soult marched on Salamanca, and Marmont on Truxillo and Placenza. In the meantime Blake had made an expedition to Seville, which he hoped to seize during Soult's absence: but as usual, the business was mismanaged, and it was only by extraordinary good fortune that the Spanish general escaped to Cadiz.

As soon as the French moved away, Lord Wellington changed his position to the Coa, and blockaded Ciudad Roderigo, which, unless speedily relieved, was destined soon to fall. The importance of the town was too great for the French to permit this without an effort to relieve it, and accordingly Marmont, Souham, and Dorsenne, having united their corps, and thus formed a splendid army of 60,000 strong, marched towards Roderigo. They arrived on the plains near that place on the 23rd of September, but did not attempt to take up any position, and went away before night. The next morning, however, they appeared in force. On the 25th, about fourteen squadrons of the cavalry of the Imperial Guard forced in the

out-posts on the Azava, and crossed the river; but they were immediately driven back, and the posts re-established. About eight o'clock the same morning, a column of between thirty and forty squadrons of cavalry, and fourteen battalions of infantry, with twelve guns, advanced by the road of El Bodon, to attack the English position, between Fuente Guinaldo and Pastores. As soon as Wellington perceived the line of march they had selected, he reinforced the troops on the heights near El Bodon, and waited their attack, which was commenced by the cavalry and artillery. Their superior numbers enabled them, in spite of a truly gallant resistance, to capture two pieces of cannon on the right, but the 5th, under the command of Major Ridge, instantly charged and retook the guns, which were brought safely off. This is the first instance on record of infantry in line charging horse, and its success was most triumphant. Meanwhile, an attack was made in the front, and repulsed in a similar manner by the 77th; three squadrons of Major-General Alten's brigade, at the same time repeatedly charging bodies of the enemy, which ascended the hill on the left. The arrival of the infantry, which occurred before more British could come up, rendered it wise to retreat, and accordingly, Wellington, on perceiving their advance, gave orders to fall back on Guinaldo.

This was an operation of great danger, for as an extensive plain had to be passed, the enemy's heavy masses of cavalry and artillery could operate under very favourable circumstances. The 5th and the 77th formed one square, and the 21st Portuguese another, and the retreat was supported by Alten's small body of cavalry, and the Portuguese artillery. The two latter had soon to devote their attention to the defence of the Portuguese regiment, which was fiercely assailed, and the other square being thus left to itself, was charged simultaneously on three of its faces by a heavy squadron of cavalry. Just as the dragoons had reached the bayonets of the kneeling front ranks, a pealing volley, each bullet taking effect, strewed the ground

with the bodies of men and carcasses of horses. The French fairly recoiled, and rode hastily off to re-form their broken ranks; while the allies continued safely their retreat to Guinaldo, which Wellington had originally intended to have abandoned; but finding it dangerous to execute his intended manœuvre, owing to a delay which had occurred in the transmission of his orders to the light brigade, he strengthened his position as much as possible, and determined to remain where he was.

The night passed quietly, and the next day, instead of the attack they had anticipated, the allies were gratified by a splendid review of Marmont's troops, who performed for their amusement a number of highly scientific evolutions with most praiseworthy precision. When it is borne in mind that Wellington's position was none of the safest, and that he had not a third of his army within reach, while the entire hostile force was concentrated before him, it will be perceived that his situation was not the best possible one to assure a person of delicate nerves. "It was at this moment," says Sherer, "that a Spanish general, remarkable for his zeal and gallantry, and a great favourite of Wellington's, observed to him, 'Why, here you are with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease—why, it is enough to put any man in a fever.' 'I have done according to the very best of my judgment all that can be done,' said Wellington, 'therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home.'" A whole volume could scarcely give a clearer idea of the English general than this characteristic reply.

Thus the day wore on; at night Wellington retreated about nine miles, and took up a new position, in which he concentrated his army, and was now quite ready for a battle; but Marmont, whose mortification at having let the prey slip through his fingers was intense, did not attack him in force. At Aldea da Ponte the enemy drove in the cavalry picquets, but were immediately repulsed. This was repeated, but in the

evening the village was given up, and was held by the French during the night. On the 28th, Wellington formed his men on the heights behind Soito, about a league behind the position of the previous day, and the French retired.

An incident which transpired at one of these engagements, and which has been preserved by Maxwell, is too characteristic to be passed over. It seems that an English officer of dragoons "had lost an arm in the course of previous service, but though unable to protect himself, was still foremost in the fight. In a cavalry charge, he encountered a French officer, who, with arm upraised to strike him down, all at once perceived that his opponent was defenceless. Instantly the threatened blow gave way to a graceful salute, and spurring on his charger, the chivalrous Frenchman rode into the thickest of the fight to encounter some more able antagonist."

Wellington on one occasion narrowly escaped capture, being deceived by the similarity of the dresses of the allied and the French light cavalry—a resemblance which, during the war, occasioned many embarrassing mistakes.

After these operations, Lord Wellington cantoned the greater part of his men on the left bank of the Coa, and, owing to the badness of the weather, sickness soon began to make dire ravages amongst his troops. Towards the middle of October, the tedium of the camp was broken by a brilliant exploit of Don Julian Sanchez, the Guerilla chief. Having noticed that the cattle belonging to the garrison of Ciudad Rodorigo were every day driven out to pasture, he formed a scheme to carry them off. After lying in ambush several days, he was at last successful. On the 15th, General Regnaud, the governor, with a small escort, issued from the town, and crossed the Agueda, to where Sanchez and his brave companions lay snugly ensconced. He was immediately taken prisoner, and the herd was also captured and brought safely to the English camp, where it proved a highly acceptable prize.

This affair was the precursor of another equally as clever,

but of considerably more moment. · Soult had placed a corps of 4,000 infantry and 1,000 dragoons under the command of General Girard, for the purpose of intercepting supplies and recruits on their way to the head-quarters of the Spanish general, Castanos, at Carceres, in Estremadura. Against these Wellington despatched General Hill, whose division was cantoned around Portalegre. Hill instantly marched in search of him, and on the 27th halted at Alcuescar, a village within four miles of Arroyo de Molinos, where Girard had stopped, little dreaming of the surprise in store for him. About two o'clock the next morning Hill set out for Arroyo, where he arrived about seven, and startled the French with the appropriate air, "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" The English only lost 7 killed and 53 wounded, while they captured nearly 40 officers and 1,400 men, besides killing and wounding 600 more. For this clever enterprise, the Order of the Bath was bestowed, on the recommendation of Lord Wellington, upon General Hill. Nor did the French disasters end here. On the 1st of January, Sir Rowland Hill quitted Merida, to attack part of the fifth corps, at Almendralejos, under Drouet. The Frenchman, however, abandoned his magazines, and retired to Llerna —a portion of his rearguard being worsted at Fuente del Mastre, and losing nearly fifty men. Whilst Soult was directing all his attention to Hill's movements, Ballasteros had collected a large force, and had begun to embarrass the communications between Cadiz and Malaga. Godinot was despatched to disperse his troops; but the Spaniard retreated to Gibraltar, where he was out of danger. Godinot, therefore, retreated, and Ballasteros in his turn advanced, and succeeded in routing a French corps, commanded by General Semele, at Bornos. Godinot's chagrin was so great, that he committed suicide soon afterwards.

Delighted with Ballasteros' conduct, the British Government gave him some English troops with which to garrison Tarifa. Accordingly 2,500, half English and half Spanish, under Colonel Skerret and General Coupons, occupied the fort,

where they were not long left unmolested. On the 19th of December, General Laval, with 10,000 men and a heavy siege train, appeared before the place, in which a breach sixty feet wide was soon made. On New-year's Day, a tremendous assault was gallantly repulsed by the 47th and a body of Spaniards, to whom the defence of the breach had been confided. On the 4th, Laval retired, his casualties having amounted to more than 1,000 men, while the brave garrison of a weak fortress only lost less than half this number.

While these successes were occupying the French generals, Wellington had silently, and without attracting their attention, settled the preliminaries for the investment of Ciudad Rodorigo, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, he had determined to effect without delay. On the 8th of January, 1812, the siege was commenced by carrying a redoubt, called Fort Renaud, upon the upper Teson. This was gallantly done, with trifling loss, by three companies of the 52nd, under Lieutenant-Colonel Colbourne and Lieutenant Thompson. The operations continued without any material occurrence till the 14th, when the enemy made a *sortie* with 500 men, in order to take advantage of the unsoldierly manner in which the trenches were relieved; but an officer of the engineers, collecting a few of the English troops, held them in check till Graham came up, and drove them into the town again. The fire of the garrison had been throughout characterised by the most beautiful precision, and the operations against the town had thus been greatly impeded. Presently information reached the English commander that Marmont was collecting a force to raise the siege, and he therefore determined upon making an assault on the town without delay. On the afternoon of the 14th, the batteries commenced breaching with twenty seven guns, against which every piece in the fort that could be brought to bear opened in reply. The effect of this tremendous cannonade was most striking. By the 19th, the breaches were practicable, and the place was summoned, but the governor refused to sur-

render. Lord Wellington, having made a personal inspection of the town's defences, then ordered the guns of the breaching batteries to be directed against the cannon on the ramparts, and seating himself on the reverse of an advanced approach, proceeded to pen a programme of the assault, as remarkable for its lucidity and comprehensiveness, as its author was for his coolness and imperturbability.

The 19th of January, to men anxious for the great drama to be enacted that night, seemed as if it would never have passed; time, which heeds alike the impatience of those who desire and the reluctance of those who dread, brought in due course, first the dawn, then noon, and at last sunset. As darkness came on, the regiments of the third and light divisions, to which the storm had been confided, were assembled. Every soldier manned himself for the expected struggle, and when the roll was called, not one was missing. "Rangers of Connaught," said General Picton, as he passed his favourite 88th, "it is not my intention to expend any powder this evening; we'll do this business with the cold iron,"—a speech more to the point than the most laboured oration, and which awoke in every soldier's breast its most fitting response—a stern determination to conquer or die.

The night was calm, and the moon, in its first quarter, afforded a dim light. The cathedral bell at last struck seven, and the order to march was given. Instantly the troops moved towards the breaches, of which there were two. The third division, preceded by a storming party, under Major Manners, and a forlorn hope, under Lieutenant Mackie, made for the greater; and the light division, with 300 volunteers, under Major George Napier, and a forlorn hope, under Lieutenant Gurwood, for the less. A Portuguese brigade, under General Packe, was to attempt to scale the gate of St. Jago, by way of diverting the attention of the garrison. Lord Wellington's commands were obeyed to the letter, and not the slightest deviation was made from the preliminaries he had arranged.

The imposing silence which heralded the mighty convulsion that was to follow did not last long. Not a whisper till now had been breathed, but a sudden shout on the right of the line announced that the attack was now discovered. A tremendous cheer pealed through the welkin, and every gun that the garrison could level against their foes poured forth its deadly contents in reply. The British instantly rushed forward, and threw themselves into the breaches. In the ditch adjoining the greater, a quantity of shells and grenades had been strewn, and as soon as the storming party advanced they were fired—fortunately before they could do much damage; and after a smart contest, which lasted some minutes, the breach was won. The defenders now concentrated themselves behind the retrenchment, and another severe struggle commenced. The lesser breach was simultaneously attacked with more decided success. The 52nd and the 43rd gained an entrance, and that alone would have sealed the fate of the town. The party in the greater breach were in the mean time in a most perilous situation, but Mackie, dropping from the rampart into the town, discovered that the trench on the right of the breach was cut through. Re-ascending the breach, where his men, exposed to the fire of a field piece and some musketry, were falling fast, he led them by this way into the town, and drove the defenders to the citadel. General Packe had also been highly successful, having carried a small redan, and thus effected the service he had been sent to perform. Mackie, with a party from his division, reached the citadel, where a number who had offered a useless opposition were put to the sword, and General Barrie, the governor, then formally gave up the city. The claim to be considered the taker of Roderigo has been disputed by Mackie and Colonel Gurwood—

——"et adhuc sub judice lis est."

The usual scenes of violence and debauchery which follow a storm were not wanting; but on the second day the soldiers

had returned to duty and discipline. The casualties on both sides were very great. The allies lost 9 officers and 169 rank and file killed, 70 officers and 748 rank and file wounded, and 7 rank and file missing. No fewer than 80 French officers and 1,500 men, an abundantly supplied arsenal, 110 mounted guns and Marmont's battering train, fell into the hands of the captors. Viewed in every light, the reduction of Ciudad Roderigo is one of the most remarkable sieges that have ever taken place. The shortness of the time in which it was accomplished astonished the French generals, and disconcerted them more than can be well described. Wellington was rewarded by the Spanish government by being raised to the rank of a grandee of the first order, with the title of the Duque de Ciudad Roderigo; by the Portuguese he was created Marquez of Torres Vedras, and soon afterwards Duque of Vittoria. By the English he was raised to the earldom of Wellington, with an increased grant of 2,000*l.* a year. During the debate on this grant, Mr Canning stated that a revenue of 5,000*l.* had been offered Lord Wellington by the Portuguese government, when they conferred upon him the title of Comte de Vimiero; that as captain-general of Spain 5,000*l.* a year had also been offered him; and 7,000*l.* as marshal in the Portuguese service—all of which he had declined, saying, "he would receive nothing from Spain and Portugal in their present state; he had only done his duty to his country, and to his country alone he would look for his reward."

CHAPTER X.

1812.

Sixth Campaign continued—Third Siege of Badajoz—The Town captured—Soult and Marmont retire—Mr Perceval murdered—Sir Rowland Hill destroys the Bridge at Almaraz—Lord Wellington enters Salamanca—Enthusiasm of the Inhabitants—Lays siege on the fortified Convents—Marmont advances to their relief—Unsuccessful attempt to escalade them—Cavalry skirmish—The Forts capitulate, and are destroyed—A grand *Te Deum* performed—Battle of Salamanca—Lord Wellington created a Marquis—Other Honours conferred upon him—French retreat to Valladolid and Burgos—Lord Wellington's financial Embarrassments—Clausel succours Toro and Zamora—Capture of Astorga, &c.—Siege of Burgos Castle—Lord Wellington's Letter to Lord Liverpool—The English retreat—Various Skirmishes—The French re-enter Madrid—Conclusion of the Campaign.

THE next operation of the English general was against Badajoz. This was a more important and more formidable undertaking than even the siege of Roderigo. The defences of the town were of vast strength, and it was exceedingly well supplied with provisions. Its garrison, too, was ample, consisting as it did of 5,000 men, under Baron Phillippon. Lord Wellington concealed his intentions by an elaborate stratagem. A powerful battering-train, supplied by men-of-war in the Tagus, was shipped at Lisbon on board vessels of large size, which put out to sea, and when out of sight of land, transhipped their cargo into smaller craft. These carried them up the Tagus, into the heart of the country. At the same time, the necessary magazines were formed; and at Elvas, which is only three leagues from Badajoz, a large quantity of fascines and gabions were prepared. All, however, was done so quietly, and Lord Wellington appeared so supine, that Soult was lulled into security; and when at last he took the alarm, and marched to rescue the town, it was too late.

On the [illegible]th of March, Beresford crossed the Guadiana, and

invested the city, while Graham marched upon Llerna, and Hill upon Aldmendralejoz, to prevent the concentration of Soult's army, which was before Cadiz, with that of Marmont, which was in the neighbourhood of Toledo. On the next night, he broke ground in front of a detached fort, called the Picurina. The operations continued without serious interruption till the 19th, when General Vielland made a sally by the Talavera gate, and attacked the working party. The men were at first driven away in confusion, but were soon rallied; and in their turn charged and repulsed the enemy, who lost 300 men, the British casualties being half that number. To add to Lord Wellington's gigantic difficulties (for, after all, his engineering staff was weak, and his battering train far from perfect), the weather became exceedingly bad, and on the 22nd, the pontoon bridge which had been formed on the river was carried away. By an effort, however, of truly Saxon energy and perseverance, the bridge was restored, and on the 25th, the breaching batteries were opened on the fort. The enemy, in the meantime, strengthened their defences to the utmost; they mined the ditches, and placed loaded shells and barrels of combustibles, to be rolled down on the storming party. They also placed 200 spare muskets in the banquette, so that the defenders might be enabled to fire several, one after the other, without stopping to load. On the same evening, immediately after dark, Major-General Kempt, with 500 of the third division, made the attack, and after a tremendous fight, carried the work, which was defended by 250 men, scarcely one of whom escaped. A *sortie* was made from the town to assist them, but it was immediately driven back again by a detachment placed to prevent such aid.

The fire on the town was kept up for the next ten days, and at last, on the 5th of April, two breaches were declared practicable. As, however, the enemy had retrenched the greater breach, and had made most determined preparations to resist the assault, Lord Wellington ordered a third breach

to be effected, which was accordingly done the next day. He then disposed his attack in the following order:—the breach in the bastion of La Trinidada was to be stormed by Major-General Colvile and the fourth division; and that of Santa Maria by Lieutenant-Colonel Barnard and the light division. Colville was also to detach part of his men to attack the last breach, which was in the curtain between these two. The third division was to attempt the castle by escalade, a brigade of the fifth division was also to escalade the bastion of St. Vincente. A false alarm was to be created at the fort Pardeleras, and the ravelin St Roque was likewise to be attacked.

The French preparations were perfectly dreadful to contemplate. Chevaux-de-frise, formed of sabre-blades, were placed before all the breaches, and the ground in front was covered with shells, grenades, tarred straw, and other combustibles. As at Ciudad Rodrigo the night on which the storming was to be effected was unusually still. At ten the parties set out, and just as they reached the breaches, the oppressive silence was broken by a solitary musket, which one of the British soldiers accidentally fired. It was not answered, but just as the forlorn hope was rushing into the ditch, a terrific explosion almost annihilated both it and the heads of the columns behind it. Still the assailants persevered, and then the whole of the fearful contrivances which the ingenuity of the French governor had devised, were brought into active play. The British made many fierce attempts, but all failed; and at last, the men, utterly disheartened, stood still in the ditch to be shot down, while the French, picking them off one by one, tauntingly asked their victims as they fell "why they did not come into Badajoz?"

In the meantime, however, the 3rd despising the storm of shot and shells which were hurled among them, rushed up to the castle and planted the ladders. For some time the men were bayonetted as fast as they reached the top, but at last two officers (Lieutenant-Colonel Ridge and Cauch of the grena-

diers, planted the ladders afresh and the parapet was won. Phillippon sent a reinforcement, but the castle was already taken; not, unfortunately, without the cost of Colonel Ridge's life. The Pardeleras and San Vincente had also been captured; but the ill-news reached Lord Wellington first. He was just sending a reinforcement to the breaches when a messenger from Picton brought an account of the success of his "fighting Third." His Lordship immediately recalled the men from [illegible] breaches, which at a distance seemed to be enveloped in [illegible] tremendous blaze. They were soon afterwards abandoned, [illegible] Phillippon retired to San Christoval, where he surrendered [illegible] and thus a siege almost unparalleled for the bra[illegible] and endurance displayed on both sides was terminated.

[illegible] gallantry of th[illegible] soldiers was outweighed, [illegible] the excesses committed by them on the two next [illegible], to quote [illegible] Napier, "were given up to [illegible] and desperate [illegible] which tarnishes the lustre [illegible] soldier's heroism. Shameless [illegible], brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty, [illegible], shrieks and piteous [illegible], groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used [illegible], resounded, for two days and two nights in the streets of Badajoz."

In this terrible siege the losses on both sides were tremendous. That of the English and Portuguese amounted to 72 officers, 51 serjeants, and 912 rank and file killed; 306 officers, including Generals Picton, Colville, Kempt, Walker, and Bowes, 216 serjeants, and 3,265 rank and file wounded; one serjeant and 62 rank and file missing. The French casualties were about 1,200 in killed and wounded, and 3,500 in prisoners. "When the extent of the night's havoc," says Napier, "was made known to Lord Wellington, the firmness of his nature gave way for a moment, and the pride of the conquest yielded to a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers" —a most amiable contrast to the *sang froid* with which his

rival beheld the destruction of his "food for powder." The English commander's first care was of course to restore order, to bestow his wounded in comfortable hospitals and to repair the damaged works. All these important matters were soon done, and the victory so hardly won was thus safely secured.

On the 27th Lord Wellington received the thanks of Parliament for this service.

If the audacious manner in which Ciudad Roderigo was stormed disconcerted the French generals, the yet more unceremonious manner in which Badajoz had been captured may be said to have quite astounded them. On the 5th of April Soult had reached as far as Llerna and was pushing on to join Marmont and to raise the siege; but on receiving the news of Wellington's last victory he returned to the last named town—not, however, without some loss at Usagre from an attack by General Cotton's cavalry on the 10th. Marmont had likewise advanced and invested Almeida and Roderigo, but he also retired again when he perceived the failure of his concerted operation with Soult.

Lord Wellington had now a fine field of enterprise open before him; but so incapable were his Spanish allies that he dared not pursue his successes, being compelled to remain and preserve the strongholds he had with such difficulty won. This was the more provoking as Napoleon's affairs began to grow very critical. His reverses in Russia rendered it necessary for him to withdraw from his best troops in Spain reinforcements for his army in that country. His brother Joseph, too, began to grow tired of playing the king where he had little power and ran great risks. In England, however, affairs were not so promising. The national mind had suffered a relapse into its desponding and doubtful mood. On the 11th of May the Prime Minister, Mr. Perceval, was murdered in the lobby of the house of parliament, by Bellingham, and Lord Liverpool took the reins of government as his successor.

About this time Lord Wellington was in the field again

with the design of cutting off Marmont's communications with Soult. On the 12th of May Sir Rowland Hill, whom he had despatched for the purpose with 6,000 men and 12 guns, crossed the Guadiana and set out for Almarez to destroy a pontoon bridge there, the only one remaining on the Tagus below Arzobispo. In the dead of the night he had his troops in motion along the mountain paths, and, just as morning dawned a false attack which Hill had ordered to be made, commenced. In the picturesque language of Napier—"pillars of white smoke rose on the lofty brow of the sierra, the heavy sound of the artillery came rolling over the valley, and the garrison of Fort Napoleon crowding upon the ramparts, were anxiously gazing at these portentious signs of war, when quick and loud a British shout broke on their ears, and the gallant 50th regiment, aided by a wing of the 71st, came bounding over the nearest hills." The assault was splendidly successful. The troops attacked the two forts which had been built to protect the bridge-head with great boldness, carried them with dashing gallantry, burnt the bridge, blew up the works, and utterly demolished them. Besides a severe loss in killed and wounded on the part of the French, between two and three hundred of them were taken prisoners.

On the 15th of June, Wellington crossed the Aguedo, and marched on Salamanca, where he arrived on the 17th, having met with no more remarkable incident on the way than a slight skirmish with a French picquet. Salamanca, which is built upon an imposing site, on the north of the Tormes, is the seat of a famous university, which, in days of yore, often had at one time as many as 8,000 native and 7,000 foreign students, and is in many other respects a truly venerable city. Its inhabitants received the English army with great and enthusiastic demonstrations of respect and delight. Well might they; for the French, who had evacuated on the previous day, had held the city three years, during which time they had destroyed thirteen out of twenty-five convents, and twenty-two out of

twenty-five colleges, besides committing innumerable other acts of sacrilege and oppression. Marmont, on leaving the city, had retired to Fuente El Sancho, leaving strong garrisons at the convents of San Vincente, Los Cayetanos, and La Merced, which the French had been engaged for the last three years in fortifying, and which were now, in fact, very formidable strongholds. To carry them was Lord Wellington's first care, and he immediately commenced operations against the first named of the three. Some delay was occasioned by the necessity which was found to exist for the arrival of siege stores from Elvas; but on the 19th a battery was opened. On the 20th the building was almost demolished, and its wood work set on fire; but its defenders held the ruins with incredible bravery, and succeeded in quenching the flames. The next day Marmont made his appearance, with four divisions and a brigade of cavalry, with which he hoped to relieve the forts, but Wellington had taken up a position on the heights of San Christoval, and arrested his progress. The 22nd was spent in manœuvring, Marmont, as usual, making some fine moves, but gaining no advantage, in consequence of Lord Wellington's masterly counter evolutions. The next day his lordship, though his guns had made no perceptible impression on Los Cayetanos and La Merced, ordered them to be escaladed, but the attempt failed, and he lost a brave officer, General Bowes, who died sword in hand, in the thickest of the fight. On the 24th, the French attacked the German cavalry, who retired in good order before them, and proceeded to cross the river; but Graham, with two divisions, and Le Marchant's cavalry, also crossing the Tormes, took up such a position, that Marmont retraced his steps, and things remained in *statu quo* till the 27th, when the forts capitulated, just as orders had been given for their storming. They were immediately destroyed. These operations cost the English 115 killed and 412 wounded. A grand *Te Deum*, in honour of this success, was performed in

the cathedral of Salamanca, at which Lord Wellington and most of the principal officers were present.

The French, on the fall of their forts, retired from their position. They had intended to have attacked on the 28th, but the prize, which their movements were intended to protect, being seized before their very eyes, they had no motive left to remain before San Christoval. They did not, however, remove far from the neighbourhood, but the two armies lay encamped almost together on the banks of the Douro, the men often indulging in mutual courtesies and convivialities. The greatest anxiety was, of course, felt on both sides for the next step; but the armies did not come into collision till the 18th of July, when Marmont turned the English left at Castrajon. Assailed by a much greater force, the flank retired in excellent order, and effected their junction with the rest of the army. In the engagement that ensued, a French general (De Carrie), and many other prisoners, were taken, and Lord Wellington had a narrow escape from the same fate. Accompanied by Marshal Beresford, he had ridden to the scene of action, and was carried away in the midst of a group of about forty horsemen who were hastily retreating, and from whom he and his colleague found great difficulty in extricating themselves, sword in hand.

On the 19th and 20th, the two armies, which were of nearly equal strength, and numbered together about 90,000 men, were manœuvring to take up their positions for the decisive battle that was evidently to be fought without much more delay. The day following the English army was once more on San Christoval, from which it marched across the Tormes, as the French had already done. The night was remarkable for a terrific thunder storm, that occasioned some confusion in the British camp by frightening the horses, several of which were killed by the lightning. The next day broke beautifully fine upon the battle field of Salamanca. As soon as it was light, Marmont commenced his manœuvres. About two o'clock in the afternoon he seems to have formed his plans, and under

the cover of a heavy cannonade he commenced a march on the left, with the intention of out-flanking the allies, and stopping the road to Ciudad Rodrigo. This was a capital error; and the instant Lord Wellington perceived the movement, he ordered an attack. General Pakenham was directed to turn the enemy's left on the heights. Pressing forwards in spite of the fire of 5,000 infantry, the gallant soldiers under his command gained the heights and formed At this juncture the colonel of the 22nd legere, seizing a musket from one of his men, shot Major Murphy dead. The act was instantly avenged; and the 88th, maddened by the loss of their officer, and receiving at the instant the word to charge, rushed on the foe and completely scattered the dense mass by whom they were opposed, slaughtering all they encountered, till they were compelled to desist by sheer fatigue.

Marmont, sensible now of his blunder, immediately issued orders to halt his movement to the left, and strove to re-connect his troops. He had, however, his arm shattered by a shell, and was obliged to relinquish the command to Bonet, who was also wounded. The French reserves behaved with great steadiness, but being fiercely assailed, in flank by Pakenham, and in front by a division under Leith, they were at last broken. Le Marchant's cavalry instantly rushed upon them, and completed their disorder. The French 66th attempted to arrest their progress, but they were also broken, and slaughtered or made prisoners. A third regiment, which still maintained its integrity, was next attacked, and shared the fate of its fellows. The gallant exploits of the heavy cavalry did not stop here. They attacked another and heavier column, which, though supported by a murderous fire, they also demolished. The whole left wing was, in fact, now destroyed.

At the commencement of the battle the English occupied one of two hills, called Arapiles, and the French centre the other. Against the latter Packe's Portuguese brigade was launched; but it recoiled from the enemy, and the assault

failed. This brought the French a ray of hope. They attacked in turn, and although Beresford came promptly to the assistance of the retreating Portuguese, the enemy still advanced. Lord Wellington instantly ordered Clinton's division of 6,000 infantry to interpose. A furious engagement followed; but it was of brief continuance. The French faltered, gave ground, and at last fled. The battle was now won; but Clausel, who commanded their right, made a masterly attempt to cover the retreat to the fords of Encinas and Huerta, and thus to secure the road to Alba de Tormes. The light division, part of the fourth, and some other troops, advanced to drive him from a rising ground, to which he had withdrawn, and succeeded in severing Foy from Maucune; but by a brave and chivalrous daring the latter managed to rejoin his comrade, and favoured by the darkness of the night, they both escaped. Supposing that the Castle of Alba was occupied by a Spanish corps, the English general pushed on in person towards the fords, where he expected to find and to capture the remnant of Marmont's defeated army. So close, indeed, did Wellington keep to the enemy's discomfited columns, that he was slightly wounded in the thigh by a spent bullet; but the bridge at Alma being undefended, they passed the river, and thus eluded their pursuers.

At dawn the next day the chase was recommenced, and before long the advanced German cavalry came up with the French rear-guard. The French cavalry were charged and dispersed, and three regiments of foot, being thus left unprotected, made for a neighbouring height, called La Serna. Two succeeded in reaching it, and formed a square, but the third was completely scattered. Nor did the other two enjoy a long respite; the heavy dragoons, disregarding their fire, charged and broke them, capturing 500 prisoners. This was the finishing blow which the victorious army was enabled to give the foe; though the light calvary and Guerilla horse, hanging close to the French rear, had several other skirmishes, and took many prisoners; many more whom fatigue or wounds pre-

vented from keeping up with their comrades being mercilessly slaughtered by the peasants. The French casualties have never been accurately ascertained. It would, however, be much under the mark to say that they lost 7,000 killed and wounded, and considerably more than that number of prisoners. Eleven pieces of cannon, several ammunition wagons, two eagles, six colours, one general, three colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, and 130 other officers, were likewise taken. The English loss was also very great—amounting as it did, in killed and wounded, to 3,176 British, 2,018 Portuguese, and 18 Spanish. Le Marchant, to the sincere grief of the whole army, was killed at the head of his brigade, in his brilliant charge, and many other generals were severely wounded.

On the 30th Lord Wellington entered Valladolid, whither Clausel had retreated, but which he had afterwards evacuated at his lordship's approach, and retired to Burgos. At the former place seventeen guns, and nearly 1,000 sick and wounded, fell into the hands of the English.

A few days afterwards, Lord Wellington recommenced his march on the capital. On the 10th of August, the British troops crossed the mountains of Guadarama unopposed. "The only two considerable French armies now remaining were those of Suchet in the east, and Soult in the south. Suchet, on hearing of Marmont's defeat, had proposed that the French should make a Portugal of their own in Catalonia, and defend themselves in its fastnesses till aid could arrive from the Pyrenees; while Soult advocated with equal warmth a retirement into Andalusia and a concentration behind the Guadiana. There was little time for deliberation," observes the *Times* writer, "for Wellington was hot upon his prey, but as King Joseph decamped from his capital he sent orders to Soult to evacuate Andalusia; and the victorious army of the British, after thus, by a single blow, clearing half Spain of its invaders, made its triumphant entry into Madrid."

The next day Don Carlos d'Espana was appointed the

governor; and the English general at once proceeded to invest the Retiro—an ancient palace, which the French had converted into an arsenal, and had garrisoned, previous to abandoning the city. Though considerable labour had been bestowed upon its defences, they were ill-designed, and the place possessed very little strength. Accordingly the garrison capitulated on honourable terms. More than 2,000 veterans, besides a number of invalids and camp followers, with 20,000 stand of arms.

The proceedings of the next month require but brief notice. Several minor advantages were gained by the English, and the Spaniards suffered another disgraceful defeat at Hurispe. Lord Wellington received more honour than would have satisfied the most greedy of adulation, and had to contend with more real difficulties than would have confounded the most astute statesmen. His army was bankrupt, and his supplies were in constant danger of being cut off by American cruisers. The Spanish and Portuguese governments acted with their accustomed folly and inefficiency; their absurd conduct offering continual obstacles to the successful prosecution of Lord Wellington's designs. The Cortez, however, did one sensible act. They appointed him generalissimo of the Spanish armies; and the regency conferred upon him the order of the Golden Fleece, the collar which had belonged to the Infanta being presented him by the daughter of Don Luis, Donna Maria Teresa de Bourbon. The Prince Regent, at home, also gave him permission, as a mark of his approbation, to quarter the crosses of SS. George, Andrew, and Patrick (the "Union jack") on his coat of arms; and, on the 18th of August, he was advanced in the peerage by the title of Marquis of Wellington. On the 3rd of the following December, he received the thanks of Parliament for the battle of Salamanca, and on the 7th, £100,000, to be laid out in the purchase of lands to that value, was voted to him as a reward for his services, and to enable him to support the dignity of his peerage.

On the 18th of June, Clausel, who, with an army of 23,000

men, had commenced a rapid march down the Pisuerga, had reached Valladolid, and detached Foy to succour the fortresses beleaguered by the British. That General succeeded in bringing off the garrisons at Toro and Zamora; but Astorga, in which were 1,200 soldiers, surrendered just as the blockaders were at the point of raising the siege. Guadalaxara, defended by 900 men, was also captured by the Empecinado; and all the holds on the Biscayan coast, except Guerteria and Santona, were given up to the Partidas, who had been rendered formidable by the presence of an English fleet.

Determined to prevent the junction of Soult and Suchet with Joseph Bonaparte, Wellington issued a spirited proclamation to the people of Madrid, and, leaving the capital, marched with a strong corps against Clausel. On the 7th of September, he reached Valladolid, which Clausel, however, had left on the preceding day. The French General made an admirable retrograde movement, and on the 16th took up a strong position at Cellada del Camino. The next day 12,000 Spaniards came up, and Wellington now offered battle. Clausel, however, retreated through Burgos, where he was joined by Caffarelli, to Briviesca. On the 19th, Lord Wellington invested the castle, which was a fortress of immense strength, and was defended by 2,500 picked men under General Dubreton. Nine heavy guns, eleven field pieces, and six howitzers and mortars had already been mounted, and Dubreton had in his possession a great deal more artillery and ample stores. Wellington's park consisted of only three 18-pounders and five 24-pounder iron howitzers, with a most meagre supply of ammunition and siege implements. Unpromising as was the affair, Lord Wellington commenced operations on the 19th by escalading a horn work on a hill commanding the castle, called the heights of St. Michael. On the 22nd, an attempt was made to carry the inner line of defences in a similar way; but after a vigorous effort, which lasted a quarter of an hour, it was given up, the commanding officer (Major Laurie of the 79th) and half the storming party

being left dead in the ditch. As the guns of the besiegers were soon disabled, the idea of breaching the walls was abandoned; and the process of sap and mine was resorted to. On the 26th, a portion of the wall was blown down. An attack was made, but the assailants unfortunately missed their way owing to the darkness of the night, and the attempt turned out a failure. On the 4th of October, the breach, which had been entrenched, was again rendered practicable by means of five guns on St. Michael's hill, and another mine was sprung. The breach now was carried, and lodgements effected, but the French on the next night, and on the 7th, sallied, and occasioned great loss. Another attempt was made on the 18th, and it was at first to some extent successful; but the forlorn hope was not well supported, and this was also doomed to be a failure. The result was that the siege was formally raised, it being no longer safe to neglect the movements of the disengaged French army.

This unfortunate affair, the only decided reverse Lord Wellington ever met with, occasioned a most unpleasant sensation in England. In a letter to Lord Liverpool, he fearlessly took all the responsibility on himself, and narrated the successes of the campaign as a set off to his failure. Since January he had sent home 20,000 prisoners, and had destroyed or then actually possessed 3,000 pieces of the enemy's cannon, besides having obtained other important advantages with which the reader is already familiar. He attributed the failure of the siege to the misconduct of Major Laurie, who had made none of the dispositions he had ordered, and who rushing forward like the leader of the forlorn hope, had been killed at the commencement of the assault; while the programme of the storm being found by the French on his body, rendered it impossible to repeat the attempt.

On the 3rd of October Souham assumed the command of the French army, which now comprised 45,000 men; and being at last informed by the English newspapers of the real British strength, which was little more than half his own, but which

he had imagined was much more formidable, he commenced a series of offensive movements; Wellington therefore began to retreat. By a bold manœuvre, he crossed the Arlanzon on the night of the 21st without much loss, though exposed to the fire of the Castle of Burgos within musket-shot. On the 23rd he crossed the Pisuerga, but the French succeeded by extraordinary marching, in catching the rear-guard: a smart conflict ensued, in which the enemy was decisively repulsed. Next day the army reached the Carrion, over which, though the bridge of Villamuriel had been destroyed, the French succeeded in passing a considerable force. They were, however, driven back again with great loss. On the 26th, Lord Wellington crossed the Pisuerga at Cabezon del Campo, where he halted, and where the whole French force soon arrived on the other side, when Lord Wellington was in his turn enabled to estimate its strength. He immediately determined to retreat behind the Douro, and despatched orders to Sir Rowland Hill to join him on the Adaja. On the 28th the French made unsuccessful attempts to force the bridge at Valladolid, and at Simancas. At Tordesillas, though the weather was exceedingly cold, a company of French soldiers, under Captain Guingret, stripped themselves, and placing their clothes and arms on a small raft, swam over, and being assisted by a cannonade, stormed the tower at the end of the bridge, and thus opened a passage. Wellington, after this gallant exploit, instantly quitted his position, and taking up another on the heights of Rueda, presented a bold front to the foe.

On the 2nd of November, the French armies of the south and centre united, and the next day re-entered Madrid. Soult and Joseph then moved on in pursuit, and Wellington was once more compelled to alter his plans. Hill was directed to march on Alba de Tormes, while the commander-in-chief took up for the third time his old position of San Christoval. On the 9th and 10th the French made attempts upon the position at Alba, but could make no impression. Four days after, they crossed

the Tormes in force at Encinas, about two leagues above Alba; and Wellington marched towards the Arapiles, from which he afterwards proceeded to Ciudad Roderigo, whither he arrived on the 19th. Napier tells us a characteristic anecdote connected with this retreat. When the troops were within a day's march of Roderigo, Wellington, "knowing that the most direct road was impassable, had directed the divisions by another road, longer, and apparently more difficult; this seemed such an extraordinary proceeding to some general officers, that, after consulting together, they deemed their commander unfit to conduct the army, and led their troops by what appeared to them the fittest line of retreat! Meanwhile Wellington, who had, before daylight, placed himself at an important point on his own road, waited impatiently for the arrival of the leading division until dawn, and then suspecting something of what had happened, galloped to the other road, and found the would-be commanders stopped by that flood which his arrangements had been made to avoid. The insubordination and the danger to the whole army were alike glaring, yet the practical rebuke was so severe and well-timed, the humiliation so complete, and so deeply felt, that, with one proud sarcastic observation, indicating contempt more than anger, he led back the troops and drew off all his forces safely. However, some confusion and great danger still attended the operation; for even on this road one water-gully was so deep that the light division, which covered the rear, could only pass it man by man over a felled tree; and it was fortunate that Soult, unable to feed his troops a day longer, stopped on the Huebra with his main body, and only sent some cavalry to Tamames. Thus the allies retired unmolested."

With this occurrence, the difficulties of the retreat were at an end, and Wellington cantoned his army between the Agueda and the Coa; and having thus secured Portugal from invasion, he terminated a campaign commenced with some of the most brilliant victories, and concluded by one of the ablest retreats on record.

CHAPTER XI.

1812—1813.

State of public opinion respecting the Peninsular War—Disorderly state of the Army—Lord Wellington's Reforms—Descent on the Eastern Coast—Weakness of the French—Masterly opening of the Seventh Campaign—Its consequences—Battle of Vittoria—Lord Wellington elected a Knight of the Garter—Made Colonel of the Horse Guards and Field Marshal—Presented with a Spanish Estate.

THE retreat from Burgos, as may be readily conceived, restored the discussion as to the policy of continuing the contest in the Peninsula. The subject was warmly debated in both Houses—Lord Wellington being ably defended in the Upper by his noble brother, the Marquis Wellesley. Nor did he want supporters in the Lower; for, in fact, the tone of the complaints uttered everywhere were now very different from what had formerly been the case. The blame was no longer thrown on him, but upon those who really deserved it, namely the ministers, who had neglected to supply him with the means of prosecuting the war with due vigour. There is no doubt that, had they afforded him an opportunity of following up his victory at Salamanca as he ought, the expulsion of the French from Spain would have been much sooner accomplished.

The conduct of the army since the investment of Burgos had given Lord Wellington the liveliest dissatisfaction. A frightful spirit of insubordination had spread widely, not only amongst the men, but amongst the officers also. The casualties which may be honourably accounted for from the investment of Burgos Castle were little above 3,000 men; but nearly 5,000 more were lost during the retreat, owing to their own misconduct. They were accustomed either to straggle away from their comrades in search of plunder, and so fall into the hands

of the French, or were found by their foes drunk in wine-cellars. On the 28th of November Lord Wellington issued a circular, in which he bitterly reproached the army with want of discipline, far greater than could be palliated by the unavoidable hardships of the case; and attributed the fault to the neglect and inattention of the officers, particularly of the captains and subalterns, by which the soldiers had often been exposed to unnecessary discomforts. His lordship then set himself industriously to work to re-organise his forces. From England he had received assurances of liberal supplies and reinforcements; and having placed his army in the best quarters he could obtain, he proceeded to see that a better discipline was carried out. But while thus bent on improving the *morale*, he did not neglect the *physicale* of his men, but took sedulous care that they were properly exercised and inured to marching. He also submitted to the Cortes a paper, dated December 4th, as to the re-establishment of order in the Spanish armies, which were incalculably worse than the English. Ballasteros highly resented his complaints, but the Cortes deposed and banished him, and appointed in his room Virues, who immediately advanced into La Mancha; but as Soult had already reached the Tormes, the mischief was done.

Availing himself of the inactivity necessarily consequent upon the winter season, Lord Wellington visited Cadiz, whither he arrived on the 21st of December, and was received with truly Spanish pomp. From thence he proceeded to Lisbon, where he was treated with equal distinction. His object was, to enforce in person what he had already urged in his letters. He returned to his head-quarters on the 25th, and proceeded with his measures of reform. Very unpopular they were, but most salutary in their results. Every abuse was mercilessly dragged to the light, and the offenders received full justice. The equipments of the army were repaired and completed; many valuable improvements which last year's experience had suggested being introduced. The British Government, encouraged by

the disasters of Napoleon in Russia, sent over reinforcement after reinforcement, and when Lord Wellington recommenced active operations, he was the commander of 200,000 men—the finest force ever directed by an English general. The Spanish armies had been likewise greatly improved; and the Guerillas, who had always been the most useful native force Spain was able to bring into the field, were placed at Lord Wellington's disposal, and thus promised to be of still greater efficiency.

During the winter, these Partida bands had greatly harassed the French, and had caused them several serious losses. A descent on the eastern coast was also made in March by the Anglo-Sicilian army, which consisted of 18,000 men, under Sir John Murray. In the succeeding month, a battle was fought at Castalla, with troops under General Suchet. The English loss was about 700, and the French probably 1,200 men: but Suchet, who otherwise would have been totally routed, was suffered, by Sir John's discreditable mismanagement, to escape. The French cause, however, had suffered more from external circumstances than from these attacks. The necessities of Napoleon had caused him to withdraw Soult and 20,000 of his best troops, which were replaced by as many conscripts from Bayonne; King Joseph, in the meantime, being nearly bewildered by the reproaches of his brother for his incompetency, and by his pecuniary difficulties. The total French army was now about 240,000 men, 30,000 of whom were either sick or wounded.

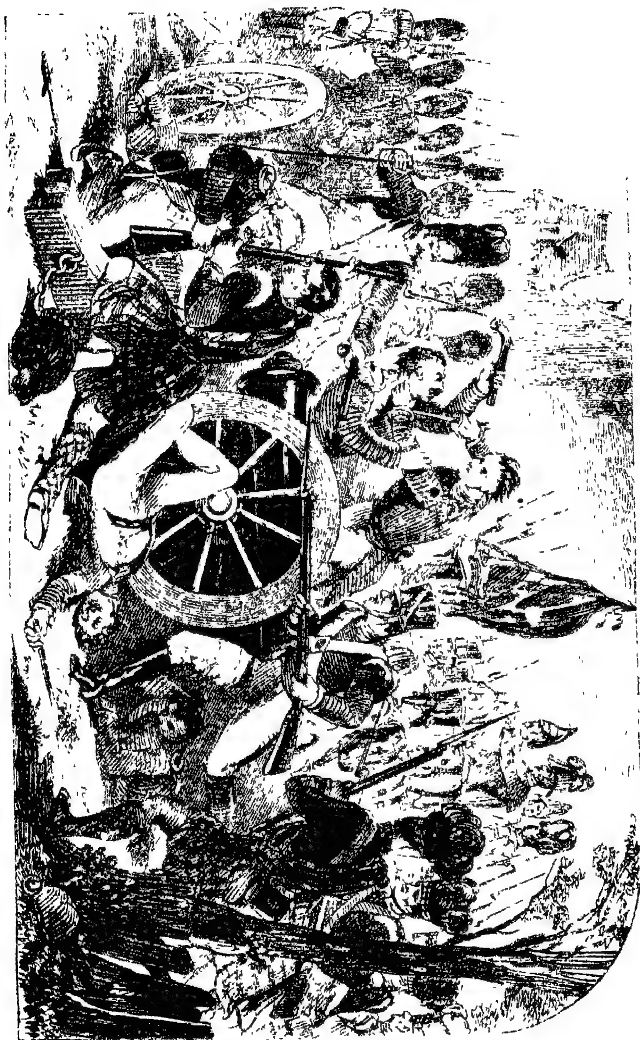
Lord Wellington's opening of the campaign was planned with consummate skill. Keeping his plans veiled in the most impenetrable mystery, he put his troops in motion; and while the French leaders were discussing what he would do, he had effected a junction with the Anglo-Portuguese, the Estremaduran, and the Gallician armies on the Douro. All was completed by the 15th of June, 1813, with scarcely any opposition from the French, beyond a few skirmishes between the various concentrating corps and the scattered divisions of the French

army. The result of this masterly combination was to present a mass of 90,000 men, against whom the French could collect at no point many more than half that number.

The communications of the French generals being entirely cut off, the scattered troops had only one resource, namely, to retreat as fast as possible towards the Pyrenees. Madrid was instantly abandoned in the greatest confusion, and Joseph retired to Vittoria. General Reille had taken up a position in front of Burgos, intending to stay Lord Wellington's further progress. On the 12th, however, the English commander made his appearance, and drove him over the Arlanzon. Joseph instantly gave orders for the castle, which had withstood the captor of Roderigo and Badajoz, to be blown up. This was accordingly done, and the fortress was shivered to atoms, killing about 400 French soldiers, who were defiling under its walls. It was his intention to have also destroyed the town; but happily the mines failed, and thus this gratuitous piece of wickedness was frustrated. Joseph's next stand was at Miranda; but Wellington, by another brilliant movement, passed round the sources of the Ebro; and while his generals were wondering why their retreat was unmolested, they were disconcerted by the intelligence that the whole of the allies were established on the left bank of the river. This memorable march was 400 miles long, through one of the most difficult countries ever attempted by an army. The French had considered it impassable, and were thus completely surprised. Reille's advice in this dilemma was, to march down the Ebro into Navarre; but Joseph, relying upon being reinforced, and being also unwilling to relinquish his convoys, determined to retreat on Vittoria. Reille was despatched to secure Bilbao, and on the 18th he was astonished to find himself in front of a British corps at St. Milan. A smart contest ensued, which ended in the French throwing down their arms and knapsacks, and making a precipitate retreat, leaving 400 of their number dead or prisoners behind them. On the next day, Reille was again attacked, and

driven over the Zadora, where he rejoined the other French troops.

Joseph's situation was now most critical. He had no resource but to fight, or, abandoning the greatest accumulation of baggage and plunder that ever accompanied a European army, to seek safety in flight. He chose the former. The command of his army, though nominally in his own hands, was virtually in those of Marshal Jourdan. It was in infantry 10,000 weaker than the allies, but in cavalry it was much stronger, and he had sixty pieces of cannon more than his opponents. The 20th was spent in manœuvring; but before dawn on the 21st the French were in position, and the English advancing to engage them. Standing on the height of Arinez, Maxwell pictures Lord Wellington, dressed in a plain grey frock-coat, with nothing to mark commanding rank excepting a Spanish sash and the hat and feathers of a field-officer, his telescope at one moment wandering over the extensive position occupied by the enemy, and the next turned with fixed earnestness upon that point from whence he expected the crash of battle to burst. The day was beautifully fine; a flood of sunshine dispelled the mists that floated on the mountains, and at nine, the smoke-wreaths to which they had given place showed that Sir Rowland Hill had commenced an attack with a Spanish brigade under General Morillo, upon the heights of La Puebla, on which the enemy's left rested. The French at first had neglected this portion of the battle-field, but perceiving its importance, had afterwards reinforced the troops there to a considerable extent. Morillo was therefore unsuccessful; but being assisted by a detachment commanded by Colonel the Hon. H. Cadogan, the hill was carried, after a gallant fight, in which the last-named valuable officer was slain. Morillo was also wounded Sir Rowland Hill then passed through the defile, crossed the Zadora, and carried the village of Subijana de Alava, from which none of the oft-repeated efforts of the French could again dislodge him. The 4th and light divi-



sions forming the right centre, under Lord Wellington's own command, then advanced, and having crossed the Zadora, by the bridges of Nunclares and Tres Puentes, formed boldly under the heights on which the enemy's line was posted. By this time Sir Thomas Picton, with the 3rd, and the Earl of Dalhousie with the 7th division, had also arrived at Mendoza, and crossed. They, therefore, commenced the attack on the French before them, and after a gallant defence by one or two brigades, the enemy, who had weakened his centre by detachments to the heights, soon gave way.

It was over this same ground that the Black Prince, five centuries before, had led the chivalry of England to conquest, and his dauntless valour seemed to inspire every Briton now present. Never did soldiers behave better. The French attempted to make a stand at the village of Arinez, but Picton's brave fellows drove them from that important post at the point of the bayonet. They once more rallied on a hill between Ali and Armentia; but they were again put to flight and driven through Vittoria. In the meantime Graham had been engaging the extreme right, and having carried the villages of Abechuco and Gamara, which were obstinately defended, and to retake which several attempts were made, intercepted the French retreat by the highway to France. The fugitive army was therefore compelled to turn aside to the Pamplona road. It was just now sunset, and as long as light lasted the pursuit was kept up so hotly, that the routed army saved nothing but one gun and a howitzer. Joseph himself, like his brother on a subsequent occasion, was obliged to abandon his carriage and escape on horseback. The French loss numbered about 6,000 killed and wounded, and 1,000 prisoners. The nature of the ground, which did not permit the cavalry to act, favoured them, or their losses would have been greatly augmented. Amongst the spoils were Joseph's sword, Marshal Jourdan's bâton, a set of colours, and 151 brass ordnance, 415 caissons, 14,249 rounds of ammunition, 1,973,400 musket-ball cartridges, 40,688 lbs. of

powder, 56 forage and 44 forge wagons. The spoil, of which no account was taken, was of unprecedented value and amount. All the plunder of the Peninsula fell into the hands of the victors, and many of those precious objects of art which now decorate the walls of Apsley House were part of Wellington's share of the spoils of this memorable battle. About 5½ million dollars fell into the hands of the soldiers, who sold them at eight for a guinea—gold, on account of its greater portability, being in great request. A still greater amount of other valuable property was also abandoned by the retreating host, whose flight was so rapid, that Lord Wellington was unable to come up with them again. Leaving garrisons in Pamplona and San Sebastian, which were immediately blockaded by Sir Rowland Hill and Sir Thomas Graham, they retired into France; so that, excepting the army in Catalonia, the invaders had been driven from the Peninsula. Thus, in six weeks, Lord Wellington, with a force of barely 100,000 men, had marched 600 miles, passed six great rivers, gained a decisive battle, invested two fortresses, and expelled 120,000 men from Spain. Never was a campaign briefer or more brilliant.

On the 1st of January in this year (1813), he was gazetted to the colonelcy of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards; and on the 4th of March was elected a Knight of the Garter. On the 3d of July, the Prince Regent despatched him a most flattering autograph letter, in which he said, "You have sent me among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French Marshal, and I send you in return that of England." On the 22d of the same month the Cortes proposed, and the Regency offered him the fine estate of Soto de Roma in Granada, "in the name of the Spanish nation, and in testimony of its sincere gratitude."

CHAPTER XII.

1813—1814.

Seventh and last Peninsular Campaign continued—Misconduct of Sir John Murray—Soult appointed Napoleon's Lieutenant—Lord Wellington lays Siege on San Sebastian—Attack fails—Battles of the Pyrenees—San Sebastian captured—Soult's advance to its relief driven back—The Anglo-Sicilian Army—Libels on Lord Wellington—Passage of the Bidassoa—Pamplona surrenders—Passage of the Nivelle and Nive—French Attacks—Passage of the Gaves—Passage of the Adour, and investment of Bayonne—Battle of Orthez—Affair before Aire—The Bordeaux Loyalists—The War in Catalonia—Extraordinary Fraud—Affairs at Conchez, Tarbes, and St. Gaudens—Battle of Toulouse—Napoleon abdicates, and termination of hostilities—Sortie at Bayonne—Honours conferred on Lord Wellington—Created a Duke—Arrives in England—Takes his Seat in the House of Peers—Parliamentary Grant—Thanks the Commons in Person, and accompanies the Prince Regent to St. Paul's.

If the splendid deserts of Wellington had needed a foil, this would have been supplied by the conduct of Sir John Murray. With 14,000 effective troops, he had laid siege on Tarrago—to effect the capture of which, Wellington has given his opinion that 10,000 were amply sufficient. On the 3rd of June, he commenced the investment, and on the 11th, when he was about to storm the place, he suddenly countermanded his orders. He had the artillery and stores drawn to the beach for embarkation; but instead of conveying the guns on board, he spiked them, and precipitately retreated with his men to the ships. His excuse was, the approach of Suchet. He was guilty of many similar absurdities; and at the termination of the war, he was tried in England by a court-martial, and being convicted on one charge, was severely reprimanded.

On the 1st of July, Soult was appointed Napoleon's lieutenant, with power even to remove Joseph, if he thought necessary. Such was his activity, that in three weeks he had collected an army of 80,000 men and 90 pieces of cannon, without

including garrisons and foreign corps. On the 11th, Wellington commenced the siege of San Sebastian, with a very large and efficient force—the town being also exceedingly strong, and well supplied with artillery, ammunition, and soldiers. It is, as every one knows, built on an isthmus, nearly surrounded with water; and so badly was the sea blockade conducted, that the English operations on shore were greatly retarded. The fire on both sides was tremendous; but on the 22nd, it began to slacken, and the next day the breaches were reported practicable. The attack was, however, deferred to the night of the 25th —a circumstance which greatly militated against its success, as it led the men to suspect some hidden danger. Major Frazer gallantly led the storming party; but the houses next the breach being set on fire, caused the English brigade to falter, and the French, who, in the first instance, had been driven back, rallied, and the attempt was at last given up. The attack cost nearly 600 men in killed, wounded, and missing. The next day, Lord Wellington, who had been absent during the siege, came over to prosecute it with renewed vigour; but circumstances caused him to substitute merely a blockade for his intended operations.

On the 23rd, Soult issued a truly French proclamation to his troops, and two days afterwards he attacked the allied position at Roncevalles. With a vastly inferior force, the English maintained their ground, but they retired in the following night. The next day Soult occupied their posts, having gained but three leagues after a day's desperate fighting. He also made an attack in the Puerto de Maya, but was unable, with his preponderating numbers, to make any impression, after an engagement of seven hours. On the 27th, the British retired slowly, and took up a position to cover Pamplona. On this day (the anniversary of the field of Talavera), Lord Wellington arrived to make the necessary dispositions for battle. As he rode unattended up the mountain side, one of the battalions caught sight of their commander, and a cry of joy ran through

the ranks, which was taken up by regiment after regiment, until it exploded in one loud and long-continued shout, such as no enemy ever heard unmoved. As he stopped to reconnoitre, Soult, who was so near that his very features could be plainly distinguished, was pointed out to him, when, according to Napier, Wellington speaking aloud to himself, ventured on this bold prophetic remark: "Yonder is a great commander, but a cautious one, who will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of those cheers. This will give time for the 6th division to arrive, and I shall beat him"—a prognostication eventually fulfilled, although a terrible storm postponed the bloody contest till the morrow. During the morning, Wellington might have been seen galloping from post to post at headlong speed, giving those orders which were to decide the eventful day. It was not till noon, however, that the French commenced the action by attempting, near the village of Oricains, to out-flank the English left, as they had endeavoured to do at Salamanca. As on that eventful day, they were attacked on the right and left by a Portuguese, and by the 4th and 6th divisions, who drove them back in confusion. Smarting under this repulse, the divisions of Clausel and Reille at once made an impetuous and more combined assault, but they were in their turn forced to retreat in disorder by the Portuguese troops. Again they returned to the combat, and defeated the allies; but the 27th and 48th regiments were hurled at them by Lord Wellington, and after three separate charges, the French were routed. The hill on the right, held by the 40th and a Portuguese regiment, was their next point of attack; but as soon as the French came up, they were charged and repulsed in the wildest disorder.

This ended the battle of Sorauren. Wellington, with only 16,000 men, had resisted the progress of Soult's army, which had sustained a loss of at least 15,000, perhaps 20,000 soldiers. The first intention of the French lieutenant was to retreat; but being reinforced by 18,000 men, he determined to make an attack on the allied left. This took place on the 30th, but the allies

were at every point completely successful, and the French left 2,000 men dead and wounded on the field, besides losing 3,000 prisoners. Foy, with 8,000 men, was cut off from his commander-in-chief; and Soult's effective strength being thus reduced to 35,000 men, he determined to retreat upon St. Estevan, by the pass of Donna Maria. On the 31st his rear-guard was overtaken, when he turned at bay, taking up an exceedingly strong position; but again he was driven from his post, by an impetuous charge of the English infantry. At San Estevan, his army had a narrow escape from being surprised and utterly demolished; but the presence of Wellington's force was prematurely betrayed by the shameful conduct of three scoundrels, who in defiance of repeated orders, had entered the valley on a marauding expedition. "The disobedience of these men," says Napier, "unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived one consummate commander of the most splendid success, and saved another from the most terrible disaster."

In crossing the Sierra of Santa Cruz, the French were overtaken by the light division, which had made a most fatiguing march up the slope of a precipitous mountain, scorched by the rays of a burning sun. The French were wedged in a narrow road, with inaccessible rocks on one side, and the rushing river on the other. From the summit of a tremendous precipice, the British riflemen, screened by adjacent brushwood, picked off the enemy with fatal precision, and a scene of terrible slaughter ushered in the night—the wounded, supported on branches of trees, called out for quarter they did not meet with, and even of those who escaped many were thrown into the river by their own companions, who could not carry them off with safety. At the Puerto de Echelar, the enemy were attacked on the 1st of August by Barnes' brigade of 1,500 men, who defeated Clausel's 6,000 veterans on ground so formidable, that had the case been reversed, the larger force could have claimed but small credit. Clausel rallied on a mountain beside Echelar, but was driven away by a portion of the light division. The allied losses in these nine days of

almost constant fighting (namely, from the 25th of July to the 2nd of August), were, 539 British and 322 Portuguese killed; 3,693 British and 1,817 Portuguese wounded; 504 British and 201 Portuguese missing.

The battles of the Pyrenees were now finished, and Wellington turned his attention again to San Sebastian; but owing to the negligence of the Admiralty, several days were wasted. The breaching batteries were at last got into play with telling effect, and one or two *sorties* were from time to time made by the garrison, but without much result. An incident that occurred on the night of the 29th, may be quoted to show the daring bravery of the British soldier. A gallant band of seven men had volunteered for a false attack, which had been but a few moments before decided on. "With a rapid pace," says Napier, "all the breaching batteries playing hotly at the time, they reached the foot of the breach unperceived, and then mounted in extended order, shouting and firing; but the French were too steady to be imposed upon, and their musketry laid the whole party low, with the exception of the commander, who returned alone to the trenches."

The following morning, which broke wet and gloomy, was fixed upon for the assault. But no fire opened from the British batteries till about 8 o'clock, when the shroud of mist cleared from off the city. Then the artillery poured forth its shot and shells with unceasing regularity until the storming parties rushed forward to the trenches, advancing with desperate ardour to the attack. Every man, however, who attempted to gain the ridge of the breach paid the forfeit of his life. In this desperate state of affairs, the British guns were turned against the curtain, and a heavy fire steadfastly directed against it, and after a severe conflict between the assaulting party and the besieged, a firm footing was at length obtained, and at a cost of 2,400 British troops, San Sebastian was won!

All the more dreadful horrors of war were now to be endured by the unfortunate inhabitants of this city. For three days the

streets were blazing, the troops plundering and perpetrating other outrages of "enormous, incredible, indescribable barbarity;" officers vainly attempted to restrain them, and one Portuguese adjutant, who had interfered to prevent some atrocity, was murdered like a dog in the market-place by a arty of English soldiers. The wounded on both sides were alike neglected, and the hospital presented a scene of dreadful suffering, for its unfortunate occupants lingered for three days after the assault without food, or even surgical assistance of any kind.

On the 30th, Soult had crossed, with a large force, the river Bidassoa, which separates France from Spain, and advanced to the relief of San Sebastian; but their fierce attack on the Spaniards who held the heights of San Marcial, and who had greatly distinguished themselves in the campaign, was utterly unsuccessful. They repeated the assault, and were again repulsed with equal decisiveness. Lord Wellington was present at this affair, and commanded the Spanish troops. Simultaneously with the passage of the Bidassoa, near San Marcial, the French made another attack below Salin, and here again they signally failed. During the night, they re-crossed under a heavy fire, by which they sustained great loss. On the 30th and 31st, the allies, in their turn, successfully attacked the French in front of the passes of Echelar and Maya.

To return, however, to San Sebastian. Although the town had been taken, the castle still held out, and suffered a continued bombardment without bringing the garrison to terms. At length the guns were silenced, and about noon on the 8th the troops surrendered themselves prisoners of war. In compliment to their brave defence, General Rey and his brother officers were treated with the greatest respect. The French commandant, had, however, sullied his really splendid defence by an act of gross inhumanity. He had made the English prisoners repair the breaches under the fire of their own comrades, and had even refused them permission to erect a work



IN SPAIN, 1812.

for their defence. One instance of courageous humanity on the part of a French officer may be placed in contrast with this heartless conduct. During the assault on the town, an English grenadier, who had been shot through both legs, lay on a portion of the breach most exposed to the fire from the batteries, with a perfect storm of shot and shells falling around him, utterly unable to extricate himself from his awfully perilous position—the officer in question stepped forward, and walking coolly through the hottest of the fire, lifted his wounded enemy in his arms and bore him off to a place of safety, while he himself fortunately escaped unhurt.

After the fall of San Sebastian, the Anglo-Sicilian army, now under the command of Lord William Bentinck, had some smart encounters with Suchet, and, overpowered by more than twice his numbers, Lord William, who behaved admirably, experienced some reverses. He yielded his command to Sir William Clinton, who repaired the works of Tarragona, and established himself there.

Throughout the war, Lord Wellington's affairs had required almost as great a display of those talents which prevail in the bureau, as of those by which battle fields are won. At this juncture, the Spanish press, forgetting what he had done for their country, commenced a storm of abuse upon their deliverer, unexampled for its malignant stupidity. Amongst other incredible libels was one that he aspired to the crown of Spain, and was about to abjure his religion with that intent! While he was refuting this and similarly absurd calumnies, and was also engaged in delicate diplomatic business, he had planned an incursion upon France itself. His first step was the brilliant passage of the Bidassoa, near its mouth, on the 7th of October. At low water this river was fordable in three places, but as the tide rose sixteen feet, a very slight check might have produced a disaster like that which beset King Pharaoh. The French lay strongly intrenched on the left bank, never dreaming that their opponents would take so bold a step; and being

completely misled by the numberless sham movements with which Lord Wellington covered his manœuvre, they were thrown quite off their guard. Suddenly the left wing, under Sir Thomas Graham, crossed in three divisions at the fords just named, and storming all the French defences, captured eight pieces of cannon. "Many displays of heroism were exhibited, and there was one of ready boldness which gained the good fortune it deserved. The French garrison had abandoned a strong field-work which covered the right of the Bayonette ridge, and were observed by Colonel Colborne hurrying off in evident confusion. He galloped forward, attended by his own staff and a handful of the 95th, intercepted them in their retreat, and desired them to surrender. Believing him to be in advance of a force too strong to be resisted, the order was instantly obeyed, and three hundred men laid down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners to somewhere about twenty."* Another instance may be mentioned, where a young English officer, while the troops were wavering, raised his hat in the air, and putting spurs to his horse, dashed boldly in among the enemy, calling on the Spaniards to follow him. Struck with the gallant feat, the soldiers gave a shout for the fair-haired boy, as they styled him, and with one shock broke through the French lines, and this at the very moment when their centre was flying under the fire of Kempt's skirmishers.

"Winter came rapidly on, and to remain upon those Alpine heights indifferently sheltered and more insecurely supplied, was almost impossible. Already the hardships of the season were painfully experienced, and men and horses at times were threatened with actual starvation. Communications between distant ports, difficult in good weather, were now almost impracticable; and bivouacks, in summer agreeable enough, became every day more dreary and uncomfortable." †

"The wearisome duties of guard, fatigue, and the sufferings from frost and sleet tired the patience and shook the constancy

* Maxwell. † Ibid.

of the worst soldiers. Oftentimes, as the chill mist upon the mountains was for a few hours dissipated by the sun or wind, the plains of France were seen spread below; and the eyes of the longing sentry freezing at his post could discern the smoke of towns and villages, and scattered homesteads lying in pleasant and warm valleys, all green with verdure or golden with corn. Thus many an idle rover without principle to endure to the end, was tempted away, and deserted to the plains below."*

Later in the month, General Alten attacked the enemy's position at Vera, and took 22 officers and 400 men, with 3 pieces of cannon. Don Giron also attempted a very important mountain called La Rhune. This he succeeded in carrying, with the exception of a hermitage, which the enemy held all night. The next morning a simultaneous attack was made on the camp at Sarre, and the position was then abandoned. During the whole of these operations, the allies showed the most determined valour; but the French, dispirited by defeat, manifested very little of their accustomed fierceness. So admirably had the British general's opening movements been made, that the enemy's divisions were separated from each other, and each was attacked by a force as superior in number as in hardihood and prowess. Lord Wellington, by this gallant exploit, had gained, in addition to other advantages, possession of the Irun road, and of the harbour of Fuenterrabia, by which his communications were much shortened.

Some slight affairs only occurred till the 31st, when the garrison of Pamplona, which had been reduced to shocking hardships by famine, yielded. They had threatened to blow up the place, and trust to fortune to escape; but an assurance being conveyed to the commandant, General Gazan, that if he were guilty of such inhuman conduct, both he and his officers would be shot and his soldiers decimated, he gave up the idea, if, indeed, he had ever seriously entertained it.

The English army was now in France, and Lord Wellington

* Sherer.

issued a proclamation, strictly prohibiting all irregularities. This order he rigidly enforced, and several officers who had not done their utmost to discountenance plunder, were arrested and sent home. Of course it was impossible entirely to prevent oppression; but the French peasants suffered much more severely from their own countrymen than from the allied troops.

Political reasons, and afterwards the severity of the weather, compelled Lord Wellington to postpone his operations against Soult, who had entrenched himself in a position, reaching from the sea at Jean de Luz to the Nivelle at St. Jean Pied de Port, his centre resting on La Petite Rhune. On the 10th of November, Lord Wellington passed the river. With 90,000 men and 95 guns he fell upon the French posts; and having completely separated the left from the centre, he thus turned the strong positions on the right. These were also carried, and the French retreated in confusion to Bayonne, where they had entrenched a camp. In these operations, 51 pieces of artillery, 6 tumbrils of ammunition, and 1,400 prisoners were taken, and the loss in killed and wounded was immense. The allied casualties amounted to 343 killed, 2,278 wounded, and 73 missing. Had the weather been such that Wellington could have followed in pursuit with his accustomed rapidity, Soult's disasters must have been greatly aggravated; but it was not till the 9th of December that the English Commander was able to recommence serious operations. The right wing under Sir Rowland Hill then passed the Nive, and drove back the troops posted there, who retired towards Bayonne. Sir Rowland next attacked the village of Ville Franque and the heights beyond it, both of which were occupied by the French in great force. The enemy's troops, however, were defeated, and their positions taken. On the next day they retired to the entrenched camp, and Sir Rowland took up the position intended for him on the heights on that side the river. The French the same day made two ferocious attacks on the left wing under Sir John Hope, but both were gallantly repulsed, and the assailants lost 500

prisoners. On the 11th and 12th, these attacks were repeated, and again resisted with equal valour and success. The prowess of Sir John was most remarkable. He received slight wounds in his shoulder and leg; he had two horses disabled, his clothes were torn with bullets, and his hat was pierced four times. On the 12th, a feeble attack was made on the 1st division, which was commanded by General Howard; and the French army then retired within their entrenchments. On the 13th, they passed a large force through Bayonne, and made a tremendous assault on Sir Rowland Hill, who commanded the right wing. With 13,000 men and 14 pieces of artillery, that intrepid general received the attack of a force of nearly three times the strength; being also threatened by the corps of General Paris and by Pierre Soult's cavalry. The French at first gained some successes on the right, but were unable to advance further than a wood which they could not succeed in forcing. Just, however, as they were making their principal attack on the centre at St. Pierre, Colonel Bunbury of the 3rd Buffs, and Colonel Peacock of the 71st, withdrew their regiments, a step which would have been fatal, had not Sir Rowland, quitting the eminence on which he had been observing the battle, halted the Buffs and sent them back to the combat, while he gallantly led the other regiment himself. All the enemy's attacks signally failed, and Hill being reinforced by Wellington in person, with a large force, attacked in his turn, and drove everything before him. Some idea of the fierceness of the struggle may be gleaned from the fact, that, after an action which lasted only a couple of hours, on an area of a single square mile, no fewer than 5,000 men lay killed and wounded.

"When Lord Wellington rode up, one rapid glance across the battle ground told him how furiously the attack had been made, and with what stern bravery it had been repelled on every point; and seizing his lieutenant's hand, he exclaimed, while his eyes sparkled with delight, 'My dear Hill, the day is all your own!' Never was a compliment more happily paid to

skill and courage. It was delivered upon a field heaped with the corpses of the beaten enemy—the columns of attack were seen receding from a last effort, as vainly made and as bloodily repulsed as those desperate trials with which Soult throughout the day had hoped to shake the enduring valour of the allies; and, prouder honour, it issued from the lips of him on whose breath the fate of battles hung, and whose footsteps victory had ever attended." *

In consequence of their irregularities, Lord Wellington had sent back 25,000 of the Spanish troops to the frontier; but previous to these operations, he had recalled a portion of them. Their conduct, however, was not at all improved, and his lordship was in consequence embroiled in another dispute with their generals, who resented the orders which the Commander-in-Chief thought necessary to enforce discipline. Wellington's firmness in the end prevailed, and his severe measures to some extent mitigated the evils he complained of.

Pecuniary difficulties, which invariably attended Wellington's most brilliant exploits, and often prevented him from reaping the full advantages they might reasonably be expected to afford, now interfered in conjunction with the bad weather to prevent any further proceedings. We find him writing to Lord Bathurst that he can scarcely stir without annoyances from public creditors, who waylay him to demand payment of what is due to them. There was not a shilling in any of the military chests; and on one occasion, when he had to send off a courier to General Clinton, the money for his expenses was obliged to be borrowed from different people who had a little to lend. This state of comparative inaction was interrupted, however, on the 3rd of January, 1814, by a French attack upon General Buchan's Portuguese brigade on the Joyeuse, near La Bastide, which was forced to retire towards Briscous. On the 6th the French were attacked in their turn on the heights of La Bastide by the 3rd and 4th divisions, under Sir Thomas Picton and

* Maxwell.

Sir Lowry Cole, supported by Buchan's brigade; these troops quickly dislodged the enemy, and replaced the allied posts without loss. Lord Wellington seriously recommenced operations on the 14th, when he detached Sir Rowland Hill and the right wing against the enemy's positions on the Joyeuse at Hellette. General Harispe being worsted, retired to a strong post near Garris, where he was joined by General Paris, and where they were both gallantly attacked the next day and deforced, with the loss of 10 officers and 200 men made prisoners. The French crossed the river in the night and destroyed the bridges, but they were repaired and Sir Rowland passed the Joyeuse on the 16th. On the next day the French were driven across the Gave de Mauleon; and while they were engaged in demolishing the bridge at Arriverete, Colonel Cameron, of the 92d, discovered a ford, crossed, and drove from the village two battalions, which suffered great loss. The enemy then passed the Gave d'Oleron, and took a strong position near Sauveterre, where they were reinforced. The allied casualties in these important movements were 31 killed, 169 wounded, and missing. On the 17th the fort of Jaca in Arragon, which contained 81 pieces of brass cannon, capitulated to General Mina, all Soult's efforts to relieve it having failed. On the 24th Hill crossed the Gave d'Oleron at Villenave, and moved towards Orthez, whither the enemy also repaired.

In the meantime the left wing, to mask the movements of which, those of the right had been in a great measure designed, had commenced a series of manœuvres to compass the investment of Bayonne. The Adour is there about 300 yards wide, and having strong currents, as well as being liable to sudden floods and heavy swells from its shifting sand-bar, was considered by the French to be impassable. A spot, however, was found out of sight of the city; and on the 23d, by means of a few pontoons and small boats, six companies of the Guards and part of the Rocket Brigade, in all about 400 men, were ferried over—Sir John Hope, who commanded the left wing, having commenced

a fierce cannonade on a French corvette close to the camp, so as to divert attention from his movement. The same night the garrison detached about 1,300 men against the small English force which had thus passed the river, and trusting in their superior numbers, they advanced in a double column, apparently certain of victory. Colonel Stoppord, however, put his troops in a formidable position, his flanks being protected by a morass and by the river, and his front commanded by the artillery on the other bank. It was on this occasion, and at a town, which has given its name to a weapon, which, in the hands of British infantry, is one of the most terrible used in modern warfare, that rockets were for the first time successfully employed. They cast the utmost terror into the French ranks, and the attack was soon abandoned with great loss. As the French retreated to the citadel, the little band lit their fires and formed their bivouacs. "It was," remarks an eye-witness, "a most brilliant moonlight night, its stillness only interrupted by the murmur of the waves breaking upon the sandy beach; and the contrast between the calmness which then prevailed and the scene of havoc which had just closed, vividly impressed itself on all present." On the next day, when three brigades had crossed the river, a flotilla of fishing smacks, commanded by Admiral Penrose, with which the passage was to have been made, but which had been delayed by contrary winds, appeared at the mouth of the Adour. Unfortunately, however, there was a terrible surf upon the bar, which prevented the passage of the flotilla. Several hours passed over and the tide ebbed, when all further attempts to cross these dangerous sands were abandoned until flood-water. The flotilla then approached in regular order, "but with it came black clouds and a driving gale, which covered the whole line of coast with a rough, tumbling sea, dashing and foaming without an interval of dark water to mark the entrance of the river." One of the men-of-war's boats was speedily engulphed, and all the crew drowned. The next was more fortunate, and struck the

right line in safety. The storm was now at its height, and the waves broke over the bar with such furious violence that as the boats attempted the passage they were entirely at the mercy of the elements—with their sails violently flapping, their oars and rudders perfectly useless, each vessel as it rode on seemed threatened with certain destruction. Two were soon stranded, and a gun-brig was driven on shore; others were swamped, and all their crews were lost. Among those that perished were some who even got a footing on shore, but were carried back and swept away by the receding surf, before their countrymen on the beach could render them assistance. Thirty vessels, however, got in with safety. Two days afterwards the bridge of boats was completed, the English being favoured by a fortunate shifting of a sandbank, so as to form an excellent breakwater, and the troops crossed without further difficulty. Sir John Hope, after this happy exploit, then marched nearer the city and posted his wings within 900 yards; but his centre movement was resisted by some troops in the village of St. Etienne, who made a desperate resistance. They were, however, driven back to the city with the loss of one gun and some prisoners, in spite of two sallies which the Governor (General Thouvenot) made to assist his picquets.

On the next day the gallant field of Orthez was fought. There had been firing ever since it had been light, but about nine o'clock the battle seriously commenced. Lord Wellington ordered Sir Thomas Picton and Sir Henry Clinton, with the 3rd and 6th divisions, and Somerset's cavalry brigade, under Sir Stapleton Cotton, to attack the heights on which the enemy's centre and left were strongly posted. At the same time Sir Lowry Cole and General Walker, with the 4th and 7th divisions, with Colonel Vivian's cavalry, were directed to attack the village of St. Boés on the right, General Alten, with the light division, being in reserve between the two attacks. Sir Rowland Hill was to attack the extreme left. The 4th division soon carried St. Boés, but as often as it attempted to

rush upon the heights behind, it was met with so heavy a cannonade, that the troops were unable to advance on the narrow ground on which the movement had to be made. Five times was the effort made, and five times it failed. General Ross, the commanding officer, was seriously wounded, and before a Caçadore battalion, which Wellington had despatched to clear the division's right flank from the crowd of skirmishers with which Taupin had overwhelmed it, could reach the spot, the village was again in the possession of the French. The centre attack had likewise failed. Here also local difficulties prevented more than a few men from being employed at once, and they were unable to force their way. Picton had detached one small corps against a little hill jutting out from the centre height; but just as it had reached the summit, Foy fiercely charged, and repulsing it in disorder, took some prisoners. Soult, who had stood on an eminence from which he commanded a view of the battle, thought that at last he had beaten his invincible opponent. Smiting his thigh, he uttered the exclamation his master afterwards made on a yet more fatal field, "At last I have him" He was about to commence the attack in his turn, but suddenly the state of affairs was changed. Wellington, riding at full speed into the heaviest fire, took the personal direction of the left wing's movements. In an instant he had substituted for his first plan a still more brilliant conception. The 7th division, and Colonel Barnard's brigade of the light division, were ordered to attack the height on which the enemy's right stood, and the 3rd and 6th, which till now had been unengaged, advanced to support it. Barnard's troops, with an impetuosity which could not be withstood, gained the summit of the hill, while the 52nd, the manœuvres of which had been almost unperceived, charged suddenly and unexpectedly a battalion connecting Foy's division with D'Armagnac's. Picton and Clinton were simultaneously marching on their flanks, and forming a combination of attacks, which in a very short time threw the whole in confusion. Reille, who commanded

the right wing, was forced to retreat to re-form in a new position, and Wellington instantly took advantage of the circumstance to hurry the 7th and 4th divisions, with Vivian's cavalry and two batteries, through the pass of St. Boés. One of the latter immediately opened on D'Armenac's columns, and the 42nd delivered so deadly a fusilade on the cavalry that advanced to attack it, that they were compelled to retreat.

A hand to hand fight ensued, but the French positions being turned, the enemy was soon dislodged from the mountains; and Soult, seeing that he could not restore the day, commenced a retrogressive movement. At first this was executed with admirable steadiness; but Wellington had made a disposition that completely check-mated his opponent. Hill had, at his request, forced the bridge of Orthez, and had commenced a rapid advance along a ridge parallel to that on which the defeated army had to retire to Sault de Navailles. The fear of being cut off at Salespice, quickened their pace, and soon made the French get into confusion. Hill also accelerated his movement until it became a downright race. Sir Stapleton Cotton charged the flying troops with the 7th Hussars, and succeeded in cutting off about 2,000 men in an inclosed field. They threw down their arms; but by some mismanagement the greater part were enabled to recover their weapons, and to escape. The chase was continued till dark, but Lord Wellington receiving a painful concussion from his sword pommel, which had been struck by a spent shot, was unable to urge the pursuit with his accustomed vigour, which would otherwise, in all probability, have inflicted a very serious loss on the enemy. As it was, their casualties in killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to at least 5,000 men, and nearly twice as many more conscripts threw down their arms as soon as the battle was lost, and fled to their own homes. The English losses were 231 killed, 1,700 wounded, and 64 missing.

The French line of retreat was on Agen, thus leaving the road to Bordeaux open. Beresford was immediately despatched with the light division of Vivian's cavalry towards that place,

and he succeeded in capturing the immense magazines at Mont de Marsaux. While the centre of the army marched on Cazares, the right wing, commanded by Sir Rowland Hill, advanced upon Aire, whither it arrived on the 2nd of March. About half a league from the town, the enemy was drawn up to meet him; but Sir Rowland, with his customary energy, gave immediate battle. After a gallant fight, in which, however, Da Costa's Portuguese brigade anything but distinguished themselves, the French were deforced and driven in confusion down the Adour, except some troops which were cut off, and which retreated in great disorder towards the Pau. Two French generals were wounded in the action, and a hundred prisoners were taken. Here likewise a great number of conscripts threw down their arms, and disbanded themselves. The magazines were also captured. The English lost about 150 men, and the Portuguese as many more.

At Bordeaux, Beresford, who had been sent on the 8th to occupy the town, was received with the utmost enthusiasm by the inhabitants. Lord Wellington's instructions to him as to the proposals of those who offered to rise in favour of Louis XVIII., displayed his usual caution. Beresford was to tell them that his lordship wished well to that prince, and would favour and even assist his adherents, or indeed any other body against Napoleon, but that as the object of the war was peace, he could promise them no countenance in case the allies should conclude a treaty with the Corsican. The absurdly extravagant demands of Bonaparte, however, rendered such an occurrence extremely unlikely, and the Royalists proclaimed Louis with great pomp. Beresford was soon afterwards recalled, and the 7th division, with Vandeleur's brigade, which were left at the town, were committed to the charge of Lord Dalhousie.

A few words must now be said respecting the war in Catalonia. It had been prosecuted with very little vigour, and the most remarkable event was the disarmament by Suchet of 2,000 Nassau soldiers, lest they should imitate the conduct of

their countrymen, who had deserted from Soult. The French were also deprived of a similar number of men by the secession of some Italian corps. About this time the greatest sensation was caused by the success which attended an impudent fraud, planned and executed by Julian Van Halen, a Spaniard, who, after serving under Blake, joined the French, and received a commission in Joseph's Guard. After this, he was employed as an aide-de-camp by Suchet, and finding that the French cause was becoming desperate, he offered to furnish his countryman, General Eroles with information as to the French strength and movements, by way of propitiating the Government. Having done so, he secretly copied from Suchet's portfolio the key to the French Marshal's cypher, and proceeded in person to Tortosa with a forged convention. He very nearly succeeded in obtaining the cession of the town, but the commandant, General Robert, received intelligence which excited his suspicions, and Van Halen barely escaped being caught in his own trap. Nothing daunted, he proceeded to Lerida, Mequinza, and Monzon, where, strange to say, he succeeded, and these important towns were given up. The garrisons were ordered to march to Barcelona to join Suchet, but at the defiles of Martriell they were surrounded, and forced to capitulate. Two generals, 2,600 men, 4 guns, and a well stored military chest, thus fell into the hands of the Spaniards without the expenditure of a single shot.

In the meantime, Wellington's position in France was daily improving. The quiet and orderly manner in which he compelled his soldiers to behave, and the strict honesty and even liberality with which he acted to all around him, soon caused him to be looked upon with much greater respect than the French army themselves, whose conduct in every way the reverse of their foes, quickly made them to be considered by the inhabitants as the real enemies of the country. On the 12th, Soult crossed the Adour, with the intention of attacking the English rear and right flank. At first, he assembled his forces at Conchez, but not finding his position very secure, he retired on the

15th to Lembége The English reserves from Spain arrived on the 17th, and the next day, General Hill, attacking the outposts which had been left at Conches, drove them back upon the main army, which retired in the night to Vic Bigorre. On the 19th, Sir Thomas Picton made a slashing attack on their rear-guard, and drove it through the town. In the night the French retreated to Tarbes. Here they were attacked the next morning by two divisions under the command of Henry Clinton and Sir Rowland Hill. The enemy again retreated, having suffered considerable losses; while those of the English in all these operations were but inconsiderable. During the retreat across the plains of Ger, the enemy was protected by a thick country, which frequently prevented Wellington from ascertaining the actual strength of the forces he had to contend with. On one occasion, while the troops of the enemy occupied a wooded height, an English officer of great daring adopted the following dangerous expedient of ascertaining the number of the French force which held this position. "He rode forward as if he would force his way through the French skirmishers, but when in the wood, dropped his reins and leaned back as if badly wounded; his horse appeared to canter wildly along the front of the enemy's light troops, and they, thinking him mortally hurt, ceased their fire and took no further notice. He thus passed unobserved through the wood to the other side of the hill, where there were no skirmishers, and ascending to the open summit above, put spurs to his horse and galloped along the French main line, counting their regiments as he passed. His sudden appearance, his blue undress, his daring confidence, and his speed, made the French doubt if he was an enemy, and a few shots only were discharged; while he, dashing down the opposite declivity, broke from the rear through the very skirmishers, whose fire he had first essayed in front. Reaching the spot where Lord Wellington stood, he told him there were but five battalions on the hill."*

* Napier.

The French continued to retreat; and the English army followed closely upon them. At length the Garonne was reached, and Wellington proceeded to lay down his bridge; but the water surface was found too extensive to be covered by the pontoons. An officer who was by remarked that "a passage would not be effected until the river fell." Wellington observed instantly, with cheerful animation, but with strong decision, "If it will not do one way, we must try another; for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook."*

On the 31st, the right wing of the British army crossed the Garonne, preparatory to an attack on Toulouse, in which city Soult, who was a native of the neighbourhood, had ensconced himself; but the route being impracticable, Hill recrossed, and on the 4th of April, the pontoon bridge was removed to half a league above Grenade. Beresford immediately crossed with the 4th and 6th divisions, and with a cavalry brigade. A sudden rise in the river rendered it necessary to take up the pontoons, and Beresford's communications being thus cut off, he was placed in a situation of imminent peril. Soult, however, did not attempt to molest him; and on the 8th, the flood having sufficiently abated, he was joined by Freire's Spaniards. A brilliant assault was then made upon a very superior body of the enemy's cavalry, by Colonel Vivian and the 18th hussars. The former were driven in confusion through the village of Croix d'Orade, losing a hundred prisoners, and giving up an important bridge over the Ers. The next day the pontoons were taken up to Ausonne; and on the 10th, the third and light divisions crossed at daybreak. Soult's position was a most formidable one, being defended by the river, the Languedoc canal, and several marshes and hills. Beresford with his wing commenced operations by marching over some most difficult ground to the attack, and by carrying the village of Montblanc. Freire then moved forward under a very heavy fire of both musketry and cannon, and soon gained the heights of Pugade, where his men lodged themselves

* Sherer.

under some banks, close to the enemy's entrenchments. They then attempted the heights of Calvinet, but were driven back with great loss. They rallied, but as soon as they approached a hollow road which lay in the path, the French opened on them such a tremendous fire that they fled in the utmost panic. Lord Wellington immediately covered them with Ponsonby's cavalry, and a heavy fire of reserve artillery, which, joined to a threatened movement of the light division, soon compelled their pursuers to retire.

Meantime a much more mischievous transaction had been going on at the extreme right. Picton had been ordered to make a false attack on the bridge of Jumeau, but that gallant officer did not understand sham fighting. Rashly leading his men across ground on which they were exposed to a most awful fire to reach works which could only be taken by escalade, he suffered a loss of 400 men, and a decisive repulse. Soult had now only to improve the advantage thrown in his way, to secure a brilliant victory. In the interim, however, Beresford having left his artillery at Montblanc, had been making with the 4th and 6th divisions a flank movement of two miles over marshy ground, never out of cannon range, and often within musket shot; and having now completed his dangerous and difficult march, he formed at the foot of the French position—a height crowned with 14,000 infantry. Scarcely were his preliminaries arranged when he was furiously attacked, but a shower of rockets threw the French troops into disorder: a gallant charge followed, and the hill was mounted, and two redoubts carried at the bayonet's point.

The combat was now suspended; and, during the truce, Soult reinforced his right with his reserves, and Beresford received his artillery. About two o'clock, a Highland and a Portuguese bridge, which in the failure of Freire's opening attack, had maintained their ground under cover of a hill, suddenly assaulted and won the redoubts of Colombette and Calvinet, with the other defences there. The French retorted by a mur-



RETURNING THANKS AT ST. PAUL'S, 1814.

derous fire and a tremendous onslaught; but though they regained Colombette, they could not drive the Highlanders from the hill. The 6th division now advanced, and forced the enemy back, so that the whole hill was once more in the hands of the allies. Beresford had also gained the greatest part of Mont Ravo, and the battle was won; for Soult the next night abandoned the town, now open to fire from the heights, and made a forced march of 22 miles to Villefranche. The losses on both sides were very great. On the English 595 were killed, 4,046 (including Generals Pack, Mendizabel, and Espelette) wounded, and 18 missing. Soult's loss might be a thousand less; but he left in the hands of the allies three generals (Harispe, St. Hilaire, and Baurot), 1,600 prisoners, 8 cannons (one of which was taken in the fight), and an immense magazine of stores of every description. He had, in all five generals disabled. Yet, though he had abandoned a town, which he had made extraordinary efforts to save, he actually claimed the victory! He is charged with having fought the battle after he knew his master had abdicated (for that event had taken place on the 2nd); but this appears to have been impossible, and, when Lord Aberdeen, after the passing of the English Reform Bill, repeated the accusation in the House of Lords, and reviled the minister for being on amicable political terms with a man capable of such a crime, Wellington rose on the instant, and emphatically declared that "Marshal Soult did not know, and that it was impossible he could know, of the emperor's abdication when he fought the battle."

Soult managed his retreat extremely well, and only lost about fifty dragoons, which the allies contrived to cut off. St. Simon was despatched to him to inform him of the events which had taken place in Paris, but he did not at once acquiesce in the messenger's authority, and took up a position at Castelnandery, and determined to wait till he could receive properly authenticated intelligence. He, however, proposed an armistice, which Lord Wellington decidedly refused, and recom-

menced operations to compel Soult's adhesion. On the 17th another collision would probably have taken place had not a courier from the chief of Napoleon's staff arrived, and put an end to Soult's hesitation. Souchet also yielded to the necessity of the case, and so the bloody field of Toulouse may be said to have concluded the Peninsular campaigns.

A most disastrous *sortie*, however, was made on the night of the 14th at Bayonne. Every one concurs in denouncing Thouvenot's conduct. No military end could be gained by it, and rumours of Napoleon's fall had reached the fortress. The allied losses were 150 killed, 398 wounded, and 223 missing; while those of the French were admitted to be above 900, many of them by the fire of their own guns. General Hay was killed, General Stopford wounded, and Sir John Hope taken prisoner. The French also lost a General.

The arrangements of the peace were rapidly made, and the restless overturner of old dynasties embarked, after a humiliating journey from Fontainebleau to Frejus, on board the *Undaunted* frigate for Elba. Lord Wellington was named on the 21st to the important and honourable office of Ambassador to the Court of France. On the 30th he left Toulouse and reached Paris on the 4th of May. His reception everywhere was most flattering, and honours kept flowing in upon him thick and fast. From the King of Spain, whom he had so ably assisted to replace on the throne of his fathers, he received a letter overflowing with expressions of gratitude and esteem. From the Crown Prince of Sweden he received the insignia of the Royal Military Order of the Sword; from the Austrian Emperor, those of Maria Theresa; from the Russian, those of St. George; and from the King of Prussian those of the Black Eagle. At home, besides being thanked at various times for each of his principal victories, he was elevated to a Dukedom. Sir John Hope, Sir Thomas Graham, Sir Stapleton Cotton, Sir Rowland Hill, and Sir W. C. Beresford, his brave brethren n arms, were also raised to the peerage. From Paris he pro-

ceeded to Madrid, which he reached on the 24th of May, and from whence he furnished an able and lucid memorandum of the state of Spain. On the 10th the Duke of Wellington repaired to the army at Bordeaux, and having superintended the arrangements for the embarkation of those portions of the army recalled from the continent, he published on the 14th a general order, in which he congratulated his troops on the successful termination of their labours, and thanked them for their admirable conduct.

He then embarked for England, and about five o'clock on the morning of the 23rd he reached Dover, and landed soon afterwards amidst the plaudits of ten thousand spectators, who insisted on carrying him to the Ship inn, where he stayed. The Duchess of Wellington and the Countess of Mornington, his wife and mother, were present on this interesting occasion. The following morning he set out for Portsmouth, where the allied sovereigns were to witness a grand review. We need not say that the enthusiasm with which he was greeted was beyond description. On the 28th he took his seat in the House of Peers for the first time. He was introduced by the Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort, who were in military uniform, and wore their ducal robes. Being arrived in the body of the house, he made the usual obeisance to the Lord Chancellor, and showed his patent and right of summons. He then approached the table, where his patents as Baron and Viscount, Earl, Marquis, and Duke, were severally read by the clerks. The oaths were next administered to him, and he signed the test rolls. Accompanied by his noble supporters, he now took his seat on the duke's bench, and saluted the house by rising, taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully. The Lord Chancellor then rose, and addressing the gallant hero in a glowing panegyric, conveyed to him the following resolution :—"That the thanks of this house be given to Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington, on his return from his command abroad, for his eminent and unremitting services to his Majesty and to the public." The Duke made a suitable reply, and soon afterwards retired.

On the 10th of May, the Prince Regent had sent to the House of Commons a message, recommending them to grant the Duke such an annuity as might support the high dignity of the title conferred, and prove a lasting memorial of the nation's gratitude and munificence. On the 12th, the Speaker moved that the sum of 10,000*l.* be annually paid out of the consolidated fund for the use of the Duke of Wellington, to be at any time commuted for the sum of 300,000*l.*, to be laid out in the purchase of an estate. At the suggestion of Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Ponsonby, and Mr. Canning, the proposed sum was unanimously increased to 100,000*l.*, making in all half a million granted to him. In the House of Lords the pension was likewise passed *nem. dis.* Suitable pensions were also bestowed upon the Duke's newly ennobled lieutenants. On the 1st of July, he attended at the House of Commons to thank the House in person for its bounty. On his entrance, the members rose from their seats. The Speaker then informing him that a chair was set for his repose, he sat down in it for some time, covered, the the sergeant standing on his right hand with the mace grounded; the members in the meantime resumed their seats The Duke then rose, and uncovering himself, made a short speech expressive of his gratitude to the House, not only for its liberal grant, but for having sent a deputation of its members to congratulate him on his return home. The Speaker having addressed him in return, he withdrew, making the same obeisances as when he entered; and all the members rising as before, he was conducted by the sergeant to the door of the House.

On the 7th of the month, the Duke accompanied the Prince Regent, who went in great state to St. Paul's Cathedral, to return public thanks for the restoration of the blessings of peace.

CHAPTER XIII.

1815.

The War of 1815—Escape of Napoleon from Elba—Strength of the Armies—Murat is Defeated—Affair at Charleroi—Battles of Quatre Bras and Ligny—Allied Retreat—Battle of Waterloo—Subsequent Operations.

The Duke of Wellington had now won a reputation than which no commander, whether ancient or modern, has ever achieved one more brilliant or that will be more enduring. It is to pay but a slight compliment to a general to say that he is brave. Courage is a virtue that must be supposed in all whose profession is arms—from the least drummer-boy to the marshal covered with honours. All soldiers, or at least all British soldiers, are *ex-officio* brave; but in the chief of an army we must look for other and far more important qualities. Besides the physical hardihood required to lead his men, on an emergency, into actual conflict, he must possess a keen discrimination to pierce his opponent's most inscrutable designs, and a sound judgment to foresee the remotest consequences of his own. He must be gifted with a rapidity of conception that will enable him to plan the movements by which he may profit by any happy "current of the heady fight," and a decision by which he may turn advantage into complete success. He must possess a stern determination of temper, that will suffer no one to play with his commands, and a kindness of manner, and a tact, that will secure to him the love and respect of his soldiers. He must, in short, be endowed with all the faculties that enable men to govern. His must be the master-mind, to which all will learn to look with confidence for assistance in difficulty and for safety in danger.

The reader will have attended but carelessly to the events narrated in the preceding chapters, if he has not perceived all these, and a hundred other necessary qualities of a great com-

mander, conspicuous in the character of the Duke of Wellington. As a tactician he had proved himself to be unrivalled. We need not point to the matchless defences of Lisbon, but to his arrangements for the slightest skirmish in which he was concerned, for proofs of his vast attainments in military science, or for displays of his consummate genius—genius that, fettered by inadequate means, by opposition at home, and faithlessness in his allies, turned disasters into victory—that prostrated the proudest forts, carried the strongest positions, and made "ten flee at the rebuke of one." The Duke of Wellington might have reposed upon his laurels with a fame as brilliant as any that glittered in the military archives of the world; but there was in store for him another victory, the lustre of which was to absorb all his previous successes. The only other man in the world that could be compared with him, but with whom he had never yet crossed swords, escaped from his mimic empire at Elba, to experience in person an accumulation of those many and crushing defeats which his rival had inflicted upon his bravest marshals.

Before, however, describing the extraordinary incidents of the year 1815, it may be interesting to state, that, towards the end of the preceding summer, Wellington made a tour of the Netherlands, for the purpose of reporting upon the necessary steps to be taken to protect the frontier against any future Gallic descent upon Europe. The line of defences proposed was from Liege, along the Meuse and Sambre, to Namur and Charleroi, and thence by Mons to the sea; and in the paper, which is characterised by his usual perspicuity, the position on which he fought the battle of Waterloo is indicated as an advantageous one to cover Brussels. This report was dated from Paris, whence the Duke proceeded, early the next February, to Vienna, to replace Lord Castlereagh, whose presence had become necessary at home.

Meantime the disbanded soldiers of Napoleon had succeeded

in exciting in France some very formidable disturbances; and on the 26th of February, the banished emperor embarked on board a 20 gun brig, with 400 of his guard. Three other vessels in the port were seized, and freighted with 200 infantry, 100 Polish light horse, and the battalion of flankers of 200 men. On the 28th, having eluded the observation of the English frigates, he disembarked in the Gulf of Juan, not without losing twenty-five of his small force, who were taken prisoners at Antibes, which their captain had imprudently attempted to seize. At eleven the same night, Napoleon set out for Cannes, and from thence he proceeded towards the capital, which he reached on the 20th of March, having collected a considerable army on his way; for his old troops threw off their allegiance to Louis XVIII., and returned by whole regiments at once to Napoleon's standard. On the 13th of March, the representatives of the allied powers, namely, the Austrian, Spanish, French, British, Prussian, Russian, and Swedish, assembled at Vienna, and promulgated a declaration, in which they denounced him as a truce-breaker, and declared their determination to give him the most strenuous opposition. The Duke of Wellington was thereupon appointed generalissimo of the Belgic armies, the Prince of Orange resigning his command, and taking a subordinate one.

As usual, the English ministry manifested its characteristic supineness. The emperors of Austria and Russia, and the kings of England and Prussia, had agreed to keep in the field 150,000 soldiers each, including one-tenth cavalry and a due proportion of artillery—the English government having the option of commuting the performance of its contract by subsidising the other powers in proportion. The Duke, however, had only 78,500 men, most of whom were new levies, the troops from Spain having unfortunately been for the most part sent out of reach. It was, in fact, as the Duke described it, "an infamous army, very weak and ill equipped, and with a very inexperienced staff." In France, almost every man between

20 and 60 years old had been called out, and the army was stated to amount to two million men, but probably not more than a tenth of that number actually took the field.

On the 4th of April, Murat, in spite of Napoleon's remonstrances, invaded the Papal States; and on the 3rd of May, after experiencing some minor defeats, was attacked by the Austrians near Tolentino, and so utterly ruined, that when he re-entered Naples his escort was reduced to four lancers. On the 21st, he sailed for France, and two days after the deposed Neapolitan king was quietly restored.

On the 1st of June, Napoleon exhibited a grand military pageant, on which occasion he reviewed 50,000 soldiers. He then took the field in earnest. On the 12th, he left Paris, and on the 14th he had joined his troops on the frontier. The right wing of the Duke of Wellington's army, which, it has been stated, was altogether 78,500 strong, was stationed, under the command of Lord Hill, at Ath—the left, under the Prince of Orange, at Braine-le-Comte and Nivelles—a strong corps of cavalry was quartered, under the Earl of Uxbridge, near Grammont—and the reserve was at Brussels, which the Duke had made his head-quarters. The Prussian army, which comprised 115,000 men, was in four divisions, stationed respectively at Charleroi, Namur, Ciney, and Liege. The French army was 154,370 strong, and comprised 24,750 cavalry, 122,000 infantry, and 7,520 artillery, with 269 guns.

On his arrival, Bonaparte published one of his usual gasconading general orders; and at daylight the next day his second corps, commanded by Reille, crossed the Sambre near Thuin, and drove in the outposts of the Prussian first corps, at the head of which was Von Ziethen. The Prussians made a gallant resistance, but being overpowered by numbers, evacuated Charleroi, where Napoleon fixed his head-quarters. The night was spent by the French in crossing with the remainder of their corps, and by Prince Blucher (the Commander-in-Chief of the Prussians) in taking up a position to give him battle.

Blucher stationed his first corps at St. Amand, his third (Thielman's) at Brie, and his fourth (Bulow's) at Ligny, the second (Von Pirch's) being kept in reserve.

All military critics were of opinion that Napoleon's best policy at first would have been a defensive war in France; and Wellington and Blucher had concluded that such a course would have been adopted. They had accordingly agreed to enter the Gallic territory near Maubeuge by the 1st of July; but they had taken every precaution, in case the enemy should act beforehand. On the 15th, Brussels was as quiet as if there had been neither war nor rumours of war in the neighbourhood. Until the arrival of the Prince of Orange in the evening, nothing was known of the combat at Charleroi, except that it was a sharp affair of outposts. After receiving the Prince, the Duke returned to his dinner; but soon afterwards General Muffling came into the room in great haste, and brought further dispatches. Wellington was not, however, put in full possession of the facts of the case till midnight, when a second courier arrived from Blucher. His dispatches were instantly conveyed to the Duke, who was at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. He read them through with great apparent earnestness; and after remaining for a few minutes absorbed in deep reflection, he gave some orders, in his usual clear and concise manner, to one of his staff, and was again as animated as ever. After supper he went home; but before the ball broke up, the troops were under arms, and by eight o'clock had departed for the forest of Soignies.

While the Prussians were being driven from Charleroi, the Prince of Weimar's brigade, which formed the Prince of Orange's advanced guard, was attacked at Frasnes, and forced back to a hamlet about twenty miles from Brussels, called Quatre Bras or the four roads, formed by the highway from Charleroi to the capital, crossing that from Namur to Nivelles. The Prince of Orange reinforced the retreating corps, and before morning had recovered the greater part of the lost ground, and thus

restored the communication with Prince Blucher. On the next day (the 16th), however, the French commander (Marshal Ney) returned to the attack with the whole of the second corps, numbering 30,640 soldiers, and Kellerman's artillery. The Hanoverians, after a gallant resistance, were driven from their position; and a wood close to Quatre Bras, called the Bois de Bossu, fell into the hands of the French. Just at this point, the leading regiments of the fifth division, under Sir Thomas Picton, came up, exhausted by a long march, on an oppressively hot day, over a country where very little water could be procured. The Duke was also with them, for he had overtaken them on the way. A glance told him that the moment was critical, and he ordered the wood to be recovered.

Ney, with double the force of his opponent, strove to overturn the British regiments before they could be formed for battle, and hurled his cavalry at them as they advanced. All was of no avail. His horse recoiled from the immoveable British squares, and heaps of slain told how futile were their efforts. "One regiment, after sustaining a furious cannonade, was suddenly, and on three different sides, assailed by cavalry. Two faces of the square were charged by the lancers, while the cuirassiers galloped down upon another. It was a trying moment. There was a death-like silence, and one voice alone, clear and calm, was heard. It was their colonel's, who called upon them to be 'steady.' On came the enemy—the earth shook beneath the horse's feet; while on every side of the devoted band, the corn, bending beneath the rush of cavalry, disclosed their numerous assailants. The lance-blades approached the bayonets of the kneeling front rank—the cuirassiers were within forty paces—yet not a trigger was drawn. But when the word 'Fire!' thundered from the colonel's lips, each face poured out its deadly volley, and in a moment the leading files of the French lay before the square, as if hurled by a thunderbolt to the earth. The assailants, broken and dispersed, galloped off for shelter to the tall rye; while a stream of musketry from

the British square carried death into the retreating squadrons." The other regiments displayed equal determination; but so great was the disparity of their foes, that though not a foot was yielded the result was doubtful. "Maddened to see their ranks thinned by renewed assaults, which they were merely suffered to repel, they panted for the hour of action The hot blood of Erin was boiling for revenge; and even the cool endurance of the Scotch began to yield, and a murmur was sometimes heard of 'Why are we not led forward?'"

At this critical moment Maitland's division of the Guards arrived from Enghien, after a fifteen hours' march, without food. They instantly plunged into the wood, and in half an hour had completely cleared it. As often, however, as they essayed to push their success further, they encountered so tremendous a fire of grape and cannon-balls, that they were compelled to desist. On the other hand, when the French strove to regain the wood, they were met with so deadly a fusilade, that they quickly retreated. These alternate attacks were continued for three hours; and night at length coming on, and the English being reinforced by a brigade of heavy cavalry and horse artillery, Ney desisted from his attempt to regain the Bois de Bossu, and "fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily; still a few cannon shot were heard after daylight had departed; but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to the harassed soldiery; and while strong picquets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British and their brave allies piled arms and stretched themselves on the battle-field.* In this engagement, the English casualties were 350 killed, 2,380 wounded, and 181 missing. The total allied loss was about a thousand more than the French—a circumstance to be accounted for by the fact, that the English had neither cavalry nor artillery, while Ney had 3,000 excellent horse, and 40 guns. The Duke of Brunswick

* Maxwell.

was amongst the slain, having been killed while bravely fighting at the head of his men. The French official account admitted their loss to be 4,200 killed and wounded.

On the 16th of June, another and no less desperate battle was fought at Ligny. Napoleon, with the whole of his army, exclusive of the troops engaged at Quatre Bras, and the 1st corps in reserve, commenced an attack on the whole of Blucher's force, except Bulow's corps, the absence of which reduced it to 80,000 men, the enemy being about 20,000 stronger. Blucher alleges that the French army at Ligny amounted to 130,000; but more trustworthy accounts reduce it to 72,000, till the closing scene, when, according to Alison, it was reinforced by Drouet's corps (the 1st). St. Amand was the first scene of conflict, and the village was carried after a determined resistance. The attack was then made on Ligny itself. Ligny was a large and solidly built village; and here a tremendous fight was kept up till dark. The space being confined, did not admit of the whole forces being employed at once; but the combatants on each side were constantly reinforced, and about 200 cannons, including the artillery of both armies, were kept fiercely playing upon the devoted village. It was set on fire in several places, and the carnage was frightful. A French regiment of 800 strong left the field with only 80 men. Every wall, fence, and hedge, was obstinately defended, and the village was six times taken and re-taken by the contending forces.

The battle at times extended throughout the whole lines, but the contested point was Ligny, where the struggle never relaxed its fierceness. The Prussians met with some decided success, having re-taken St. Amand; and the issue seemed to hang upon which side should receive the first reinforcement. Blucher was expecting the British, who, however, had their own work to do, and the 4th corps, which had been stationed between Liege and Hannut, and which various circumstances prevented from arriving. Napoleon, at about four o'clock, had despatched a messenger for Drouet's corps, which com-

prised 25,000 men; but Ney had also sent for it, and it was kept, as the Marshal afterwards complained, "idly parading from the right to the left, and from the left to the right," until it could be of no service to either. While matters were in this state, Napoleon succeeded in carrying the village. A body of his infantry managed, in the gloom, to gain the Prussian rear, while a mass of cuirassiers made a similar movement on the other flank. The Prussians then retreated leisurely towards Tilly, leaving fifteen dismounted guns behind them, but no prisoners, beyond their wounded. A a quarter of a league they reformed again, but the enemy did not venture on a second attack. The villages of Brie and Sombref remained in the possession of the Prussians, who, however, retreated the next day towards Gembloux, where the 4th corps had arrived during the night. The losses on both sides were as considerable as the valour exhibited by either army was creditable. Napoleon's loss was 6,800; Blucher's 15,000, besides 10,000 more, who were dispersed after the battle; 4 standards, and 21 guns.

Although the Prussians were worsted, their behaviour was beyond all praise. Their gallant leader was in the thickest of the fight, and narrowly escaped being slain or taken prisoner; for while leading an unsuccessful charge of cavalry, his horse was wounded, and after galloping furiously forward, fell dead upon him. The Prince could not be extricated; but his aide-de camp, Count Nostiz, refused to leave him, and, lying down by his side, covered him with his cloak as he lay senseless on the ground. The French cuirassiers passed and re-passed without noticing him; and the Prince, having by this time recovered from his swoon, mounted a dragoon horse and rode off. The next day he thought it prudent to retreat on Wavre, to concentrate his troops, which the French allowed him to do without making any attempt to interrupt his operations, though Marshal Grouchy, with 45,000 men, had been despatched in pursuit of him.

This step taken by the Prussian commander rendered a corresponding one necessary on the part of the Duke of Wellington, who accordingly determined to fall back, by a route parallel to Blucher's retreat, upon Mont St. Jean, a position which, as we have stated, he had long before chosen as the best upon which to fight a battle in defence of the capital. Napoleon, on the other hand, hastened to Frasnes, intending to bring on the encounter without delay. He thought proper, however, to wait for the arrival of his 6th corps and reserves, and in the meantime Wellington, by means of a few clever dispositions, masked his movements until he had passed the greater part of his army over the Dyle by the long narrow bridge of Genappe. When, therefore, Napoleon had received his reinforcements and made his arrangements for the attack, he discovered how completely he had been cheated. He immediately ordered a large body of cavalry to follow the English rear-guard, and at Genappe a smart affair took place. The 7th Hussars and some squadrons of the 11th and 23rd Dragoons came gallantly to the charge; but those light troops, being unable to make any impression upon the cuirassiers, were repulsed. Lord Uxbridge, however, "followed on the same side" with the Life Guards, before whose superior weight and prowess the mailed chivalry of France recoiled with heavy loss. No other attempt was made to interrupt the allied movement except a distant and ineffective cannonade.

The weather during the whole of the 17th was unsettled and stormy, but it grew worse as darkness set in. The rain which fell incessantly, sometimes in torrents, was accompanied by loud peals of thunder and almost a hurricane of wind. "While the troops reposed on the battle field, the Duke of Wellington, with his general officers and their respective staffs, occupied the village of Waterloo. On the doors of the several cottages, the names of the principal officers were chalked,* and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there

* Maxwell.

long after many of those whom it designated had ceased to exist." At dawn the soldiers started from their cheerless bivouac, and made themselves ready for the battle; and when the trumpets and drums sounded and beat to arms, the whole of the forces sprang to their posts with the utmost alacrity and zeal.

The English left centre was in front of Mont St. Jean, a hamlet where two broad and uniform highways, the eastern from Genappe and Charleroi, and the western from Nivelles, converge and proceed in one to Brussels. Both these roads are intersected by a third from Ohain and Wavre to Merbe-Braine, formed on the ridge of a gentle elevation which on the eastern side, about 700 yards from the Charleroi road, elevates itself into a mound overlooking the hamlet of Papelotte, and then expands into an open plain. This ridge formed the Duke of Wellington's first line; the right wing being posted about 200 or 250 yards in front of a ravine crossing the Nivelles road and Merbe-Braine. Between the line and the ravine there was a sort of plateau, on which a part of the 2nd corps, under Lord Hill, was placed, to be either in reserve or to assist in defending the flank, should any attack be made upon it. The extreme left was a little in the rear of the Wavre road, and rested on a lane leading from Smohain to Verd Cocou; but there were also strong piequets at those villages, at the farms of Papelotte Ter la Haye and other posts in the neighbourhood, so as to keep the communications with Blucher open. A corps of observation under Sir Charles Colville likewise held Halle to cover Brussels in case the British right should be turned. The whole line, which was about two miles long, was in front of the forest of Soignies, which would have formed an admirable cover in the event of a retreat.

Two important out-posts remain to be described. The first was the farm of La Haye Sainte, situated on the Charleroi highway, about 250 yards in advance of the Wavre road. This was defended by 300 men, part of a Hanoverian brigade, under Major

Baring, who was afterwards reinforced with 200 additional troops. The other was the chateau Hougomont—a farm-house once the country seat of a Flemish nobleman. It stood about 450 yards from the juncture of the Wavre with the Nivelles road, and a little to the west of the latter. It was built on low ground, but was commanded by guns of the 2nd division on the neighbouring plateau. On one side it consisted of a large farm-yard and outbuildings, and on the other of a garden surrounded by a brick wall; there was also adjoining it an open wood of three or four acres, in which 300 Nassau riflemen were disposed under Lord Saltoun. The house and gardens were held by light companies of the Coldstream and 3rd Guards under Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonnell. This being the key to the whole of the British position, every exertion had been made since day-break to increase its means of defence,—and its walls were pierced to afford facilities for the muskets and rifles of its garrison. The like care was taken at La Haye Sainte, but here greater difficulties had to be overcome; for the large door had been incautiously burnt for firewood; the carpenters had been sent to Hougomont; and the mule which carried the regimental tools for entrenching had been lost the day before; so that not even a hatchet could be procured. The English position, in short, without possessing any great natural strength, was most admirably chosen. The opposing heights were all within range of the artillery, and no movement could be made against any part of the British lines out of musket shot. The reverse of the acclivity on which the Wavre road runs, enabled the Duke to dispose his cavalry and reserves entirely without the observation of the enemy; and he could thus strengthen any part of the line for attack or defence unseen. The country in front was perfectly open and practicable for all arms, and the two great roads increased the facilities of communication between the front and rear. The flanks were also well defended, and an attack on either would have been highly hazardous



AT WATERLOO, 1815.

The effective strength of the allied army was as follows :—

	Infantry.	Cavalry	Artillery	Total Men.	Guns.
British................	15,181	5,843	2,967	23,991	78
German Legion....	3,301	1,991	526	5 818	18
Brunswickers.	4 586	866	510	5,962	10
Hanoverians.	10,258	497	465	11,220	12
Nassauers....	2,880	......	......	2,880	...
Dutch Belgians....	13,402	3,205	1,177	17,784	[illegible]
	49,608	12,402	5,645	67,655	156

The French army comprised, infantry, 48,950; cavalry, 15,765; artillery, 7,232; total, 71,947 men and 246 guns. Other accounts raise the allies to 74,000 men, and the French to 90,000 and 296 guns.

Nothing, it appears, could exceed the surprise and delight of Napoleon and his generals, at the allied movement of the 17th, which, attributing to any cause but the right one, they tortured into evidence of defeat. Soult sent a dispatch to Davoust, the French Minister of War, in which he fairly out-Soulted Soult. He announced that Wellington and Blucher had been separated, and had only "saved themselves with difficulty." "The effect," he said, "was theatrical. In an instant, the enemy was routed in all directions." Another account in the *Moniteur* naïvely remarked that a whole Scotch division of 5,000 or 6,000 men had been cut to pieces, for they had not "*seen any of them prisoners!*" A third narrative concluded by stating that they would not hear of the Prussians again for some time, even if they should be able to rally. As for the English they would "soon see what would become of them. The Emperor was there!"

The two rival armies had bivouacked on the night of the 17th within three quarters of a mile from each other, and in some places at even less distance than that; and Napoleon expected the following day to resume his pursuit. He was, therefore, much pleased at discovering the allies setting their

battle in array; and turning to one of his staff, he exclaimed, "*Ah! je les tiens donc, ces Anglais!*" He is also reported to have praised the soldierly manner in which the army took up their ground; adding, however, that "they must run." Soult, who notwithstanding his Munchausenic dispatches, thoroughly appreciated British prowess, expressed some doubts, and Napoleon turning quickly round, asked him, "Why?" The curt reply was, "Because they will be cut to pieces first."

Napoleon's dispositions, like the Duke's, were admirable, and afforded him ample facilities for attack or defence. His line was on the heights before Planchenoit, his centre crossing the Charleroi road at the farm of La Belle Alliance; and his army, in no fewer than thirteen distinct columns, proceeded to take up its positions with all the martial accompaniments of—

> "The neighing steed, the shrill trump,
> The spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner, and all quality—
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

This having been effected with remarkable precision, Napoleon, with a brilliant staff, passed from one end to the other of his lines, which were much longer than the allied, and was enthusiastically cheered by his men. He then proceeded to the rear, where he took his stand on the height behind La Belle Alliance. The two armies were waiting in breathless anxiety for the commencement of the struggle, for, though there had been skirmishing all the morning, it had been scarcely heeded in the anxiety of the hour. Napoleon's first thought was to attack the centre; but he postponed his assault on that part of the allied lines, and ordered his brother Jerome to advance with the 2nd corps, consisting of 30,000 men, against Hougomont. About half-past 10 or quarter to 11, Sir George Wood, by the Duke's direction, caused the first gun to be fired at an advancing column of the enemy. The discharge, which killed six or eight men, was soon followed by a general cannonade in support of the attack, and by one in reply from the British bat-

teries. The enemy succeeded by carrying the wood, but their attempts against the buildings were ineffectual. On the contrary, as they confidently rushed towards the garden wall, they were received with a tremendous volley that prostrated the leading files, and this being supported by a telling fusilade, they quickly began to give way. The Guards thereupon sallied and cleared part of the wood, and the Duke, justly relying on the skill of his artillery, ordered Major Bull to open his howitzer batteries upon the remainder. In ten minutes the whole was abandoned by the French.

Napoleon now commenced a tremendous cannonade throughout the line, which was promptly returned by the English guns —every piece that could be brought to bear on both sides being vigorously employed. Large masses of cavalry were observed concentrating on the French side of the field, and it was apparent that some new attack was intended. The Duke of Wellington, therefore, formed his centre divisions into squares, and withdrew them behind the ridge, so as to shelter them from the storm of cannon balls. Meanwhile, Jerome had reinforced his troops, and returned with still greater fury to the attack on Hougomont. The Guards outside the farm made a gallant resistance, and when driven back, retired to the cover of a haystack, from which they kept up the fight till it was set on fire. Finding themselves also out-flanked, and in danger of being cut off, they retired hastily into the farm-yard, the gate of which they strove to barricade with ladders, posts, barrows, or anything they could lay hands upon. All was in vain; the gate was forced open, and a few Frenchmen rushed into the yard. The defenders instantly ran to the nearest cover, and opened such a fire as soon checked their advance. The gallant fellows then made a fierce attack in return, and after an intrepid struggle on both sides, Colonel Macdonnell, Captain Wyndham, Lieutenants Gooch and Harvey, and Serjeant Graham contrived, by the exercise of great daring and personal strength, to close the door, while the intruders paid the penalty of their rashness.

Jerome's skirmishers, after this brave and almost successful attack, spread themselves over the broken ground on the left and to the the rear of the chateau, and suddenly opened fire upon Lieutenant-Colonel Smyth's battery, which had been brought up to assist Major Bull's, whose guns being commanded by Piré's horse battery, had suffered greatly. Smyth had silenced Piré's cannon, but his own battery soon experienced so much injury from the muskets of the skirmishers, that he had to retire to a hollow to refit. Four companies of the Coldstreams, under Lieutenant Colonel Woodford, immediately repulsed the skirmishers, but they retired to the garden wall, and collected in considerable numbers. Woodford instantly charged and dispersed them, and the gallant colonel left part of his corps at the farm as a reinforcement. An insidious attempt was next made by some light troops to creep round the eastern hedge, while the front attack was being renewed. This did not escape the eagle glance of the Duke, who despatched two companies of the 3rd Guards from the main line to meet them. With this reinforcement, Lord Saltoun attacked the enemy, and driving them away once more, re-occupied the front hedge of the orchard.

Napoleon had now determined to make his left and centre attack on the British lines, intending thereby to turn the former and force the latter; and by possessing himself of La Haye Sainte and Mont St. Jean, to cut off the Duke's communications by the main road with Brussels, as well as to sever the allied from the Prussian army. For that important enterprise he had selected the whole of Drouet's corps, amounting to 18,000 infantry, in four columns, in addition to Roussel's cavalry division. To support this imposing force, he had placed ten batteries, containing 74 guns, with ranges of from 600 to 800 yards of the English line. Between half-past one and two, the advance commenced, the French guns gradually becoming silent as the columns approached the English lines. On they came shouting, "*en avant!*" "*Vive l'Empereur!*"—till, driving back a

Belgian brigade, they reached a broken hedge, behind which Picton was posted with the 5th division. The columns halted, and began to deploy; and whilst so engaged, a tremendous volley, at less than forty yards, threw them into confusion. Picton thundered the words, "Charge! charge! hurrah!" and fell from his horse, pierced in the right temple by a musket-shot. This truly gallant officer had two ribs broken at Quatre Bras, but he had concealed his hurt lest he should be prevented from taking part in the battle of the 18th of June. His death was amply avenged, for the 5th division, struggling through the hedge, fell upon the enemy, and routed them with great slaughter. The 2nd Cavalry brigade, numbering 1,300 men, and consisting of the Royals, Greys, and Enniskilleners, led by the Earl of Uxbridge, charged the discomfited troops with terrific violence, and covered the ground with slain. In vain did the cuirassiers and lancers, who had been drawn up to charge the 5th in flank, seek to oppose them; they were swept away with the rest, and two eagles, as well as 2,000 prisoners, were taken. The English cavalry, in fact, succeeded in completely destroying a division 5,000 strong, and in cutting the traces of all Drouet's cannons, which were thus rendered useless for the rest of the day.

These successes, however, were purchased at a considerable cost. While the victorious troops were disorganized by their pursuit, and were completely blown, they were charged in their turn and repulsed, scarcely a fifth of their gross number returning from the conflict. It was in one of these encounters that the chivalrous Sir William Ponsonby lost his life.

"Having cut through the first column, he passed on to where Colonel Dorville was hotly engaged, and found himself out-flanked by a regiment of Polish lancers in a newly ploughed field, the ground of which was so soft, that the horse could not extricate himself. He was attended by only one aide-de-camp. At that instant, a body of lancers approached him at full speed. His own death he knew was inevitable; but supposing that his aide-de-camp might escape, he drew forth the picture

of his lady and his watch, and was in the act of delivering them to his care, to be conveyed to his wife and family, when the enemy came up, and they were both speared upon the spot. His body was afterwards found lying beside his horse, and pierced with seven wounds. It is said, however, he did not fall unrevenged, for the brigade he commanded had an opportunity, before the battle ceased, of again encountering the Polish lancers, almost every one of whom was cut to pieces."*

While these events were taking place, a part of Drouet's corps attacked La Haye Sainte. The assailants were repulsed by Baron Alten's Germans, who were charged in return by Milhaud's cuirassiers. The latter, however, fell on an impregnable square, and received a deadly fire from some neighbouring regiments as the reward of their temerity. Heeding this but little, they passed on to the crest of the British heights, and actually, as the Duke observed, "walked about the allied squares as if they were their own." This did not last long, for presently the Life Guards, Blues, and 1st Dragoon Guards bore down upon them, and sent them headlong into the valley.

All this time Hougomont continued to be a principal point of attack. Foiled in every attempt to carry it by storm, Napoleon had at last ordered it to be bombarded, and by this means it was set on fire. The chapel was burnt down, and many of the wounded of both sides perished in the flames. Still the blazing ruins were held as obstinately as ever, and though ten thousand Frenchmen were killed and wounded in the numberless attacks upon it, the old chateau was never for an instant in the hands of the enemy. Another and more desperate assault than any was made about this period upon the devoted building, but its defenders having been reinforced by Byng's brigade, the attempt failed as signally as its predecessors.

The farm of La Haye Sainte did not fare so well. "Its defence had been entrusted to Colonel Baring, with a detachment of the German legion, amounting to about three hundred

* Mudford.

men, subsequently reinforced by two hundred more. The attack begun at one o'clock, and continued above two hours. Several guns were brought to bear upon the house, but the conflict was chiefly maintained by many columns of infantry, who advanced with such fury, that they actually grasped at the rifles of the besieged as they projected through the loop-holes. Four successive attempts were thus made, and three times the assailants were gallantly beaten off. Twice the enemy succeeded in setting fire to a barn or out-house, contiguous to the main building—but both times it was fortunately extinguished. The numbers of the garrison at length began to diminish—many were either killed or wounded—and at the same time their ammunition was failing. It became impossible to supply the one, or reinforce the other, for there was no practical communication with the rest of the army. The men, reduced to five cartridges each, were enjoined to be not only sparing of their fire, but to aim well. A fourth attack was now made by two columns, stronger than either of the preceding, and the enemy soon perceived that the garrison could not return a shot. Emboldened by this discovery, they instantly rushed forward, and burst open one of the doors; but a desperate resistance was still made with the sword-bayonet, through the windows and embrasures. They then ascended the walls and roof, whence they securely fired down upon their adversaries. This unequal conflict could not long continue, and, after an heroic defence, the post was surrendered. It is affirmed, that the French sacrificed to their revenge every man whom they found in the place."* The enemy could make but little use, after all, of this dearly acquired conquest, as the ruined house was exposed to the destructive and incessant fire of the guns on an adjoining ridge.

One of the most furious cannonades on record was now turned upon the English lines between the two highways, and formed the overture to Napoleon's last and most desperate attack.

* Mudford.

Before, however, describing the concluding scenes of this bloody but memorable day, we must digress for a few moments to narrate the state of affairs at Wavre. Grouchy, it will be remembered, had been despatched on the 17th of June to observe the Prussians, between whom and the allies the communications had never been interrupted. The Duke of Wellington had written to Blucher, telling him that he would accept battle at Mont St. Jean, if he could be supported by two Prussian corps. Blucher promised him the assistance of his entire army, and, it is said, the Duke rode over to to the Prussian camp to settle the preliminaries for the concerted operations. At all events, it had been decided that the 2nd and 6th corps should march by St. Lambert to take the French in the rear; the second by Ohain, to operate on their right flank; and the third to follow slowly, as a reserve to either. The Duke, in giving battle, had calculated on receiving Blucher's aid at two or three o'clock; but the badness of the roads, occasioned by the rain of the previous night, rendered it impossible for it to come up till nearly four hours later; and the allied resources had thus been taxed to support the contest for that long period beyond what their noble commander had intended. This is a point which, in estimating the merits of the victory, ought not to be overlooked; for to have held the position a single hour against the terrible cannonade which Napoleon's enormous park enabled him to pour upon the allied troops, was a task that would have severely tried the mettle of the best disciplined and most experienced troops. In a letter the Duke wrote to Lord Beresford from Paris, he said, "Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns—and was driven off in the old style. I never saw British infantry behave so well." The routine was in every instance nearly the same. The British were mostly in square. The French cannonaded them for some time, and then ceased firing; the cavalry rushed on them; fell upon an immoveable rock; retired, and

were charged by the allied cavalry in return. This was repeated innumerable times. Occasionally the French would concentrate their fire on some devoted regiment, which, to avoid the iron hail, would lie down, but as soon as the cannonade ceased, would rise and repulse the cavalry attack, with the calm steadiness which all the British regiments shewed throughout the day. The loss, however, was awful. The 27th regiment had 400 killed in square, without returning a shot; the 92nd, though reduced to less than 200, undauntedly charged, pierced, and routed a whole French column; the officer commanding the 33rd sent to beg for support, and the only answer that could be given him was, that he must stand or fall where he was. The English guns were many times taken and retaken.

It was with an anxious eye that the great Duke, all of whose reserves had been gradually sent into action, watched the battle. Often was he seen to glance at his watch, and once he was heard to exclaim, "Would to God that night or Blucher would come!" Still he kept a composed countenance, and, regardless of danger, rode about in the thickest of the fire, seeing that all went well, and giving his men the encouragement they so much needed; for it is an admitted fact, that the intrepidity which enables a soldier to stand still is of a much higher description than that required to make a charge, in which excitement often supplies the place of valour. At a little before five, Bulow, with a portion of his corps, arrived, and commenced his attack; the cannon balls of his artillery reaching as far as the Charleroi road. Napoleon immediately despatched part of his reserves, under Count Lobau, against him. These troops soon repulsed Bulow, and separated him from the English army. A report in the meantime was spread along the French lines that the fire proceeded from Grouchy's guns, and victory now seemed certain. At half-past six, Pirch's corps reinforcing the Prussians to 46,000 men, began to show themselves, and Napoleon, still full of confidence as to the result, made his grand attack on the left centre.

Throwing back half his right wing to hold the Prussians in check, he collected the reserve of his Imperial Guard, amounting to 15,000 men, and ordered their attack to be supported by the simultaneous advance of the whole front line Having led the Guards to the bottom of the hill, he pointed to the English lines, and said, "There, gentlemen, is the way to Brussels!" The response was a hearty "Vive l'Empereur!" and the attack was handed over to Ney. The French marched proudly on to the encounter, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, who, carrying on a smart battle with the light troops to the left, rapidly advanced to cover with the smoke of their pieces the movement of the Guards, and to drive the men from the English guns, which were making frightful havoc with the approaching columns. At last the leading one reached the crest of the hill, behind which the Duke of Wellington had made the Foot Guards lie down, to avoid the tremendous fire which we have said formed a preliminary to the attack. To the surprise of the French in the front ranks, there appeared no obstacle except a few mounted officers, whom they could just discern through the smoke from Napier's battery, which the minute before had been engaged in driving back the skirmishers by a shower of cannister, grape, and shrapnel shells. One of these officers was the Duke himself, who shouted, "UP, GUARDS! MAKE READY!" Instantly they sprang up in a compact line of four deep, and at fifty paces poured into the column a volley that fairly staggered it. The Imperial Guards attempted to deploy, but the rapid and telling fire which was kept upon them rendered the movement a failure, and the Duke ordered Maitland to charge A tremendous cheer was the reply. Guard met Guard for the first time, and, in an instant, the French were fleeing before the unmatched prowess of the English. The second column now came on with imposing steadiness, disregarding the fire of Napier's battery, and returning with effect the discharge of musketry with which it was received. Sir John Colborne, who had been anxiously watching its advance, suddenly wheeled the 52nd, so as to bring

its fire on the left flank of the column, the front of which was exposed to that of Maitland's Guards. The Duke, whose intentions Sir John had anticipated, instantly supported him with the 71st, and two companies of the 3rd battalion of the 95th. The cross fire, added to the cannonade, soon broke the Imperials, and the English regiments giving three truly British cheers, charged on both faces, and routed them. The Duke, as they ran in confusion down the hill, launched Vivian and Vandeleur's cavalry upon the flying mass, and rendered a rally impossible. Meanwhile Drouet's corps had been desperately engaging Alten's division, and the fugitives to whom the flank charge had given a sidelong impulse, rushed against it, and communicated the panic to their comrades, so that they also broke and fled. Fresh cavalry now advanced to keep back the French horse, and the Duke perceiving that the Prussians were at hand, closed his telescope with the exclamation, "The hour is come," and ordered the whole line to charge.

Just at this moment the sun, as if to light the English troops to victory, burst forth for the first time on that eventful day, and the lurid glare struggling through the battle smoke, produced the strangest effect, perhaps, ever beheld. It did not, however, last long. The "regent of the skies" set to rise on the morrow; but the sun of Napoleon's fame, as bright and fleeting as those last rays, had sunk for ever! The desperate determination to stand or die, which up to this period had sustained the allies, now gave way to an indescribable tide of emotions. The conviction rushed with irresistible force into every mind, that the same judgment which had caused their illustrious commander to turn so long a deaf ear to their demands to be led on, could not be at fault when he now bade them advance. Every one, therefore, *felt* that victory was certain. Then the presentiment that the field they were now contesting would be the most glorious in the world's history, begot in each soldier's breast a fervent desire to distinguish himself, and lastly, there was not a regiment that had not some beloved officer, for whose death they

had to exact a terrible reckoning—not a man that had not some brother, some friend, some comrade to avenge. Thus it was that the Duke's command was received with a thrilling cheer; and, forming one long and splendid line, the infantry hurry on to certain conquest. Every man is a hero. No troops can resist such a host, for "Victory sits upon their helms."

"Possunt quia posse videntur!"

The French flee at their approach—the horse artillery open on the panic-stricken mass—the cavalry hurl themselves upon their broken ranks—"*Sauve qui peut!*" becomes the cry—order, discipline, courage, are all forgotten—and in a few short moments one of the bloodiest and most complete routs ever experienced by an army has taken place! Three squares of the Old Guard attempted to stand, but the Duke ordered Adams's brigade to charge, and as it approached, they faced about, and began to retire. This movement soon degenerated into a confused flight, and with scarcely an attempt to rally, the French army was a total wreck. The portion of the right wing opposed to Blucher being unsupported, collapsed before the Prussians, who took Planchenoit with little trouble, and cut off all chance of an orderly retreat.

It is impossible to give any idea of that night's horrors. The Prussians, who had been reinforced by part of Ziethen's corps to 50,000 men, and 128 guns, commenced a fierce pursuit, and gave the utmost license to the animosity they had so long cherished towards the French. Wellington had met Blucher, it is said, by a singular coincidence, at La Belle Alliance, and had commended the chase to him; while he, having bivouacked his own weary troops on what had been the French ground, returned across the battle field to dine at Waterloo, whither he arrived shortly after midnight. It was a melancholy ride, for on an area of little more than two square miles lay fifty thousand dead or disabled men and horses. The conqueror was deeply affected at the sight, and is said to

have wept bitterly. The losses of the British alone, were as follows:—

	Officers.*	Non-commissioned.	Rank and File.	Total.	Horses.
Killed	83	82	1252	1417	1319
Wounded... ...	363	271	4280	4923	719
Missing	10	13	569	592	708
	456	366	6110	6932	2746

Most of the men, however, returned missing, having gone to the rear with the wounded, afterwards rejoined their regiments. The total allied loss was 22,460, or about one in three of the whole army. The Prussians also lost about 6,000 men. The total losses of the latter, including the encounters at Ligny and Wavre, were 33,131.

Amongst the British slain were Sir Thomas Picton, the hero of the "Fighting Third;" Sir William Ponsonby, Colonel Delancey, Sir Alexander Gordon, and many other officers of distinction. The Earl of Uxbridge had his leg shot off as he was about to lead his hussars against the French cavalry reserves in the general advance of the English lines. The Prince of Orange received a musket-ball in his shoulder. General Cooke, Baron Alten, Sir Colin Hackett, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and Colonel Ponsonby, were also severely wounded; and indeed scarcely one of the staff was unscathed. Towards the close of the day the Duke had only a single attendant left, the Count de Sales, a Sardinian major. Wellington had many hair-breadth escapes, but received no wound—a fact that will appear almost miraculous when the extent to which he exposed himself is considered. The manne rn which the whole army behaved transcends all praise, the sole exceptions being a few Belgian regiments, one of which absconded at the commencement of the battle, and threw Brussels into a state of indescribable alarm and confusion by the reports they spread of the French suc-

cesses. Another, on being ordered to charge, refused, on the ground that their horses were their own, and that they might get hurt. The English foot, though many of the soldiers had never been under fire before, won from an enemy (General Foy) this testimony, "Neither the cannon balls of the Imperial Guard, discharged point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immoveable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement, which its battalions commenced some minutes after sunset."

Nothing could exceed the relentless severity with which Blucher's troops maintained the chase. No quarter was given, and thousands perished, in addition to those who had fallen on the field. An attempt was made to barricade Genappe, but the passage was soon forced by the Prussian cannon, and 800 French were killed in that village alone. At last they became so terrified, that at the very sound of a hostile trumpet they fled. In this manner the pursuers disturbed no fewer than nine bivouacs. Only 40,000 men passed through Charleroi on the 19th, many of them unarmed, and scarcely more than half that number reached Paris, the rest disbanding themselves as soon as they entered France. Napoleon had, on this occasion, imitated his conduct in Russia. As soon as he saw the failure of his Guards, he turned to an aide-de-camp, and with a face livid with rage and despair, he muttered in a tremulous voice, "*A present c'est fini! sauvons nous.*" He then rode off in order to get before the stream of fugitives. At Genappe his coach was surrounded, and he escaped with the greatest difficulty. At Charleroi he committed what remained of his army to Soult, and hastened on to Paris, which he reached on the 20th.

A few words must be said here of Grouchy, to whose non-arrival on the field of battle Napoleon ascribed his disaster. In obedience to his instructions he marched against Blucher on

the 17th, and halted at Gembloux. · The next morning he advanced on Wavre, and drove the Prussian rear-guard from the right bank of the Dyle, but was unable to cross the river, which was obstinately held by Thielman. He did not receive Napoleon's commands from Soult to march on St. Lambert till seven in the evening, and then he succeeded in passing the Dyle at Limale, where he bivouacked. The next day he was attacked, but he sharply repulsed the enemy, and then receiving intelligence of Napoleon's defeat, he made an able retreat by Namur and Dinant, to Paris, where he arrived a week after, with 25,000 men, having lost about 10,000, and some cannon. The total amount of artillery captured on the field of Waterloo was, 122 guns, 20 spare gun-carriages, and 267 wagons; but much more fell, during the pursuit, into the hands of the allies, making a total number of 202 guns. The prisoners probably numbered 10,000.

The famous battle of the 18th is called by the French, Mont St. Jean, and was originally intended by the allies to be designated La Belle Alliance; but it eventually received the name of Waterloo, from the circumstance of the Duke's having his head-quarters there before the battle. It is an historical fact, that the British forces have been twice signally successful over those of France on this spot; and that, by the side of the Chapel of Waterloo, which was remarked as being uninjured by shot or shell on the memorable 18th of June, 1815, Marlborough cut off a large division of the French forces opposed to him on the 17th of August, 1705. It is no less a fact, that the conquerors upon each of those days on the same field, are the only commanders in the British service whose military career brought them to the summit of the peerage—to dukedoms.

Poets have vied with each other to commemorate this crowning victory of Wellington's career; but none have touched upon the subject in a more impassioned strain than Byron in his memorable lines:—

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

"Did ye not hear it?—No, 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

"Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

"Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated, who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

"And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe! They come! they

"And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

"And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!"

CHAPTER XIV.

1815—1822.

Behaviour of the Prussians after the Victory—The French Official Account of the Battle—The Allies enter France—Surrender of Paris—Termination of Napoleon's Career—Blucher's Desire to put him to Death opposed by Wellington—Murat, Ney, and Colonel Labedoyere Shot—Restitution of Works of Art—The Holy Alliance—Public Rejoicings in England at the Termination of the War—The Duke takes leave of the Army—Attempts on his Life—Settlement of the French Affairs—Honours and Presents conferred on the Duke.

The conclusion of the war brought little immediate repose to the English Commander-in-Chief. One of his greatest difficulties, however, was to manage the Prussians. The officers of Blucher's army had taken no pains, after the victory of the 18th, to restrain the lawless vindictiveness of their soldiers, who, besides setting a most pernicious example to the rest of the allies, proved a serious annoyance and impediment to placative policy. Blucher himself behaved very little better than his subordinates. The man, indeed, to whom a visit to London could suggest no other reflection than "Mein Gott! what a city to sack!" would scarcely be likely, under any circumstances, to exhibit himself in a very amiable or chivalrous light; but Blucher was not even fair. Not content with appropriating the "*spolia opima*" captured at Genappe—Napoleon's hat, sword, mantle, telescope, baggage, diamonds, &c.—he even seized the artillery, wagons, baggage, &c., and claimed the chief honour of winning the battle. Wellington soon made him give up the cannon and *materiel* of the vanquished army, and for the other he may safely trust to the verdict of posterity.

Happily there is on record a document which places the question beyond the possibility of serious doubt, however much the vanity of the Prussians, the desire of the French to palliate their defeat, and the fantastic disposition of some Englishmen to depreciate their country's fame, may stimulate cavilling and disputes. The French official account of the battle is decisive. It is obvious that of all the modes of explaining away a defeat, the most satisfactory is that which alleges a disparity of numbers. Had there been, therefore, the slightest pretence for the assertion that Napoleon was not fairly beaten by the allied army, but that he was overpowered by the arrival of Blucher, who can doubt that the fact would have been placed by the French most prominently forward? But we may search in vain for the slightest trace of such a plea in the French official narrative. It states that the Prussians were advancing on the right flank; that Napoleon had met them promptly, but that it was necessary to see the event of their attack before he made his final movement against the allies, and that three hours were thus consumed. "This attack," continues the account, "always prolonged itself upon our right flank. The Emperor sent thither General Duhesme with the Young Guard and several batteries of reserve. The enemy was kept in check and repulsed, and fell back. He had exhausted his forces, and we had nothing to fear. It was this moment that was indicated for the attack upon the centre of the enemy." * * *

Not a word about being overwhelmed by the Prussians; on the contrary, they are stated to have been repulsed and to have fallen back. The account goes on to say that:—

"In this state of affairs the battle was gained; we occupied all the positions which the enemy occupied at the outset of the battle. Our cavalry having been too soon and ill-employed, we could no longer hope for decisive success; but Marshal Grouchy having learned the movement of the Prussian corps, marched upon the rear of that corps, which ensured us a signal success for the next day. After eight hours' fire and charges

of infantry and cavalry, all the army saw with joy the battle gained, and the field of battle in our favour.

"At half past eight o'clock four battalions of the Middle Guard, who had been sent to the ridge on the other side of Mont St. Jean in order to support the cuirassiers, being greatly annoyed by the grape shot, endeavoured to carry the batteries with the bayonet; but a charge directed against their flank by several English squadrons, put them in disorder. The fugitives recrossed the ravine. Several regiments near at hand seeing some troops belonging to the Guard in confusion, thought it was the Old Guard, and in consequence were thrown into disorder. Cries of 'all is lost; the Guard is driven back!' were heard on every side. The soldiers pretend even that on many points ill-disposed persons cried out "*Sauve qui peut!*' However this may be, a complete panic spread throughout the whole field of battle, and they threw themselves in the greatest disorder on the line of communication. Soldiers cannoneers, cuirassiers, all pressed to this point. The Old Guard, which was in res e, was infected, and was itself hurried along.

"In an instant the whole army was nothing but a mass of confusion; all the soldiers of all arms were mixed *pêle-mêle*: and it wa utterly impossible to rally a single corps. The enemy, who perceived this astonishing confusion, immediately attacked with their cavalry, and increased the disorder; and such was the confusion, owing to night coming on, that it was impossible to rally the troops and point out to them their error. Thus, a battle terminated, a day of false manœuvres rectified, and the greatest success ensured for the next day—all was lost by a moment of panic. Even the squadrons of service, drawn up by the side of the Emperor, were overthrown by these tumultuous waves, and there was nothing else to be done but to follow the torrent. The parks of reserve which had not repassed the Sambre—in short, everything that was on the field of battle remained in the power of the enemy. It was impossible to wait

for the troops on the right that is those who had repulsed the 'victorious' Prussians, and were holding them in check). Every one knows what the bravest army in the world is when thus mixed and thrown into confusion, and when its organization no longer exists."

Thus it will be seen by their own account (which is the best possible evidence against themselves, whatever it may be worth against others) that the French view of the case originally was, that the battle was lost by an unaccountable panic suddenly seizing the troops after the day was gained. It was, in short, the very counterpart of what is attributed to the British soldiers. Our countrymen are said to win battles by being beaten without knowing it; and the French are assumed to have lost by having won without being aware of the fact. But it is plain, by the French account, that all the honour the Prussians earned at the battle of Waterloo, while it was a *battle*, was that of being repulsed; and it seems, further, that the French troops that held their ground to the last were those which were keeping them in check. In truth, it was the allied army alone that won the battle, and they won it twice—passively by withstanding every assault; and actively, by driving the French from the field, and capturing the cannon which had made such havoc in their lines. Had the Prussians not come up—had the French been able to rally the next day—it is improbable that they could have effected, without their guns, anything they had failed to accomplish with the aid of those tremendous engines of war.

Blucher's own account fixes the locality of the conflict in which he was concerned at La Belle Alliance—a fact that would alone refute any claim on his part to the victory. It will be remembered that the whole French line advanced with the Imperial Guards in their last grand charge; the allies received them on their *own position;* and the French, being routed, were chased back to La Belle Alliance; so that when the Prussians set upon them, they were no longer an army, but a disorganised mob of runaways.

On the 19th of June, the allies were moving in good order towards France, which they entered on the 21st; and on the 3rd of July, after some rather sharp encounters with Blucher, on that and the previous day, Paris was surrendered. The city was occupied on the 6th, and on the following day, Louis XVIII. was replaced on his throne. On the 22nd of June, Napoleon had abdicated in favour of his son, the King of Rome; and on the 29th he had repaired to Rochefort. On the 15th of July, after having made an abortive attempt to procure a passport to America from Wellington, and having formed various idle projects for escaping in spite of the English cruisers, he surrendered to Captain Maitland, of the *Bellerophon*. Eventually he was removed, as every one knows, to St. Helena — a little island in the South Atlantic, where, confined within a circuit of twenty-six miles, he, for whose restless ambition neither France nor Europe itself was large enough, had ample leisure to muse upon his past life — to reflect upon the miseries into which his insatiable lust of power had plunged a continent, or to ponder on the lines which, nearly seventeen centuries before, had been written of a much better man :—

"I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias."

Blucher would have had Napoleon put to death ; but Wellington was too noble an enemy to be a party to any such ignominious transaction. In a letter of the period, after narrating a visit he had received from a general officer with reference to the passport for America which Napoleon had sought to obtain, he writes: "The Prussians think the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. Blucher wishes to kill him ; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction, and that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners, and that I was determined

that, if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."

On the appointment of Baron Muffling as Governor of Paris, Blucher immediately commenced to lay the capital under a contribution of a hundred million francs, to quarter troops upon the inhabitants, and to demand various sums from Versailles and other towns. But, what was more galling to the French than this, he commenced the destruction of two bridges which Napoleon had built and called after his victories of Jena and Austerlitz. Wellington put a stop to these gratuitous acts of oppression; the contributions were not levied, and the bridges had only their names changed by the king to "Le Pont des Invalides" and "Le Pont de Jardin du Roi."

On the 8th of July, a ministry, at the head of which was Prince Talleyrand, was appointed at the suggestion of the Duke, who on the 15th, with the grand staff of the British army, composed of 300 generals, and other distinguished officers, paid their respects to Louis at the Tuileries. His Majesty on that occasion told the British Commander-in-Chief that he owed him "a personal obligation for his humanity and the good conduct of his army."

Colonel Labedoyère and Marshal Ney were soon afterwards tried and shot for treason. That they richly merited their fate cannot be disputed; for the most eminently anti-social crime men can possibly commit is that of military disloyalty. When the community arms a portion of its members, the only security it possesses that those weapons shall not be turned against itself is the good faith of those who wear them. It is this that makes honour the paramount virtue in every system of martial ethics, and has caused mankind to look with horror and disgust upon the warrior who shall forfeit that. As, however, the fault of Ney and Labedoyère was the fault also of the whole army, and was participated in by the French people,—and as Bonaparte himself was guilty to a far greater degree than his subordinates,—their fate, and especially that of the marshal, excited the utmost

commiseration. All Europe forgot that it was to the unfaithfulness of Ney and his brothers in arms that the carnage of the three days' war (for it was virtually commenced at Quatre Bras and Ligny, and closed at Waterloo) was to be attributed, and felt only regret that so brilliant a life should be closed so unworthily. Both died as bravely as they had lived. General Lavalette was also capitally sentenced; but, aided by Sir Robert Wilson, Captain Hutchinson, and Mr. Bruce, the courage and affection of his wife (who exchanged dresses with him) enabled him to escape. Murat, who had rashly made a descent upon Naples, to foment another revolt against the Bourbons, was seized, tried under a law enacted by himself, and executed.

The next subject which agitated public opinion, and which exasperated the French to the last degree, was the resumption of the works of art which Napoleon had purloined from various continental nations, to enrich the Louvre. Of course, as England had lost nothing, the Duke of Wellington had no direct hand in this transaction, except in sanctioning the restoration of pictures belonging to the King of the Netherlands. Blucher was the principal actor in this, to the Parisians, most agonising piece of restitution; and not a syllable can be said against him for the part he took, unless, indeed, there is truth in the statement that he seized more than belonged to his country. His defence was highly characteristic: "'As my conduct,' wrote he to Baron Muffling, "has been publicly animadverted upon, for not having allowed the property plundered from Prussia by a banditti to remain in the Museum of the Louvre, I have only to remark that, *ably supported* by the illustrious Wellington, *I* pursued the thieves who had despoiled many of the nations of Europe of their inestimable monuments of the fine arts. *I attacked and dispersed them* (!), and restored to my country the plunder they had unjustly taken—spurning the idea of negociating with the French Commissioners on this subject. They may now thank Providence for our not following their base example."



On the 26th of September, the first treaty was concluded between the allied sovereigns, in which they declared their determination to make Christianity the basis of their conduct. The Prince Regent of England, while expressing his approbation of the "Holy Alliance," as it was termed, declined to be a party to it. On the 20th of November, the French question was settled by another treaty, by which the boundary of that country was restored to its state in 1790; seventeen fortified towns were to be delivered up to the allies, to be garrisoned at the French expense by an army of occupation, consisting of 30,000 English, as many Russian, as many Prussian, and as many Austrian troops, together with the like number supplied by the lesser German states—in all, 150,000 soldiers; 28,000,000*l.* sterling was to be paid to the greater allied powers, for the costs of the war, and 29,500,000*l.* to the continental countries, for the spoliations they had suffered during the revolution. Beyond this there was 100,000,000 francs to be paid to the smaller states, for expenses of the war—making a total of 61,000,000*l.*—the penalty which our Gallic neighbours were to pay for their participation in the Reign of the Hundred Days. Had it not been for the enlightened intercession of the Duke of Wellington, the occupation of the French territory would have been made far more lasting and extensive; and those Frenchmen who talk loudly of wiping out the disgrace of Waterloo by an invasion of England, would do well to recollect that their capital and their country owes a deep debt of gratitude to the Duke of Wellington, not only for his own forbearance, and tha of England, which he represented, but for the strenuous and unremitting exertions of his great influence with the allied sovereigns, to mitigate the revenge of the implacable Blucher and his Prussians. The English government gave up its share of compensation, amounting to nearly 5,000,000*l.*, to the King of the Netherlands, to re-erect the famous barrier against France, which Joseph II. had so insanely destroyed.

Hitherto we have said nothing of the effect which the trium-

phant success of the British arms produced at home. The news was brought on the 20th by a Mr Sutton, the proprietor of a number of vessels plying between Colchester and Ostend, who made the voyage at his private cost, for that especial purpose. The Duke's dispatches arrived two days later, and were immediately conveyed to the two houses of parliament. A vote of thanks to the Duke and his army was carried by acclamation. Illuminations were general throughout the country, and almost every steeple rang out its merriest peals. A form of thanksgiving was said in the churches on Sunday the 9th of July, and a subscription, amounting to upwards of one hundred thousand pounds, was made for the widows and orphans of the slain. The Duke also generously relinquished, for the same purpose, half the parliamentary compensation due to him for the Peninsular prize property. The Earl of Uxbridge was created Marquis of Anglesey, and public monuments were decreed to Sir Thomas Picton and Sir William Ponsonby. All the general officers were rewarded with the Order of the Bath; and it was determined, that from that date, pensions for wounds should increase as the rank of the individual rose. All the regiments which had been in the battle were permitted to inscribe "WATERLOO" on their banners, and every surviving soldier was presented with a silver medal, and was allowed to reckon that day as two years' service. An enthusiastic clergyman wrote to the Duke, requesting that he would name a private or non-commissioned officer as most deserving of a handsome donation which he offered. The Duke nominated Sergeant Graham, of the Coldstreams, whose gallant conduct at Hougomont is already known to our readers, and warmly eulogised the donor's patriotism. We ought not to omit to mention, that the Duke wrote a grateful letter of acknowledgement to the Mayor of Brussels, whose kindness to the wounded was past all praise. This was signed "Wellington, *Prince of Waterloo*," a title which had been conferred on him by the King of the Netherlands, who also presented to him the estate of La Belle

Alliance. The victory was mentioned in fitting terms in the Prince Regent's speech at the close of the session, on the 12th of July. The Corporation of London having, a few days before, presented an address of congratulation to the throne, the Prince Regent on that occasion made a felicitous reply, alluding to the melancholy death of his relative the Duke of Brunswick, to the prowess of the British troops, and the genius of their commander. The city also presented splendid swords to the conqueror and the chief allied officers. The distribution was made, at the Lord Mayor's request, by the Duke himself—a circumstance that must have greatly enhanced the value of the donation in the eyes of all who participated in it.

On the 30th of November, the Duke published a general order, taking leave of the army, which he spoke of in very flattering terms. He continued, however, to reside in the palace of Elysée Bourbon for some months longer. In June of the following year, he set out for London; and a few days before his departure, had a narrow escape. He gave at the palace a grand farewell *fête*, to which the younger Bourbon princes, many distinguished members of the government and court, and all the English of rank in the capital were invited. The servant of one of the guests happening to be waiting in the street, perceived a smoke coming from one of the cellars. He instantly gave the alarm, and a lighted rag was found near a barrel of gunpowder and two barrels of oil. The danger was quietly removed, and no interruption occurred to the entertainment. It was, however, quite clear that a Guy Fawkes explosion had been plotted. On arriving in England, the Duke made a short sojourn with his duchess and sons at Cheltenham, from whence he proceeded to London, where his reception was most gratifying. In fact, the intoxication of victory was more than equalled by the ardent desire to do honour to the successful soldier. In the autumn he returned to the continent, to find himself no longer popular with the fickle Parisians; but on the 1st of April, 1817, having succeeded in causing the allies to withdraw 30,000 men

from France, which enabled the Duc de Richelieu to raise a loan, and relieve the financial difficulties of the country, the Duke soon became as great a favourite as ever.

It seems that another attempt upon his life was made on the 11th of February, 1818. As his carriage was entering the gate of his hotel in Paris, a scoundrel, named Cantillon, fired a pistol at him, but haply missed his aim. The ministers of the allied sovereigns, as well as the King of France, warmly congratulated him on his escape, and the Prince Regent sent him an autograph letter on the occasion. Lord Castlereagh, in consequence of this atrocious attempt, procured an extension of the Alien Act for two years longer. Cantillon, and another man, named Marinot, were tried during the next year, but were acquitted. Napoleon, who died on the 5th of May, 1821, left Cantillon a legacy of 10,000 francs for this very act—a circumstance that speaks volumes for the "generosity" of his disposition.

On the 25th of April, 1818, the negociations with France were finally concluded; and on the 9th of the following October, a treaty by the allied sovereigns was agreed to at Aix-la-Chapelle, for the immediate withdrawal of the army of occupation. The Duke gave a splendid farewell entertainment to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, and the troops embarked for this country forthwith.

During the year 1819 he attended Parliament, and took an active part in legislative affairs, and was at the head of the commission appointed to deliver the Prince Regent's speech. He was appointed on the secret committee to inquire into the effect of the resumption of cash payments upon the Bank of England; and when the Roman Catholic Emancipation question was agitated, he opposed the motion for the removal of the disabilities. On the 24th of May he was in attendance at Kensington Palace, when her Majesty Queen Victoria was born, and twenty one years afterwards he was present at a similar interesting event—the birth of the Princess Royal.

The death of George III. took place in 1820, when the Duke

performed the office of supporter of the pall at the king's funeral; and afterwards took a prominent part in the coronation of George IV., whom, on the 1st of October, in the following year, he accompanied to the scene of his great victory—the plains of Waterloo, where, under the Duke's direction, a mimic representation of the battle took place. In 1822 he attended the Congress at Verona, at which a discussion arose as to whether the great powers of Europe should interfere to place Ferdinand VII. on the throne of Spain. The Duke gave the matter his opposition, but the question, which caused the greatest excitement, was settled by the French army of observation entering the country and replacing the banished king.

"During these proceedings," observes the *Times*, "it must not be imagined that England, was forgetful of her hero. Honours, offices, and rewards were showered on him from every quarter. As the Crown had exhausted its store of titles, and Parliament its forms of thanksgiving, the recognitions of his crowning victory took a more substantial shape. In addition to former grants, the sum of 200,000*l.* was voted, in 1815, for the purchase of a mansion and estate to be settled on the dukedom. With these funds, a commission appointed for the purpose concluded a bargain with Lord Rivers, for the noble domain of Strathfieldsaye, in Hampshire, to be held in perpetuity of the Crown by the Dukes of Wellington, on condition of presenting yearly a tricolour flag to the British sovereign on the 18th of June. This symbol, corresponding to a similar token presented by the Dukes of Marlborough, is always suspended in the armoury at Windsor Castle, where the little silken trophies may be seen hanging together in perpetual memory of Blenheim and Waterloo. The estate of Strathfieldsaye has since been largely increased by the investments of the Duke's private economy: it is now, we believe, many miles in circumference, and, though the mansion is not proportioned to the dignity either of the domain or the title, the avenue by which it is approached is almost unequalled. Waterloo-bridge was

opened in the year 1817, on the anniversary of the battle, and the hero of the title appeared at the ceremony with the Prince Regent and the Duke of York, under a salute of 202 guns, and it was at the same period that the erection of the present Apsley House, a residence privately purchased by the Duke, was undertaken and completed by Mr. Wyatt. We are now so familiarized with monumental effigies of our hero in every possible guise, that it may surprise the reader to hear that the trophy in the Park was for 20 years the only statue of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast. It was subscribed for by the ladies of England between 1819 and 1821, and was erected on the Waterloo anniversary in 1822, in which year also the merchants of London presented their elaborate shield. The Crown, meantime, had lost no opportunity of signalizing its mindfulness of services rendered. The Duke in 1818 was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, in 1819 Governor of Plymouth, and in 1820 Colonel-in-chief of the Rifle Brigade, into which, at the disbandment of certain regiments, the famous old 95th had been transmuted. As to foreign courts, they had already said and done their utmost; but in 1818 the sovereigns of Austria, Russia, and Prussia simultaneously promoted the Duke to that rank in their respective forces which he had already reached in his own, so that of the soldier who has just expired we may assert the incredible fact, that though he gained every honour by service and none by birth, he died a field-marshal of near 40 years standing in four of the greatest armies in the world."

CHAPTER XV.

1825—1852.

Mr. Canning's Ministry—The Duke's Cabinet—The Test and Corporation Acts—The Roman Catholic Relief Bill—Duel—The Reform Bill—Riots—The Duke resigns—Sir Robert Peel's Ministry—It resigns—The Duke elected Chancellor of Oxford—Banquet at Dover—Expulsion of the Whig Ministry—The Duke re-appointed Commander in-chief—The Monster and other Statues—Break-up of the Conservative Cabinet—The Queen at Apsley House—The Duke's Letter to Sir John Burgoyne on the Defences of England—The Whig Government resigns—The Duke on Martial Law and Lord Torrington—The Great Exhibition—The Duke's Last Speech.

THE affairs of Europe were now on a satisfactory basis, and the time had arrived for the great Duke to sheath his sword and abandon his diplomatic functions and to assume an active part in the legislative proceedings of his own country. He may now be said to have entered upon that career of guardianship of the public interests at home which was destined only to terminate with his life. In 1825, when the mania for over-speculation was at its height, his was the warning voice that was raised to restrain the public infatuation, and when in the following year that fearful reaction took place which disclosed itself in a list of ninety-three bankrupts in the Gazette of a single day, it was he who suggested the re-issue of small notes, a course which materially helped to mitigate the severe commercial embarrassment.

On the death of the Duke of York in 1827, Wellington was appointed Commander-in-chief and Colonel of the 1st Grenadier Guards, and was afterwards installed High Constable of the Tower, but when Canning was nominated as premier to succeed Lord Liverpool, who had died of apoplexy in the same year, the Duke at once resigned the seat, which, as Master General of the Ordnance, he had held in the Liverpool cabinet, and a few days after also sent in his resignation of the command of the

army. As the resignation of the Duke was followed by those of his friends who held office in the government, the step caused a great ferment in political circles: and the Duke has been charged with joining Mr., afterwards Sir Robert Peel, and others in a persecution of the new premier. An impartial investigation of the circumstances of the case would lead to an opposite conclusion, and it is an historical fact that on the death of Canning, it was the Duke of Wellington who moved that a pension should be given to the family of the deceased statesman.

In the ensuing June, when the new ministerial Corn Bill was introduced in the House of Lords by Viscount Goderich, the Duke moved and carried an amendment by a majority of 11, which caused the abandonment of the measure—a measure which had been really prepared by the government of which the Duke was a member. These circumstances, coupled with the previous resignations of the Duke and his friends, occasioned considerable agitation in the public mind, and the Duke was accused of aspiring to the premiership himself. This caused him to declare in the House of Lords that, so far from seeking to conduct a government, he was "sensible of being unqualified for such a situation," and that he "should have been mad to think of it"—words which were not forgotten in subsequent times.

After a brief tenure of office, Mr. Canning expired, "exhausted by toil, deserted by those who should have supported him, and relentlessly persecuted by all who distrusted his politics or envied his elevation." He was succeeded by Lord Goderich, whose place as Colonial Secretary was filled by Mr. Huskisson; and the Duke once more accepted the command of the army, but without a seat in the cabinet. Before the end of the year, however, Lord Goderich resigned office in despair. "In his embarrassments," remarks the *Times*, "the king did what kings and queens have so often done since; he sent for the Duke of Wellington. The Duke repaired to the royal closet, and, to the surprise of some, the amusement of many,

and the satisfaction of more, was gazetted as prime minister of England within eight months after his own declaration that the office was wholly beside his powers."

The Duke included in his cabinet several of the friends of the late Mr. Canning, in order to conciliate that section of the Conservative party. These were Mr. Huskisson, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Dudley, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Lamb, and Mr. Grant. Mr. Peel and Mr. Goulburn were, however, most in the Duke's confidence, and jealousies and misunderstandings followed. These were from time to time patched up, until at length on one occasion, Mr. Huskisson wrote a letter to the Duke offering to resign. The Duke took him at his word, and when the friends of both parties interfered as before to make peace, the Duke emphatically declared that this time "there was no mistake, could be no mistake, should be no mistake." This irreconcilable quarrel arose out of a speech made by Huskisson at Liverpool, in which he assured his constituents that he had not joined the government without a guarantee for its policy being that of his late chief, Mr. Canning. The Duke utterly repudiated any such guarantee, or, indeed, anything like one. All the Canningites left the government except Lord Lyndhurst; and the Duke of Clarence (William IV.), taking offence at a remonstrance made by the Duke of Wellington, upon the expensiveness of his habits, also resigned his office as Lord High Admiral. The Duke's mode of life as Prime Minister was such as might have been expected from his previous career. He slept on a matrass spread on an iron camp bedstead; rose regularly at seven, breakfasted at eight, and immediately commenced his official duties. He was the terror of the idlers at Downing Street. On one occasion, when the Treasury clerks told him that some mode of making up the accounts was impracticable, they were met with the curt reply: "Never mind, if you can't do it, I'll send you a dozen pay-sergeants that will"—a hint that they did not fail to take.

The first business of the session that followed the Duke's

acceptance of office, was a vote in favour of the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts moved by Lord John Russell. This was carried in opposition to the Government, but the Duke gave way, and taking up the bill with a good grace, passed it triumphantly, in spite of the fierce opposition of Lord Eldon and other Tories of the old school.

Another measure of a similar nature carried by the Duke was the Roman Catholic Relief Bill. When Chief Secretary for Ireland, he had shewn himself favourably disposed towards this large branch of his fellow subjects, though he had subsequently changed his opinions. The question had been agitated for many years; and the Cabinet, after resisting the popular demands for some time, at length determined to yield, and to perform an act of justice. Mr. Peel then sat for the University of Oxford, and the first intimation of the ministry's determination was his resignation. This step caused a prodigious sensation in the political world; and the University marked its displeasure by electing Sir Robert Inglis in the room of the "apostate." It would be a long task to describe the struggle which took place in both houses; but during the session of 1829, Mr. Peel carried the bill through the Commons by a majority of 180 on the second reading, and 178 on the third; and the Duke himself passed it through the Lords by a majority of 105 on the second reading, and 104 on the third. It received the royal assent on the 13th of April. On the 19th of March the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, a determined opposer of the bill, offered the Duke what he considered an insult. Lord Winchelsea wrote to the secretary of a new scholastic institution, called King's College, which had been opened in the Strand, and of which the Duke had consented to be the patron, in the following terms:—"I was one of those who at first thought the plan might be practicable, and prove an antidote to the principles of the London University. Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a blind to the Protestant and High Church party; and that the noble Duke, who had for

some time previous to that period determined upon breaking in upon the Constitution of 1688, might the more effectually, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, carry on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of Popery into every department of the state." The Duke of Wellington demanded a retractation, which Lord Winchelsea declined to give, and the preliminaries having been settled by Sir Henry Harding on the one hand, and the Earl of Falmouth on the other, the two peers had a hostile meeting, on Saturday, the 21st of March, in Battersea Fields. The Duke fired without effect, the Earl discharged his pistol into the air, and the parties then left the ground. Lord Winchelsea afterwards published the retractation that had been demanded of him. It is much to be regretted that so illustrious a name as that of the great Duke of Wellington should have been added to the precedents for so absurd and immoral a practice as duelling; but it is only justice to say, that the state of public opinion twenty years ago was very different upon this subject from what it is now; and that no one could then have declined a rencontre without compromising his honour.

On the 20th of January, 1829, the Duke was appointed Governor of Dover Castle, and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; and he soon afterwards added the whole of the Silchester property to his estate in Hampshire. He had ever shown himself the active promoter of everything that promised to be of public utility; so that we are not surprised to find him present with Sir Robert Peel and many distinguished personages, at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway—a memorable day in the annals of science usefully applied, but rendered mournful by the melancholy death of Mr. Huskisson, who was accidentally killed near Newton. The Duke wished the ceremonies to be suspended, but so great was the popular excitement, that it was represented to him the peace could not be kept if these did not proceed. He accordingly yielded a reluc-

tant consent, and met with a welcome reception at both of the large towns connected by the railway. The Duke's ministry was also connected with many substantial reforms in the administration of justice, and with the excellent and efficient new police system now adopted.

In 1830, the Duke's supporters were thinned by the malcontents Tories, who kept aloof in high dudgeon, at his Relief Bill, and he did not now receive any permanent support from the Whigs or Roman Catholics. The popular cry was a parliamentary reform; and the Duke thought it dangerous to consent to a measure which he considered subversive of the constitution. The whole island was in a state of alarm at various acts of violence. The Duke himself did not escape personal insult; and considerable damage was done to his property. The new king, William IV. (for George IV. had died on the 26th of June) had intended to have been present at the city banquet at Guildhall; but the ministers received such information as not only induced them to advise his majesty not to attend it, but caused the Duke of Wellington to have the Tower moat filled and to put that ancient fortress into a state of defence. Other precautions against an outbreak were also taken. For this, the Cabinet were subjected to severe animadversions by the opposition, but the Duke's account of the matter at once affords a complete answer to their objections, and puts his character in a most amiable light. "I would have gone," said he to Sir William Knighton, "if the law had been equal to protect me, but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it; but that was a military force. If firing had begun, who could tell when it was to end; one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten." That, however, has proved to be an untrue prediction, for it will be remembered while history lasts as a proof that no familiarity with scenes of blood could

blunt the philanthropic feelings that ever animated "the hero of a hundred fights."

On the 15th of November in this year the Wellington ministry was defeated on Sir Henry Parnell's amendment, appointing a select committee to inquire into the civil list, by a majority of 27; and on the following evening the Duke and Sir Robert Peel announced the resignation of the cabinet. Lord Grey and his friends were thereupon called to office, and the hopes of the country were raised with regard to an early settlement of the great Reform question.

On the 25th of April, 1831, the Duchess of Wellington died at Apsley House; and her remains were attended a part of the distance to Strathfieldsaye, by the carriages of their majesties and of all the members of the royal family. On Waterloo day of the same year, the king presented the Duke with a splendid sword, and attended the annual banquet given by him to his old companions in arms.

Six days after this circumstance, Lord John Russell recommenced the Reform discussion in the House of Commons, and the bill was carried on the 19th of July, by a large majority. On the following day it was taken up to the Lords by upwards of a hundred members, headed by Lords Althorpe and Russell, and was delivered to the Lord Chancellor. It was read for the first time *pro formâ*, and the 3rd of October was fixed for the second reading. The popular excitement was intense. The Corporation of London presented an address to the king, praying for reform; and the mob which accompanied them to the palace, proceeded to St. James's Square, and broke the windows of Lord Bristol's mansion, and then passed on to Apsley House, where they were guilty of a similar act of violence. The Duke never had his windows repaired, but suffered them to remain a witness of the insane violence of popular feeling. Other outrages were committed not only in London, but also in the country. Amongst other nefarious acts, the fine mansion on the site of old Nottingham

Castle was set on fire and burnt, on the 10th, because its owner (the Duke of Newcastle) had made himself particularly obnoxious to the Reform party. Many other incendiary acts were committed in the same and other localities. Lord Grey re-introduced the bill in the following March, when the opposition being weakened by the desertion of the Bishop of London and other Lords, the bill was read a second time by a majority of nine,—upon which, the Duke and seventy-four other peers entered their protest on the journals. When their lordships re-assembled, it was proposed to take in committee the question of enfranchisement first; and Lord Grey being defeated, waited on the king and gave him the alternative of either creating a sufficient number of new peers, or of accepting his resignation. His Majesty, accordingly, sent for Lord Lyndhurst, and desired him to communicate with the Duke and Sir Robert Peel, but both being intractable on the Reform question, the king recalled Lord Grey. So popular was this step, that the Opposition gave up the contest, and the bill received the royal assent by commission, on the 7th of June, 1832. Earl Grey was soon afterwards succeeded by Lord Melbourne, but the Reform ministry did not long continue, being broken up by the resignation of Lord Althorpe.

When this event occurred, the Duke of Wellington was directed by the king to form a new administration, and he at once recommended the appointment of Sir Robert Peel to the premiership. As Sir Robert was then in Italy, the Duke was at first entrusted with the whole charge of government, holding *ad interim* the seals of the three secretaries of state, and five other offices; but when the cabinet was filled up, he took the direction of foreign affairs. The Lower House, however, commenced hostilities, and having carried the election of the Speaker, they defeated the ministers by passing a clause for appropriating part of the Irish Church property to purposes of education. In consequence of this the ministers resigned in the April of 1834.

The contest on the Reform Act reconciled the Duke and the Tory party, who were highly delighted by his firm stand against the bill. On the 29th of January, 1834, he was unanimously elected Chancellor of Oxford, in the room of Lord Grenville, just then deceased. Generally speaking, when there is no contest, the convocation is attended only by those who are officially present, and by a few of the candidate's more intimate friends. On this occasion, however, all the resident members of the University, and many non-resident ones, who had come up from the country on purpose, were present. Not a few, moreover, who had indicated a preference for a chancellor educated within the University lent their countenance to an election, which, though as *Oxonians* they might have wished otherwise, they were as *Englishmen* proud to sanction. On the 7th of February, a deputation, consisting of the vice chancellor and the heads of houses, accompanied by members of the University, proceeded in their robes to Apsley House for the purpose of investing the Duke in his office. The Duke very impressively pronounced his Latin address, which was at once classical in style and eloquent in substance. He alluded with much felicity to the occasion when Oxford conferred on him its degree of Doctor of Law, in company with the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia, and their illustrious train, and expressed himself determined to defend the privileges of the University, which had so gratified his feelings by conferring upon him the high office with which he was now invested.

In the year 1835, he paid another visit to Waterloo, which furnished the subject for Haydon's well-known picture of "the warrior and his horse." He is believed to have made a subsequent visit to this scene of his greatest victory, on which occasion he was accompanied by his daugter-in-law, the Marchioness of Douro: this visit has also been perpetuated by the painter's art—Landseer having admirably depicted the incident.

On the 20th of June, 1837, William IV. died at Windsor, and was buried in the Royal Chapel on the evening of the 9th

of July. The Duke was present at the funeral, as he had been at those of the two previous kings; and when on the 28th of June, 1838, Queen Victoria was solemnly crowned and enthroned at Westminster Abbey, the Duke attended as Lord High Constable of England, with his staff and baton as Field Marshal. The Duke found his popularity by this time quite restored, for he was greeted with plaudits that far surpassed in enthusiasm those bestowed on the more recent idols of popular favour. Marshal Soult, who was present as Ambassador Extraordinary from France, was also well received, and when, a few days afterwards, the corporation of London gave a grand dinner to the foreign princes and ambassadors at the Guildhall, the healths of the two heroes were drunk together, and were received with tremendous cheering. In returning thanks they complimented each other in the warmest manner, and the marshal's speech afforded a curious contrast to his general orders.

During the session of 1839 the Reform Government introduced a bill for the suspension of the constitution of Jamaica; and, after a protracted debate the Commons came to a division on the 6th of May. The majority was only five, which being considered equivalent to a defeat, the ministers came to the resolution of resigning. When her Majesty received an intimation of her ministers' determination, she sent for the Duke of Wellington, at whose suggestion she empowered Sir Robert Peel to form a cabinet, informing Sir Robert at the same time that she parted with Lord Melbourne with great regret. Sir Robert prepared his programme, but her Majesty refusing to dismiss some of the ladies of her household, amongst whom were two sisters of Lord Morpeth and the wife of Lord Normanby (members of the late cabinet), he gave in his resignation, and Lord Melbourne again resumed office.

On the 30th of August in the same year, a grand banquet was given to the Duke by the Cinque Ports, in a pavilion erected for the purpose in the Priory Meadow, Dover. No

fewer than 2,250 persons were present, and the list included many of the highest distinction. The whole of the arrangements were of the most magnificent description, but the great event of this memorable occasion was the eloquent oration pronounced by Lord Brougham, on the distinguished merits of his noble friend and to this oratorical display, the Duke responded in a speech characteristically modest and brief.

It was during the same year, on the 18th of November, that the Duke had an attack of epilepsy, which for a short time alarmed the public greatly for his safety, on account of his advanced age. Sir Astley Cooper and Dr. Hume were down at Walmer with him for a week, at the end of which time he recovered. It turned out that the Duke had brought on the attack by adopting, to cure himself of a slight illness, a mode of treatment which would be most wise in a man of twenty-five, but was most dangerous to one so advanced in years. He had sought to cure himself by fasting and cold bathing, and while under this treatment, followed the hounds, the consequence of which was that he fainted, and was soon afterwards seized as described.

Every state occasion upon which the Duke appeared in public was an ovation; for it had now become the custom to regard some remarkable and flattering tribute of respect to him as one of the most important ceremonies of the day. At the marriage of the Queen on the 12th of February, 1841, the Duke was, of course, present. As the different celebrities left the sacred edifice they were greeted with more or less cheering. The Duke did not quit the church until the procession had passed to a considerable distance; but as soon as he was recognised, the vast crowd, as with one voice, gave him three distinct rounds of applause.

The session of 1841 was perhaps the most interesting that has occurred since the passing of the Reform Bill. It was remarkable for the fall, and, as it seemed at the time, the com-

plete destruction of the Whig party which had held office for the previous ten years. The struggle commenced at an early period of the session upon an Irish Registration Bill, which was brought into the House of Commons by Lord Morpeth, (the present Earl of Carlisle). The second reading was carried on the 25th of February, by a majority of only five, the numbers being 299 for the motion, and 294 against it. The popular excitement was raised to a considerable height by this vote; but this virtual defeat of the ministers was soon afterwards capped by an actual one. On the 26th of April, Lord Howick (now Earl Grey) proposed an amendment in committee, and the numbers were this time 291 against 270: majority against the Government, 21. The day after, there was an election at Nottingham to supply the vacancy which had been caused by the death of Sir Ronald Ferguson. The town had for a very long period been represented by Whig members, but on this occasion the late Mr. John Walter was returned by a considerable majority in the Conservative interest. This unlooked-for result seemed to be regarded almost as the verdict of the country, and on the 27th of May, Sir Robert Peel proposed his famous motion of want of confidence; after several adjournments, the House divided on the 3rd of May, when Mr. Walter's vote carried the motion, the numbers being, For, 312, Against, 311. The premier now appealed to the country, and the new parliament assembled on the 19th of August. The re-election of the speaker (Mr. Lefevre) was not opposed; but on the 24th of the same month, Mr. Stuart Wortley moved an amendment to the address, which he carried by 360 votes against 269; majority 91. This, of course, led to a resignation, and Sir Robert Peel was commissioned by the Queen to form a ministry. The Duke of Wellington declined to accept any specific office, but undertook the leadership of the House of Lords. On the 15th of August, 1842, however, Lord Hill resigned the command of the army, which the Duke once more resumed, and which he held till the period of his death.

On Waterloo day, 1844, an equestrian statue of the Duke, commenced by Chantrey and finished by Weekes, was inaugurated in the spacious area facing the new Royal Exchange. This statue is 14 feet high, and stands on a pedestal of similar height. Before, however, it was placed there, a proposition had been set on foot to erect a colossal statue 30 feet high, at the west end of London. The work was entrusted to M. C. Wyatt, Esq.; and the funds having been subscribed by the admirers of the Duke, the government gave the metal, which was for the most part artillery captured from the French. On Michaelmas day, 1846, the statue was drawn from the foundry, on Harrow Road, to Hyde Park Corner, and safely raised to its place on the Triumphal Arch.

Few monarchs have ever enjoyed so much of the love and esteem of their subjects as the Royal Lady who presides over the destinies of this empire; and few things have endeared her more to all classes than the frequency with which she has mingled with her people. Seldom has a year passed in which she has not visited some district of the country, to be everywhere received with demonstrations of affectionate loyalty. One of the most interesting of these royal "progresses" was made on the 20th of June, 1845, to Strathfieldsaye, where the Queen was entertained with becoming splendour by the greatest subject in her dominions.

Sir Robert Peel's ministry, which seemed to be one of the strongest ever formed, suddenly foundered in the year 1846. Soon after the meeting of Parliament, Sir Robert Peel announced to the House that he could not carry on the business of the nation without repealing the corn-laws. He therefore tendered his resignation to the Queen, but eventually resumed the reins of government avowedly as a free-trader, and introduced a bill for the total repeal, after three years, of the duties on corn, which were in the meantime reduced to merely nominal figures. This measure caused a great fusion of parties, and a great confusion of the old lines of demarcation. The bill was

carried in the Commons after a protracted struggle; and all eyes were now directed to the Lords, and the Duke of Wellington in particular; for the Duke, in consequence of the number of proxies he held, had almost a paramount influence in the Upper House. He pronounced, however, for Sir Robert Peel, and the bill was carried by a large majority on the second reading, and without a division on the third. Sir Robert was afterwards left in a minority on an Irish Coercion Bill, and accordingly resigned, when Lord John Russell became premier. the Duke of Wellington retaining the office of commander-in-chief.

Towards the end of 1847, the war party in France was very loud in its threatenings, and Prince Joinville's letter on the practicability of a descent upon England attracted great attention. Much newspaper discussion and pamphleteering ensued on the subject, which led to the publication of an important letter, written nearly twelve months before by the Duke to Sir John Burgoyne, in which he expressed himself most strongly as to the necessity that existed for steps being taken to improve our national defences.

The last political question in which the Duke was prominently brought before the public notice was the Navigation Bill, which Lord John Russell introduced in the session of 1849, and on which the Duke supported the ministers in the Lords, as Sir Robert Peel had previously done in the Commons. The measure, by means of this assistance, was carried.

The Whig government retained office amidst many difficulties until February, 1851, when, in the third week of the session, finding their position every day growing more untenable, and with a vote of censure looming in the distance, in reference to the Colonial Office, Lord John Russell and his colleagues rather suddenly resigned. A week of intense excitement followed. The reins of government were offered to Lord Stanley; but as the Queen was anxious that Parliament should not be dissolved during the Great Exhibition, his lordship was, after

some negociation with the Peelite leaders, obliged to give up the task of forming a government. No other statesman being at all prepared to undertake the task, the Queen, according to her usual custom when in difficulty, sent for the Duke. He came, and after hearing how matters stood, advised her Majesty to lay her commands upon Lord John Russell and his colleagues to remain in office until the Great Exhibition had concluded. This was done; and a sort of armed truce for the remainder of the session ensued between the rival parties in Parliament.

Soon after this event, the Duke was an actor in a most interesting scene in the House of Lords. The delinquency of Lord Torrington during his governorship of Ceylon had long attracted notice in Parliament; but at the beginning of this session, Lord Brougham expressed an incipient intention to move for his impeachment. Earl Grey, the colonial secretary, at length thought it advisable to supersede Lord Torrington, who returned home, and on Tuesday, April 1st, defended himself in his place in Parliament. There was an unusual attendance of peers; the Duke of Wellington sat in his accustomed seat; a goodly number of bishops in their lawn sleeves, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, were in their places; a few peeresses graced the galleries; but the foot of the throne and the bar were crowded. Indeed, the House of Commons was quite deserted; nearly all the Radical members flocked to hear Lord Torrington's defence. Lord Torrington rose soon after five, and spoke above an hour and a half. His defence was well arranged and judicious. When he resumed his seat, Earl Grey, in the course of his speech, unluckily for Lord Torrington, compared the martial law in Kandy to that declared and maintained by the Duke of Wellington in Spain. No sooner had he concluded, when the Duke walked to the side of the table, and began to address the house, in a voice of thunder, which could be heard some distance into the lobbies, with respect to martial law. Indeed, the comparison of the noble

earl seemed to have stirred up all the fire yet left in the aged veteran. Having disposed of the whole speech of Lord Torrington, by saying that as the House had not yet a single paper before it, their lordships could know nothing about the matter, he proceeded to say, that although he had governed large communities by martial law, he had always governed by the laws of the country, and with such moderation, that the native judges and tribunals proceeded under his rule as regularly as under the royalty at that time suspended. The noble Duke smote the table with great violence continually during his remarks, and concluded by protesting with extraordinary vehemence against any comparison being drawn between him and Lord Torrington. The gallant old warrior was loudly cheered throughout, but particularly during his repudiation of such an injurious comparison. On leaving the House, it was observed that the Duke, on getting into his carriage, exhibited far more activity than usual, as if the sudden excitement of the attack had thoroughly stirred his spirit.

The Duke of Wellington took a prominent part in the pageant at the opening of the Great Exhibition by her Majesty and Prince Albert on the 1st of May, 1851, the Duke's 82nd birthday. In the procession within the building, the illustrious soldier walked arm in arm with the Marquis of Anglesey, his brother in arms, and several years his senior in age. They were both attired in their uniforms as field-marshals, and nothing in that wonderful temple of peace constituted a sight more interesting than those two grey-headed old warriors; the representatives of so many well-fought fields and noble victories.

After assisting at this memorable ceremony, the Duke repaired to Buckingham Palace to present a jewelled casket to his royal godson, Prince Arthur, on the first anniversary of his birth. The infant prince was in his cradle, and the Queen had not returned; and the old warrior sat down to await the opening of those eyes that looked yet wonderingly upon the world, in which he himself had played so long and

great a part. While thus he sat, the Queen returned from the inauguration of the grandest peaceful triumph the world had ever seen, to find the hero of England's warlike triumphs awaiting her. With the flush of her great part yet upon her cheek, and dressed in her ceremonial robes, she took the child from his cradle, and flinging a shawl over him, carried him in her arms to the distinguished veteran. Of this interesting incident a picture was afterwards painted by the Queen's command.

The Duke was a frequent visitor to the Great Exhibition, and on one occasion had strayed alone into the French department, where, on being recognised, he was surrounded by a crowd of Frenchmen, who requested to be allowed to shake hands with so illustrious a general. The Duke gave his hand in succession to about a score of them, and then passed forward to another part of the building amidst loud cheers.

The last time that the Duke addressed the House of Peers was on the 15th of June, 1852, when the Militia Bill was under discussion. In the course of his speech he referred to his great victory at Waterloo, which he emphatically designated a "battle of giants."

CHAPTER XVI.

1852.

Closing hours of Great Men—The last Days of the Duke—Is seized with the fatal Attack—His Death—Reception of the News.

THE last hours of a great man have always had for the world a strange fascination. The great touchstone wherewith to try all things is the END; and happy is he who can fold about him the robes of a good life, and, like the old Roman, fall with dignity and grace. The deaths of most men have commonly about them some traces of their accustomed habits. The profane wits of the French Revolution spent many years of their lives in the elaborate preparation of some empty jest or of some trashy *mot*, with which to make their departure from this life famous—a wretched ambition which mostly failed of its object. The death which heroes have most coveted is that which comes sudden and glorious, amongst the other "currents of the heady fight."

> "O terque quaterque beati
> Queis ante ora patrum, Trojæ sub mœribus altis
> Contigit oppetere!"

Such was the end of Wolfe and Nelson, of Picton and Moore, who fell victorious amidst the applause of an admiring world. Happy would it have been for the fame of Napoleon had such, too, been his fate; for then he would have escaped the ruin of Waterloo, and the world would have lost the lesson of St. Helena. The Duke of Wellington's death was a perfect contrast to his life. It was his first great event in his career in which there was nothing to describe. No last words were there for his countrymen to treasure up, or the historian to record. A sudden

attack, "a succession of fits," a brief space of calm unconsciousness, and all was over. That great soul quitted its earthly tenement so softly that his last moment passed unperceived; and he was dead before those around him suspected the painful fact.

The scene of the Duke's last days was Walmer Castle, the official residence of the Wardens of the Cinque Ports, and where he generally retired at the close of the session. His apartment was a plainly, and almost scantily furnished room. A camp bedstead, a small collection of books—consisting chiefly of writers in prose and verse of the English Augustin age, recent histories and biographies, some French memoirs, military reports, official and parliamentary publications, and last, but evidently not the least used, his Bible—an ink-stained table, at which he wrote every day for some hours, and a few chairs, constituted its whole furniture.

The view from the windows must have been singularly congenial to the Duke's habits and tastes. The prospect north and south is unbroken, till it falls upon the massive and frowning battlements of Deal and Sandown castles; directly in front it is only bounded by the French coast; while below stretch the Downs for some miles on either side, with its fleets of merchant vessels bound on their peaceful errands of commerce or enterprise.

On the arrival of the Duke at Walmer Castle, at the close of the session, he at once resumed the habits and occupations to which he was accustomed at that residence. He received only a small and select circle of company, which invariably comprised some of his children and grandchildren. He made constant journeys to Dover and the neighbouring towns on the business of his office as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Nothing in his manner or appearance betokened the approach of death; although some fancied they could perceive a slight increase in the unsteadiness of his steps, and generally, more of the indications of extreme age. Indeed, the Duke, although he generally avoided talking of himself, admitted the decay of

his strength upon the occasion of the recent prorogation of Parliament. A distinguished member of the peerage perceiving that he felt somewhat inconvenienced by the weight of the sword of state, observed, that he feared it must prove irksome to him to sustain the weight of it. "I *do* feel the weight of it sensibly," replied the Duke; "I am obliged to shift it from one position to another to ease myself; it seems as heavy as a regimental firelock."

Some surprise was felt all over the country at the non-appearance of the usual poll of the Duke's killed and wounded on the 1st of September, but his unwonted absence from the field on that day of slaughter did not arise from ill health. This is obvious, since the local newspapers chronicled a very characteristic anecdote of him under the date of the 2nd. On that day he paid a visit to Folkestone. Unattended, he walked for some time on the pier, and then proceeded up the steep road to the West Cliff. Finding that no train was leaving the town for some time, the Duke sent for a fly to take him to the upper station for Dover, and gave particular directions to the messenger that the vehicle should be with him in five minutes. The prescribed time having expired, and the fly not making its appearance, the Duke determined to walk to the station, which is distant from Folkestone one mile, and the road to which is principally up hill. While standing on the platform, he met with an old pensioner, and at once entered into conversation with him. The Duke questioned the veteran as to what regiment he had served in, and as to a variety of other matters; and, after hearing the replies, terminated the affair by quietly putting his hand in his pocket, and giving the man a sovereign.

The Duke, it seems, was particularly averse, unless it was absolutely necessary, to remain in his own apartment in cases of temporary illness; and a few weeks after he came down to Walmer, he could not be persuaded to keep his room, when sufing from a severe cold, but joined the dinner circle in his great-coat.

His age was emphatically, as the poet expresses it,

"A lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

But at length the day draws nigh when, alas! he must follow the course of all living:—

"For though we wade in wealth and soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'Here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song!"

On Sunday, September 12, he attended divine service at the church which stands between Walmer and Deal. He was accompanied by Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley his youngest son and daughter-in-law, who were then the only visitors at Walmer Castle. On Monday morning the noble Duke took his last open-air exercise by walking out in the environs of the castle. He inspected the stables, and gave directions with reference to a journey to Dover on the Tuesday, where he had an appointment to meet the Countess of Westmoreland, on her return to Vienna, for the purpose of seeing her on board the packet which was to take her across the Straits to the Continent. On Monday evening he addressed a note to the Countess, assuring her that he expected to be able to keep his promise to meet her. At the same time he wrote several other letters, amongst which were two documents addressed to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the Duke's official secretary.

On Monday evening, the Duke dined with Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley. He was in good spirits and ate rather heartily. While at the table the Duke's vivacity of manner was such as to call forth a congratulatory remark from his son and daughter-in-law. Instead of retiring at 10 o'clock, his usual hour, he sat up till nearly half-past 11, cheerfully conversing with Lord and Lady Wellesley. In consequence of this, Kendall, his valet, a confidential servant of the Duke, who had been his constant attendant for nearly thirty years, did not call him till a quarter after 6 o'clock, instead of 6 as usual.

The Duke replied to his valet's summons in his customary manner, but appeared to wake up with some little difficulty. Kendall remarked that his breathing appeared to be much heavier than usual, but the symptoms he observed were in no degree calculated to occasion alarm; and after remaining in the room about twenty minutes, he left. About half-past 7 o'clock, one of the housemaids, being engaged near the Duke's room, heard some unusual sounds proceeding from the apartment. She immediately ran to Kendall's room, and exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I am afraid something is the matter with the Duke! he is making such a strange noise." The valet, alarmed, ran directly to the Duke's room, but, on arriving there, found all much as when he had left it an hour previously, with one exception, that the Duke was now lying upon his right side instead of his back, and still breathing with apparent difficulty. Approaching his bedside, the valet informed him of the hour. "It is a quarter to 8 your grace." The Duke opened his eyes slowly, and said, "Thank you." After a few moments he inquired still in the same calm and collected voice, "Where does the apothecary live?" Kendall replied, "In Deal, close by, your grace." Pausing for a moment, the Duke presently remarked, "I should like to see him, Kendall." The valet immediately wrote a note to Mr. Hulke, requesting his immediate presence at the castle. Remaining with his noble master while the messenger was gone to Deal, Kendall failed to discover or suspect that any serious ailment affected the Duke. Although he breathed with unusual difficulty, this was attributed to the probable effect of his having caught a slight cold on the previous day. When Mr. Hulke arrived, the Duke was perfectly conscious, and answered correctly questions put to him. Mr. Hulke imagining that his patient was suffering from an attack of indigestion, prescribed accordingly, and before leaving the castle, at Kendall's request, saw Lord Charles Wellesley, and gave it as his opinion that no danger

was to be apprehended; adding, that he had seen him much worse on former occasions. Of late years he had been subject to attacks of this nature, but no premonitory symptoms had been observed previously to this last and fatal one.

After the surgeon left the castle, Kendall having previously obtained Mr. Hulke's sanction, prepared some tea, and, pouring three or four table spoonfuls into a saucer, asked the Duke if he would take a little. The Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These are the last words he ever spoke. He had some difficulty in raising himself to take the tea. Kendall, observing this, placed his hand behind him, and assisted him. After drinking the tea, he again reclined on the bed, and it was observed that his difficulty of breathing appeared to increase. Kendall now became anxious, and watching his noble master very closely, at length observed a peculiar muscular action of the lower jaw—a sort of twitching of the lips and surrounding parts. He had hardly time to notice this, when the Duke was seized with a strong convulsive fit, and every muscle in his body was in violent action for some minutes. Kendall instantly rang the bell with some violence, and Lord Charles Wellesley, with several of the domestics, were on the spot immediately. Mustard poultices were applied to the chest, an emetic was administered, and medical assistance was again sent for. Mr. Hulke returned, accompanied by Dr. M'Arthur, of Walmer, and Mr. Hulke, junior. They adopted every remedy that science could suggest; but the attack failed to yield to their professional skill. The Duke, from the moment he was seized with the fit, became speechless. Finding that he breathed more freely when raised in the bed, he was placed in an easy chair in a sitting posture. The attendants of his dying moments stood in a group around him, watching the last efforts of expiring nature. On one side were Lord Charles Wellesley and Dr. M'Arthur, on the other Mr. Hulke and the valet. As the time passed on, and no sign of relief was visible, telegraph messages were despatched, first for Dr. Hume and then for Dr. Ferguson, who, however, were un-

fortunately both from home. Finally, Dr. Williams was sent for; but he did not arrive at the castle till eleven o'clock at night, when all earthly aid was useless. About noon a fresh attack, shown in the exhausted state of the patient by shivering only, came on; and from that time hardly any sign of animation could be detected. Mr. Hulke could only ascertain by the continued action of the pulse the existence of life. He felt it from time to time till about a quarter past three, when he found that it had ceased to beat, and declared that all was over. Dr. M'Arthur tried the other arm, and confirmed the fact; but Lord Charles Wellesley expressed his belief that the Duke still breathed, and a mirror was held to his mouth by the valet. The polished surface, however, remained undimmed, and the great commander had departed without a struggle, or even a sigh, to mark the exact moment when the vital spark was extinguished. There were present at this solemn moment Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley, the three medical gentlemen, Mr. Collins, the house-steward, and Kendall, the Duke's valet.

Expresses were immediately despatched to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, military secretary, and for Mr. Parkinson, his solicitor. Dispatches by a government messenger were also forwarded to the Queen, and to Lord Derby, who, was with the Queen at Balmoral; and to the Marquis and Marchioness of Douro, who were staying at Frankfort. The melancholy intelligence was announced to the metropolis in a sixth edition of the *Sun* newspaper, which was issued about seven o'clock in the evening. The news, however, scarcely reached the country until the morning papers of the following day (Wednesday) were received. Every one of the public journals, without exception, spoke of the melancholy event in terms of the deepest regret; and the organs of the Liberal party exhibited, like their more Conservative contemporaries, the black insignia of mourning.

All the shops in Deal, Dover, and Walmer were immediately closed, and the intelligence was everywhere received with

demonstrations of grief. At the port of London, and at all the seaports in the kingdom, the ships hoisted their colours half-mast high; the great bells of the cathedrals were tolled; and in other towns muffled peals were rung.. The Duke was Master of the Trinity House; and on the news of his death being communicated to the Elder Brethren, they at once directed the partial closing of the establishments on Tower Hill and Deptford, and the hoisting of the colours half-mast high at the Trinity Stores, at Blackwall, and other parts of the coast. A similar mark of respect was exhibited at the different lighthouses and ships as soon as the intelligence could reach them.

At the Tower, the different offices of the garrison and depôt were partially closed. The bell of St. Peter ad Vincula, the church of the fortress, was tolled at intervals during the day.

On the Sunday following the Duke's death, allusions were made to the melancholy event from nearly all the pulpits in the metropolis, dissenting ministers, as well as those of the church, paying him this mournful honour.

The Duke of Wellington's will is dated as far back as 1818, and was found at Coutts's Bank. The existence of this document was unknown even to those most nearly connected with the Duke. Of late years, although he had ordered several wills to be prepared, he never could make up his mind to execute them. The Duke appears to have always avoided the subject of his own death, and the arrangements connected with it. Those who knew him best hardly ever remember to have heard him talk of such matters. He received, in the course of his long and distinguished life, many presents of immense value; and Apsley House is filled with a great variety of objects, the interest attached to which can hardly be over-rated. This collection, as personal property, was, of course, exposed to the risk of dispersion after the Duke's death; and, with a view to its preservation, an act of Parliament was obtained, enabling him, within a space of two years, to make heirlooms of such objects as he wished to see inalienably attached to his title

and estates. Singularly enough, it was not till the last day of the time thus granted that he signed the documents requisite to make the Act available.

Her Majesty received the intelligence of the decease of the illustrious Duke with profound grief. A Queen's messenger arrived at Walmer Castle at three o'clock on Saturday afternoon from Balmoral, bearing a communication from the Prime Minister, the Earl of Derby, addressed to Lord Charles Wellesley, in which a desire was intimated on the part of her Majesty that the funeral should be a public one. Such a tribute to the memory of the great commander, is not only in accordance with the precedent afforded by that of Lord Nelson, but consonant with the universal wish of the nation.

The tomb of Nelson stands so directly in the centre of St. Paul's cathedral, that anything dropped from the ball at the top of the dome would fall directly upon it. The coffin is walled in with granite, and surmounted by a sarcophagus of black marble designed by Cardinal Wolsey for himself, but which remained unused for centuries, until placed in its present position. On the south side, the space near the tomb is occupied by the graves of some of Nelson's relatives and that of Lord Collingwood, but the north side is still vacant, and there it is intended that the body of the Great Duke shall be laid.



A FAREWELL VISIT TO WATERLOO.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Duke's Personal Appearance and Habits—Anecdotes—His mental Activity—His Character as a Landlord—His Charity—Is held in universal Regard—Comparison between Wellington and Napoleon.

In the prime of life the Duke of Wellington was an extremely handsome and well made man. His stature was nearly five feet ten inches, his shoulders were broad, and his chest well developed. His countenance needs no description, for a thousand portraits, statues, and busts have made it familiar to all. Although his lineaments were peculiarly striking and characteristic—his face being long, and his nose sufficiently *prononcé*—they did not verge in the least upon caricature. He was by no means the sharp-featured, hatchet-visaged man which some of the published portraits would lead one to suppose; and in the decline of life there was a slight tendency to plumpness. After his death, the medical attendants were surprised at the great development of muscle still remaining. For the rest, it is sufficient to say, that his brow was broad and open, and his eyes grey and piercing. His habitual expression was a singular mixture of sternness and benignity—the former reigning in the upper, and the latter in the lower part of his countenance. Of late years his head was bent forward over his breast, so as to expose behind the silver buckle of his white cravat; but this appears to have been less due to the infirmities of age, than to a seton which the Duke was long compelled to wear in the nape of his neck, as a counter irritant and a preventative of brain attacks to which he was considered liable. The Duke's favourite dress was a well-fitted blue frock-coat, with white waistcoat and trowsers; to which last winter he added a short cape, that at first attracted some notice by its singularity.

Of his personal habits a very short account will suffice. To

the last he maintained the simple mode of life to which he had been accustomed from his youth. His sleeping accommodation would have horrified most persons who have been familiar with the luxuries of modern upholstery. In all his residences there was an ordinary iron camp bedstead, without curtains. A hard matrass, stuffed with horse-hair, and covered with leather, and a pillow of like construction, formed the Duke's pallet. His usual hour for rising was about half-past six, but of late years the operation of the toilet, which he made without assistance, was seldom completed till nine. To the last, he invariably shaved himself. It was his custom to walk before breakfast, and at that meal he indulged in no luxuries. His first business was to read his letters, which he promptly answered with his own pen. Unfortunately for his repose, this habit had long been known, and the Duke was troubled with scores of letters, the only object of which was to obtain specimens of his hand-writing. The sovereign contempt in which the writers seemed to hold his golden maxim, namely, that every body should mind his own business, appears to have horrified the Duke; and his indignant rebukes would have abashed any one but a collector of autographs. Little, however, recked they of rebukes if their device procured for them the precious "F. M. the Duke of Wellington," the invariable commencement of such reproofs. Upon his writing-table might always be seen a number of small slips of paper, on which were printed "Avoid to impose upon others the care of original papers which you wish to preserve." It is well known that the applications to the late Duke for advice and assistance were very numerous, and in many cases testimonials and original documents were enclosed by the applicants, which the Duke, after making a memorandum of, invariably returned, accompanied by one of these significant cautionary notices.

Another of the Duke's morning employments was the study of the newspapers. No mere skimmer of endless columns was he, but an earnest and industrious reader. Nothing escaped

him; and the advertising columns had his special attention. It would seem that his notion of a newspaper was that it should be solely a vehicle of intelligence, not an organ of public opinion. At all events, he has several times expressed his disregard of the commentaries of the press upon himself. In another man this would remind us of the views of *Sir Fretful Plagiary* respecting the press, but in the Duke it is a striking instance of the manner in which this great principle affected all his thoughts. It had always been his custom to follow out the conscientious dictates of his own mind, regardless of consequences. An inflexibility of purpose which had stood the wear and tear of popular ignorance and shortsightedness through the long Peninsular war, was not likely to give way before the diatribes and hasty conclusions of any journalist, however able and honest he might be.

The Duke was always exceedingly temperate. He certainly kept a French cook, but it was more for the sake of his friends than himself. His non-appreciation of the refinements of the *cuisine* used to be a sore trial for the patience of his *chefs*, and several amusing anecdotes are told bearing upon this subject.

The Duke inherited the musical tastes of his father, and often spent his evenings at the Opera. In the Haymarket, during the season, his curiously constructed cab (designed by himself), might often be seen drive up to her Majesty's Theatre. A bustle amongst the sentries would ensue—the whole guard would hurry round to the entrance nearest Pall Mall, fixing their bayonets as they ran; and having been hastily drawn up in two lines from the carriage to the door, they would salute the great Commander-in-chief as he passed into the theatre.

The Duke's attention to his religious duties has frequently been the subject of remark. When in town, he invariably attended at the daily service of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. It is needless to add, that he was a strict rubrician, and used carefully to repeat all the responses. It was sufficient for him that such was the order of the Church, and he obeyed it with

the most scrupulous fidelity. He would as soon have thought of commanding the battle of Waterloo by deputy, as of entrusting to a parish clerk the duty of offering that part of the public worship which was set down for himself.

Cicero's encomium, "*Ut adolescentem, in quo senile aliquid, sic senem, in quo est adolescentis aliquid, probo,*" would have applied with great force to our hero; for his youth was always tempered with the discretion of age, and his age retained much of the fire and energy of youth. Especially was this true when any matter connected with his profession was concerned. The memorable 10th of April, on which the Chartist insurrection was fixed to have taken place, is a remarkable example. Without permitting so much as a red coat to be seen, he so admirably disposed his forces, that the most formidable outbreak in London could have been instantly crushed. A distinguished member of the government of the day took upon himself to suggest to the Duke various points that ought to be defended; and the answer he received in every instance was, "Done already," or "Done three hours since."

Again, when Lord Gough had been recalled from India, the Duke was asked to furnish three names from which a successor might be chosen. His laconic reply was, "Sir Charles Napier — Sir Charles Napier — Sir Charles Napier!" Notwithstanding this flattering recommendation, however, Sir Charles at first declined the post, whereupon the Duke, with characteristic brevity, said, "Very well, then I shall go myself."

Other anecdotes might easily be added, showing the same decision and energy, but none are necessary. The Duke's vigorous defence, both of his own Spanish policy and of the conduct of Sir Harry Smith, might also be instanced, as evidences that the fire of his youth was undiminished by the infirmities of age, and that, when excited, it could burn as brightly as ever. The effect of his later speeches, however, was somewhat marred by frequent pauses, occasioned, not by any mental decay, but by the difficulties he experienced in articulation. The

occupants of the strangers' gallery in the House of Lords were sometimes latterly startled by hearing him converse in a much higher tone than is customary. The Duke had long experienced a difficulty of hearing, and had adopted a practice common with deaf persons, that of speaking very loudly to himself. Though not often in the habit of addressing the House, he was a most patient listener. His ordinary place was at the upper end of the table, where he would sit for hours with his hand to his ear. His style of speaking is easily described. It was based upon a maxim diametrically opposed to that of the French statesman, who said that language was designed not to convey thoughts, but to conceal them The Duke's object on every occasion was to say just what he meant, and to use as few words as possible. It was his practice to let his sentiments procure for themselves what acceptance they deserved; and he seldom or never attempted to resort to the arts of persuasion or conciliation.

Much eulogy has been expended at various times, and by various writers, on the clearness and precision of the Duke's style in his military dispatches. He was too candid to have any false modesty; if he did not admire his own compositions, he approved them. After recently reading over some of his dispatches as collected by Colonel Gurwood, he said, "Well, if these were to be written over again, I don't think I should alter a single word." It was of these dispatches that the French satirist observed, that "the word *glory* did not occur once, but that *duty* was to be found in every page"—little thinking of the compliment couched in his remark.

His great mental activity has often been a theme of conversation; but there was an illustration of it shortly before his death, which is no less interesting on account of its relation, than remarkable in itself. He was engaged in the task of reading the report of the Royal Commission appointed to examine into the management and condition of Oxford University. This he doubtless did with the view of mastering the details, so as to be

able to form a sound judgment on a question of so much national interest, and possibly to take part in the discussion of the subject in the next session The Duke was, like the late Sir Robert Peel, one who would take no opinion second-hand, and in this instance he laboured hard to understand the subject in all its bearings. He had nearly concluded his gigantic task, and, up to a certain point, it is believed, had read every word of the report.

A pleasing testimony to the Duke's character is the long period during which a large proportion of his dependents had been connected with or served him, and the unvarying testimony which they bore to his good and kind qualities as an employer, a landlord, and a master. He was exact and punctual in the management of his private affairs, and was one of the most liberal and improving landlords in the country. The estate of Strathfieldsaye was not originally a good investment, but it became so in his hands. The rents arising from it were expended, not upon *fêtes* and show in London, but upon the estate itself—the income was all applied to the improvement of the land. Born and reared at a period when but little attention was bestowed on such subjects, the Duke nevertheless showed himself fully alive to the expanding requirements of the country; and while the occupiers for the time enjoyed, it is said, without any additional payment, the advantages of an outlay drawn from a large sacrifice of income, the Duke's heirs, and indirectly the whole country, will reap permanent benefit.

A general and very erroneous impression has existed in the public mind that the Duke of Wellington was extremely parsimonious in his contributions to the different benevolent institutions with which London abounds. Such, we believe, was not the case; but when he gave donations he always requested that it might not be blazoned before the public. That his private benevolence was extensive was proved by a case which came before the police courts just before his death, in which it appeared that he had been defrauded of £500 at various periods, extending over seven years, by a begging letter writer who represented

herself to be the daughter of a military officer. The Duke was, moreover, connected, either as president or patron, with many of the charitable institutions of the metropolis.

Of all the Duke's peculiarities, none, perhaps, was more remarkable than the tenacity and accuracy of his memory. He had a clear recollection of many minute facts connected with Mr. Pitt and his times. Some allusion being made one day to an approaching Lord Mayor's dinner, the Duke remarked that the last public dinner attended by Mr. Pitt was on such an occasion, and that he happened to be present, and heard Mr. Pitt make an excellent speech. A speaker at the dinner, in proposing Mr. Pitt's health, spoke of that statesman as "the saviour of his country," and in his reply to the toast, Mr. Pitt denied that he was the saviour of his country, observing, "The country saved itself by its own exertions, and other countries would be equally fortunate if they would follow its example." This speech the Duke greatly admired; it was after his own heart, for it was one of his great maxims that whoever wished to have a thing done well, must do it himself.

A public journalist, after enumerating the honours enjoyed by the Duke, many of which would be highly coveted by the highest in the realm, even if held singly, has well observed, that "No one in the country ever received so much of that popular testimony *monstrari digito preterentium*, excepting that the spectators were not always content with a passing glance. For many years he was daily watched from Apsley House to the Horse Guards, and, as he always arrived at the House of Lords exactly at a quarter to 5 o'clock, he had always a tail of modest admirers behind him, and a species of reception by a circle, often including well-dressed people from the country, at the street entrance of the House of Lords. Latterly, as he came in his phæton or on horseback, this opportunity of a deliberate survey was more extensively used. No parade or spectacle was complete without him, and his presence everywhere secured all the success that was desired. Whenever he appeared in the

Exhibition last year, he was soon oppressed, and sometimes driven away, by the redundant enthusiasm of his provincial admirers. In the fashionable world he was everything and everywhere, and at everybody's call, yet never lost his value; though, in some instances, he certainly appreciated himself at a lower rate than his sensitive friends could have wished. For many years he has been the universal father at weddings and godfather at baptisms; yet so little had his philanthropy been cheapened by the multitude of its objects that when a royal prince was born on his birthday, he was put in requisition; and, for his sake, we have a Prince Arthur once more in Britain. Beginning with her Majesty and Prince Albert, there is not a family in the fashionable world that has not shown as much interest and curiosity about the Duke as any middle-class household that had heard of his battles, but had no hope or chance of a nearer acquaintance. The Duke was everywhere a favourite of children, and kept a store of shillings fresh from the Mint to distribute as keepsakes among his juvenile admirers; and many such mementos were kept till the possessor was no longer young.

"There is no man, and never has been a man in this country, of whom there were so many interesting and characteristic anecdotes; so many rough, but emphatic and pithy sayings and letters. Every day of his life, up to the last, has supplied a store of those, and, were we once to begin, we should soon lose ourselves. The relish with which they have been caught up, and the amusement they have afforded, even when they were not complimentary or even agreeable, proves the estimation of the man who could say and do what he liked. No humourist or wit ever left so many sayings. Swift, Johnson, Voltaire himself, had not more appreciating hearers, and did not issue so large a coinage of sterling mother wit. World-wide in glory, multifarious in offices, ubiquitous in person, incessant in duty, always in his place, on every subject hitting the right nail on the head, knowing at least two whole generations of public men, with a memory and an historical career reaching far beyond the lives of most men, he attained a greater universality than

any man ever did in this country,—a greater universality as of services and knowledge, so also of estimation and affection. Though he made his own fortune, he was idolized by the aristocracy; though an existocrat by birth, habits and opinions, he was reverenced and loved by the commonalty; though a soldier, he was chosen the prince of academicians and churchmen; though almost overtopping royalty in his name and influence, he was the cherished friend of three sovereigns. As he had triumphed over every obstacle in his military, and every prejudice in his civil career, so, in spite of every difficulty, he secured an abiding-place in the esteem and affection of all classes."

It seems impossible to close this brief memoir without some reference to the controversy which has raged ever since the battle of Waterloo, as to the precise place which the Duke has won in the temple of Fame. A happy fortune is his; for his most inveterate opponents do not deny that he has at least earned an honourable niche. The debate is not whether he is eminent, but whether he is pre-eminent—not whether he is a great hero, but whether he is not the greatest known to history. The controversy can never be decided—at least in our times; for the question raised has become one of the superiority of national character. Napoleon is put forward by the French people as the model Frenchman; Wellington by the English as the ideal Englishman. It is a question, as put by French writers, between solid ability and dazzling genius. Englishmen regard it as a debate between genius chastened and restrained by reason, moderation, and conscience, and genius which is fitful and erratic, plausible, showy, and theatrical. Where shall we find a man that can sit in judgment in such a cause—where one that can decide impartially upon a question in which not individual merit, but his own temperament, is the matter in dispute?

The English people despise *glory* as an object, though, when by the performance of *duty* it has been won, none know better how to value and cherish it. No trait is more conspicuous in the Duke of Wellington's character than this. At supper, after the battle of Waterloo, in which the crowning laurel had been

added to his fame, he is said to have shed tears of gratitude, and to have exclaimed, "Thank God, I have met him." Yet no one can say that the Duke fought a single action or risked a single life, merely to obtain a brilliant victory, or to figure in the *Gazette*. The Duke always kept his task before his eyes. He had virtually to defend the shores of his country from invasion,—to save England from ruin, her sacred shrines from desecration, her daughters from pollution, and her sons from slavery. It was emphatically a struggle "*pro aris, et focis*:" he was intent in performing his part well, and he recked little whether he received praise or abuse. The English people hate ostentation: so did the Duke. No general ever cared more for the comfort of his soldiers, but no one made less parade of his humanity. It found vent, not in fine speeches, but in assiduous care—in earnest painstaking, in sleepless toil. The Duke made neither florid speeches, nor issued rhetorical proclamations. Saxon formula is, "whereas" something must be done, and therefore you must do it. That was the spirit which breathed in every line of the Duke's general orders. The French proclamation is always in heroics. Hence, while French soldiers are inflamed with an enthusiasm that sometimes hurries them into victory, the English are inspired with a determination that renders it also impossible for them to be withstood.

Napoleon was a type of the French mind. Ambitious,—he would endure nothing that refused to acknowledge his sway. Selfish,—he cared not for others so that he obtained but his own ends. Inhuman,—he heeded not what oceans of blood he shed, so that he but achieved the advantage he sought. An expedition has failed, he abandons his army to perish in the desert. A battle is lost, he leaves his troops to escape as they can. And yet he so knew, and so worked on the vanity of Frenchmen, that his soldiers, for whom he cared nothing, except so far as they could win him dominion and fame, loved him to devotion, and freely spent their lives to purchase for him aggrandisement and renown.

But it is sometimes said that the Duke of Wellington had

no genius—that he was a hard-headed calculating man, who conquered, not by brilliant conceptions, but by avoiding mistakes—a second Fabius, whose marches and countermarches wearied victorious foes into discomfiture; or rather, who won battles by enduring defeat until his opponents suffered themselves to be vanquished in return.

But how vain is such an hypothesis! The most brilliant exploits of the most dazzling genius have never surpassed the battle of Assaye, the passages of the Douro and the Bidassoa, and the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz. But Wellington could not be Napoleon, for their ends and aims were diametrically opposed. He never sought to overrun a continent or ruin an empire; and, therefore, he could not hope to emulate the career of an Alexander or of a Napoleon Bonaparte. But if his aims were less ambitious, he at least retained what he had achieved. Frenchmen can only see the dazzling rise; Englishmen regard it with a clearer vision, and see behind it the disgrace and fall.

During the late war many generals earned a just renown for their special qualities; but Wellington surpassed them all. A host of brilliant soldiers, from Junot to Soult, were pitted against him in vain; and when at last their master came, it was but to suffer at one blow a repetition of those accumulated defeats which he had already endured in his subordinates.

Such are the great rivals between whom it will be the task of future ages to decide. The passions and partialities which now sway the minds of men, and pervert their understanding, will not always prevail; and so we remit with perfect confidence this great cause to the calm judgment of posterity.

In one respect its decision must be in favour of our countryman, for there are few men of note that have enjoyed in their private capacity so pure and unstained a reputation. Scandal has never breathed on the unsullied brightness of his name; and Aristides himself could not boast of more integrity The labours of his youth and manhood were rewarded with an age of peaceful enjoyment. No man was more liberally repaid by his country—no man ever deserved more!

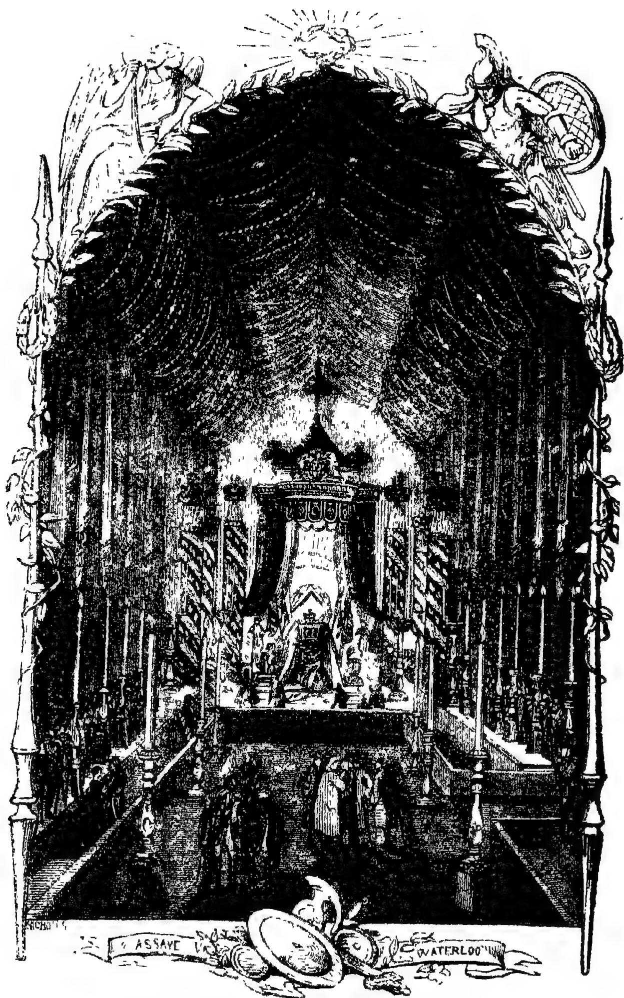
CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LYING IN STATE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

The preparations connected with the lying in state at Chelsea Hospital were completed on Thursday, the 10th of November, 1852, and her Majesty and the Prince Consort, accompanied by several of the royal children, paid a visit to the Hall shortly after four o'clock, to testify their respect for the memory of the illustrious dead.

Entering on the north-side, the visitor passed through a spacious corridor, constructed for the purpose, hung with black, and darkened into a lofty octagonal-shaped vestibule, dimly lighted by a chandelier ornamented with plumes. The arrangements of this vestibule were executed in the simplest and most severe style, escutcheons being placed in the centre of each side wall, and that immediately facing the approach bearing a large and very effective trophy of thirty banners, surmounted by the royal standard. Beyond the simple escutcheons on the walls, and the sable draperies descending from the elevated lantern-shaped roof, there was nothing to suggest the name of Wellington. The Hall and the Chapel are entered by short flights of steps, which raise them above the level of the vestibule, and add considerably to their architectural effect. The chapel windows were hung with black curtains, which excluded the light of day, and a few wax tapers in gigantic silver candelabra, placed along the aisle, just dispelled the gloom sufficiently to show the eagles and eastern banners, and other proud relics of our great wars, projecting from the walls. At the entrance stood a Grenadier Guardsman, in scarlet uniform.

The Hall is one hundred and eighteen feet long by thirty-eight broad, and forty-nine feet high, and was hung throughout with sable drapery, formed above into a tent-like shape, the effect of which was greatly heightened by white bands arranged diagonally, and breaking the monotony of the perspective. On the side walls, gracefully pendant folds were arranged at six feet distances, and in the inter-



THE LYING-IN-STATE AT CHELSEA HOSPITAL.

vals were placed escutcheons of the Wellington family, enclosed within elegant wreaths of laurel in green and silver. The raised dais at the top of the Hall, on which the remains of the deceased hero reposed, was covered in the centre with a cloth of gold carpet, the bier (four feet high and nine feet long) being formed of black velvet, and surmounted by the coffin, richly decorated with gilding and crimson velvet. On the end of the bier was suspended an overwhelming display of stars and orders, in number and importance far surpassing anything of the kind ever possessed by a single individual, and among which the insignia of the Garter occupied the proudest position. The whole bier was surrounded by a magnificent silver balustrade adorned with heraldic devices, from which projected ten pedestals, eight of which bore, upon black velvet cushions, the Marshal's batons and orders of the eight following countries:—Great Britain, Hanover, Austria, the Netherlands, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, and Spain. The ninth and tenth pedestals bore the Duke's standard and guidon, and attached to all were lion supporters in gold more than two feet high, bearing the shields and banners of the nations enumerated. At the back of the bier was her Majesty's escutcheon, surrounded by the Wellington bannerols, relieved upon a cloth of gold hanging. The gorgeous pomp of the dais was crowned with a magnificent and lofty canopy of great size and novel construction, which was raised to the ceiling of the Hall, and was surmounted by a shadowy plume of feathers set in a silver socket. The hangings and curtains of this canopy were of the most sumptuous character, being formed of black velvet lined throughout with silver, and enriched with a heavy cornice and fringes of the same precious material. As you entered the Hall, four long rows of colossal silver candelabra, distributed in double file, at regular intervals, on either side, and extending to the foot of the dais, struck the attention. They were fifty-four in number, standing seven feet high, and had wax candles in them seven feet long and three inches thick.

The rows of candelabra next the side walls being mounted on pedestals, burned at an elevation of seventeen or eighteen feet from the ground; and the light was thus shed more evenly than would otherwise have been the case over the sombre decorations of the

interior. On the dais, and around the catafalque, the splendour of the arrangements rendered a great increase of light necessary; and there accordingly we found twelve magnificent silver candelabra placed, each holding five candles, so that within this confined space, there were nearly as many tapers burning as in the whole body of the Hall. In addition to this, ten hollow columns were constructed, composed of spears, surmounted by feathers, and covered with laurel and escutcheons. These had each gas-jets concealed behind them, the rays of which were thrown by reflectors on the gold and silver ornaments, the orders, the banners, and the rich hangings of the catafalque. A low platform ran along the side walls of the Hall, and upon this picked soldiers of the Grenadier Guards stood like statues, resting on their arms reversed. Around the catafalque, the Yeomen of the Guard were stationed, and nine mourners, one-half military, the other from the Lord Chamberlain's department, were seated. The chair of the chief mourner was placed at the head of the coffin, and was concealed from view. Colonel Thornton, commanding the Grenadier Guards, Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, Major Brownrigg, and Captain Ellison, all, of course, in full uniform, were among those who officiated as mourners.

After the Royal visit had terminated, the pensioners of the Hospital were permitted to see the Hall. To them succeeded parties of the Life Guards and Grenadiers. There were also a few private parties admitted, including ladies; and among the rest crept in a little girl's school, and the boys of the Duke of York's school, attached to the Hospital.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

On Friday, the doors were opened at nine o'clock in the morning; and between that hour and five in the afternoon, 10,800 persons passed through the Hall. The Lord Chamberlain, in providing for a "private view," over-estimated the capabilities of the Hall; and the consequence was, an amount of inconvenience to the public, which had nearly resulted in accident. Moreover, the arrangements at the Hospital were so badly carried out, that between 4,000 and 5,000 persons were disappointed in gaining admission to the Hall.

THE FIRST PUBLIC DAY.

It is to be regretted that the first public day of the lying in-state was attended with a lamentable loss of life, and with injury more or less severe, to a number of persons. Unhappily, the chief sufferers were women. What would the Duke, who personified the spirit of order, have said to occurrences of the kind—and what will the country at large think of them? After the experience of Nelson's lying-in-state at Greenwich, after the repeated warnings that had been given by the press, and with the most abundant means of knowing the rush that would be made to Chelsea, the public had a right to expect that they would have been protected from the distressing and disgraceful events of Saturday. They were not, however. The Police arrangements connected with the lying-in-state, were conducted, from the commencement, under the personal direction of Sir Richard Mayne, assisted by Captain Labalmondiere.

On Friday, 15,000 tickets of admission to the "private view" led to such inconvenience and delay, that nearly one-third of those who presented themselves were unable to gain admission. Still there was no confusion; and wherever the blame lay, none could be fairly imputed to the police authorities. They had provided for "the setting down" and "taking up" of visitors at separate points, and though they might also have shown the necessity for enlarging and altering the passage in front of the catafalque and the exit from the hall, so as to facilitate the thoroughfare, it was not, perhaps, a point on which they were consulted.

On Saturday, however, the state of matters was very different. Everything indicated that an immense concourse of people would go to view the lying-in-state, and that there would be great crowding and squeezing to gain admission. It was known that the capabilities of the Hall, however much increased, fell far short of what was requisite for the numbers who sought to enter it, and, as a necessary consequence, preparations of the most complete and extensive character ought to have been made to insure protection to life and limb, under circumstances of the kind. Not only did the occasion demand that the order and decorum of the streets should be preserved, but it was obvious that thousands of women and children

would be among the crowd, whose safety, if anything went wrong, would be seriously compromised. Will it, then, be credited that the arrangements of the previous day, for carriage-company, were considered quite sufficient for the safety of the masses that only four small barriers on the pavement in front of the Hospital were constructed; and that the whole police force on the spot, and available for a great emergency like this, was not more than one hundred and fifty men, if so much? To understand fully the grossness of the case, it is necessary to enter into some details,—which we shall endeavour to make as clear as possible. The Hall and Chapel of the Hospital occupy its north façade, and form the centre of the hollow square which is seen from the river. On the north front of this façade, runs the New-road, connecting Queen's-road East with Queen's-road West, and beyond this road is a square piece of unoccupied ground, ten acres in extent, intersected north and south by an avenue of trees, and surrounded by brick walls or railing. The Hospital thus stands in a most favourable position for the management of a multitude; the approach through the avenue referred to being directly opposite the covered way provided for entering, and giving, with the aid of barriers, the most ample facilities for getting the people quietly, and without risk of injury into the building.

Overlooking all these facilities, and, indeed, every other precaution that ought to have been adopted, the police authorities who undertook the arrangements proposed admitting people at the carriage-entrance and letting them depart at the east end, without any other precaution than a barrier or two inside, and four on the pavement without. What was the consequence? The tide of people set in like an inundation, and before the small force of men at the Hospital knew what they were about, the entire approaches were blocked up. Then ensued scenes of confusion and struggles for bare life, frightful shrieks and exclamations of agony, such as will not readily be forgotten by those who were present. Women were knocked down, or fainted away; children were held aloft to escape suffocation; strong men were seen with the perspiration, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, falling in great drops from their faces; and fathers and brothers strove in vain to recover

their relatives, torn from them in the crowd. The multitude actually smoked like a heated haystack, from the pressure and strain upon individuals. It was necessary (the precaution to secure order having been neglected at the outset) that steps should be taken to restore it, that the carriage-way in front of the Hospital should be cleared, the people confined to the causeway, and a sufficient force obtained to form barriers. Most fortunately, Superintendent Pearce, who had the charge of the police arrangements at the Exhibition, came on duty in the morning, and, by his exertions, a far greater sacrifice of life than what actually took place, was, in all probability, prevented. He sent at once for more men, and with the aid of the military, had barriers constructed at the points where they were required. So urgent, however, was the need of them, that cabs had to be used for the purpose. Of course, when all the mischief had been done, the efforts required to clear the streets, and restore order, were attended with the greatest difficulty, and though absolutely requisite, aggravated, for a time, the confusion and the risk of accident. We saw the police use their batons very freely, in order to make the crowd give way; but all this occurred in the necessary discharge of their duties. It is said that such great crowds were not expected on the first day, and that it was thought people would keep away from fear. Such an excuse, however, is absurd. We have spoken only of the foot-passengers, but there were long lines of cabs and carriages filled with visitors that never got near the Hospital at all, and thousands upon thousands of people, who, seeing the state of matters, turned back at once. By all the thoroughfares from Chelsea, even as far as the Mall in St. James's-park, this back-tide of disappointed pedestrians might, throughout the day, have been seen returning. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon before order was re-established, and the safety of the public adequately provided for. After that time, the circulation of the streets was restored, and matters went smoothly enough. Probably, the alarm which had been excited by the news of people having been crushed to death, and which spread like wildfire in every direction, magnified of course as it went, helped to disperse the crowd.

What adds to the painful effect of Saturday's occurrences, is the respectable appearance of the multitude thus left without any pro-

tective arrangements for their safety. There was hardly a fustian jacket or a tattered dress to be seen among them, and, for the most part, they had come in mourning to evince their respect for the occasion. To see them, therefore, suffer as they did, and to hear the shrieks of the women especially, was most distressing. So great was the pressure that some had their clothes almost completely torn off their backs, and one woman was even happy to avail herself of the shelter of a gentleman's great coat; others sought refuge in cabs, while a few appeared in the Hall of Death with crumpled bonnets and torn dresses, their hair all hanging loose over their shoulders, and their faces still flushed with the excitement through which they had passed, but with the tenacity of purpose peculiar to the sex, determined to see all that was to be seen since they had endured so much, and come so far to do so. The bodies of the two women who were squeezed to death were removed to St. Luke's Hospital, where they have since been identified as that of Mrs. Bean, aged 50, the wife of a livery-stable keeper, of Cumberland-mews, Regent's-park; the other that of a domestic in the service of Mr. Bethel, Q.C., named Charlotte Cook. Inside the Hall, throughout the day, the most perfect order and decorum prevailed, and, in consequence of the changes in the flooring opposite the catafalque, made on Friday night, 46,884 persons were enabled to pass through between nine and five o'clock.

THE FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

[From the Times.]

On the 18th of November, 1852, the mortal remains of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, were conveyed from the Horse-Guards to the Cathedral of St. Paul's, and there buried by the side of Nelson. A million and a half of people beheld and participated in the ceremonial, which was national in the truest and largest sense of the word. The pomp of a public funeral, the military pageant in the streets, the glorious companionship of the tomb to which he has been consigned, and the overshadowing canopy of the sacred edifice under which he rests—these are the outward manifestations of respect which the name of a mighty chief naturally claimed from

his countrymen, and which could hardly, in such a case, have been dispensed with. What, however, makes the difference between the obsequies of the Duke of Wellington and of any other great man? It is this: that a long life, filled with the most distinguished services, made him so well-known, so thoroughly appreciated, and so heartily admired by all classes of Englishmen, that his death has affected everybody like a personal concern. Grief, of course, in the usual sense of the term, was out of the question; for tears and lamentations can be dispensed with, where the ordinary measure of our days had been so greatly surpassed, but sentiments sublimer far than sorrow are awakened by such spectacles as that of yesterday. Through the countless thousands then gathered along the streets of London, ran the strong currents of feeling and of thought, which go to form the spirit of a nation. More or less clearly realised by all, each after his own bent of mind thought of his country, and of him who, in the hour of peril, was her strong defence and tower of strength. His military genius and his civil services, dignified by patriotism, were the recollections swelling in their hearts and therefore they tendered to his memory the willing homage of their reverence and gratitude. The pageant of the funeral afforded the facilities for doing so by a public manifestation; and we have now to describe, as best we may, how a free people celebrate the obsequies of a man like Wellington. The spectacle was such as none of us can ever hope, or indeed wish, to see the like of again, for terrible indeed must be the condition of Europe ere a second Wellington shall be needed to terminate its strife. When the independence of England and of the world was assailed, Providence sent us a champion; and, as the myriads of his countrymen yesterday watched with the deepest interest the transit of his body to the tomb, many a heartfelt prayer must have been uttered that, should days of darkness again come, and this land of freedom be once more threatened, God may grant us another Wellesley to lead our armies and win our battles.

Before daybreak, in accordance with the arrangements of the programme, and with the terms of the general orders issued, the troops appointed to take part in the funeral began to muster in St James's-park, in the Mall, and on the Parade-ground behind the Horse-Guards. The coaches also, which were to join in the pro-

cession, were assembled there, and within a spacious tent workmen of all kinds, who had toiled incessantly the whole night through, were busily engaged in completing the decorations of the funeral car. Day broke heavily, the wind being loaded with moisture, the sky threatening-looking, and the streets giving the most unequivocal tokens of a night of heavy rain. It was as cold and cheerless a morning as could be well conceived, and one could not help inwardly pitying the thousands of anxious and excited spectators who were standing it out, having never been to bed. As daylight came, a dusky mass of armed men, seen on the left side of the parade facing towards the Horse Guards, became distinguishable as the Rifles, their sombre uniforms harmonising with the occasion; the first battalion is at present on service at the Cape, and on the 2nd battalion, therefore, devolved the honour of representing the corps at the Duke's funeral. Looking to the right, the eye rested next, through the gray morning, on the 1st battalion of Royal Marines and the 33rd Regiment, drawn up in column directly opposite the Horse-Guards." To the right of these were the Fusilier, Coldstream, and Grenadier Guards; the whole force forming an imposing array to British eyes, though small in comparison with Continental masses. At the east end of the Mall might be observed the head of the Cavalry force, comprising eight squadrons from the most distinguished regiments in the service. There were the 17th Lancers, the 13th Light Dragoons, the 8th Hussars, the Scots Greys, the 6th Dragoon Guards, the Blues, and the 1st and 2nd Life-Guards, and gallant and splendid they looked on a closer survey, as, drawn up with military precision, they awaited the signal to start. It was, of course, impossible, except from a housetop, to take in at one view all the troops upon the ground and standing at the Horse-Guards. The Infantry formed the most striking feature of the spectacle—their standards covered with crape drooping heavily, and swayed about occasionally by the breeze, while the morning light glimmered faintly upon the serried rows of bayonets.' As the morning advanced a brilliant muster of officers gathered near the gateway of the Horse Guards, some intent on having a good view of the funeral car, which was a great object of attraction, while others issued orders or made inquiries with reference to the procession. Lord Hardinge appeared

at half past seven o'clock, and his presence greatly accelerated the preparations. The coffin was removed from the chamber in which it had rested during the night, and by the aid of machinery was raised to its position on the lofty summit of the car. At eight o'clock the hangings of the tent which concealed it from the view were suddenly furled up. The first minute-gun was fired, the troops presented arms and saluted the body, upon which the roll of the muffled drum followed by the music of the "Dead March," in *Saul*, announced that the procession had commenced. This was certainly one of the most impressive and striking features in the ceremonial, and the effect of it will long be remembered by the multitudes who, from every window, platform, balcony, and housetop overlooking the Park, had a view of the spectacle.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

THE plan on which the order of procession was arranged, is worthy of some notice, the more so as it indicates a praiseworthy desire on the part of the Herald's College, to follow in these matters the spirit of the age, to which heraldry, like everything else, must sooner or later conform. To stamp the funeral with a military character, the troops led the way, the regiments of which the Duke was colonel having precedence. All branches of the service—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—were represented, to shew the full scope of the Commander-in-Chief's office, and of a Field Marshal's dignity. The veteran character of the deceased—his experience in war, and the length of days with which he had been blessed, notwithstanding its risks, are the next points illustrated; and, to realise these to the mind, the eighty-three Chelsea pensioners, the enrolled pensioners, and the corps, made up of single soldiers from every regiment in the service, took part in the procession. The East India Company's army was also represented, to show the wideness of the sphere to which the Duke's services had extended, and to recall the memory of those famous eastern fields on which he won his earliest laurels. From the reminiscences of his military career, the symbolical significance of the funeral programme turns to less obtrusive, but hardly less interesting points. From his relations with his domestics

to those arising out of public appointments, and connecting him with public bodies, the order of precedence rises, until at last the train that bears him to the tomb is swelled by the greatest names in the State, the Queen alone excepted. This was the least telling part of the procession as a spectacle, though the most remarkable as a tribute to the greatness of the man. The mourning coaches prepared for the occasion, and the carriages of our great nobles and men of highest mark and consequence, are certainly objects worth looking at, but they do not strike the eye like a brilliant line of cavalry; and even the ponderous vehicle which bears the burden of civic majesty had its gilded glories eclipsed by the superior attractions of the military pageant. The long list of deputations and delegates belonging to our greatest corporate bodies, or representing the different orders of honour and merit, and the roll of Ministers and great officers of State, culminate in the name of his Royal Highness Prince Albert, and to him, in the programme, succeed the *bâtons* and coronet won by the deceased—the rewards and emblems of his military genius. Here, too, come the foreign princes and warriors appointed by their respective Governments to represent them on the occasion: and thus his career, his estimation among his countrymen, and his dignities, heralding the way, his body is borne to the tomb by eight general officers—his most distinguished companions in arms—officiating as pallbearers. The Chief Mourner and relatives and friends of the deceased follow, then his horse; and, finally, the order of the procession (reverting to the military idea), closed up with a detachment from every regiment in the service, under the command of General Wetherall.

Having explained the spirit in which the solemnity was arranged, we now proceed to give some account of the manner in which it was carried out. As each regiment or body of troops filed off in the appointed order, its band led the way, playing the "Dead March," or other appropriate pieces, accompanied at intervals by the roll of the muffled drums. The men, of course, carried their arms reversed, which, combined with the mournful music and the slow funeral pace at which they marched, had a singularly imposing effect. To the troops, the mourning coaches and carriages, properly marshalled, succeeded; and the length of the procession may be imagined, when we state that

though the Rifles led the way at eight o'clock, it was twenty-five minutes past nine before the car started, and half an hour later before the extreme rear was in motion. Let the reader who did not witness the spectacle endeavour to picture in imagination the stately pomp of the military pageant passing in long column along the spacious avenue of the Mall, and then winding up Constitution-hill, while thousands upon thousands of spectators, in respectful silence, witnessed its progress. Let him fancy the departure of carriages and mourning coaches, broken at intervals by Marshalmen, Messengers of the College of Arms, Trumpeters, Pursuivants, and Heraldic Standard-bearers. The strains of music, martial, yet solemn in its character, rise, die away, and are taken up again at intervals, and at length the moment has arrived for the funeral car to move forward. As it formed by far the most magnificent and interesting feature of the procession, some account of its general design and most prominent details will not be out of place. The whole lower part is of bronze, supported on six wheels, and elaborated with an amount of skill and artistic feeling which deserves unqualified praise. Above this metallic frame-work rises a rich pediment of gilding, in the panels of which the following list of victories is inscribed:—Ahmednuggur, Assaye, Argaum, Gavilghur, Roleia, Vimiera, Douro and Oporto, Talavera, Busaco, Torres Vedras, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajos, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pampeluna, Pyrenees, St. Sebastian, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, Toulouse, Quatre Bras, Waterloo. On the sides of this pediment were arranged lofty trophies of arms, including spears, muskets, bayonets, swords, and flags, and surmounted by the ducal coronets and bâtons. A similar trophy stood in front, rising behind the arms of the deceased, cast in bronze, and surmounted by his heraldic badges and honours, including the tabard, magnificently wrought and embroidered. Over the bier and its bearers, the gilded handles of which protruded from beneath, was arranged the sumptuous velvet pall, powdered with silver embroidery, bordered with laurels in silver, and showing the legend round it, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and terminated by a magnificent fringe of silver, two feet deep. The coffin, with the Duke's hat and sword resting on it, surmounted the bier, and from four great halberts, rising at each corner, was suspended a magnificent canopy, with pendent cords and

tassels of the richest and most costly description. To this gigantic vehicle, twenty-seven feet long, ten feet broad, seventeen feet high, and weighing from ten to eleven tons, twelve of the largest and finest black horses that could be procured were harnessed, three abreast. They were completely covered with velvet housings, having the arms of the deceased splendidly embroidered on them, and with heads surmounted by nodding plumes, they looked quite elephantine. Such was the funeral car as it fell into the line of procession, surrounded by a swarm of undertakers' men, and having on each side five colonels on horseback, bearing the bannerols of the Wellesley family. On its way towards the east-end of the Mall many members of Parliament and peers, who had assembled at that point, uncovered as it passed. When it had arrived opposite the Duke of York's column, the road being in a soft and imperfect state, the wheels on one side became imbedded in mud, and it was found requisite to call in the assistance of a large body of police before they could be extricated. In consequence of this little accident fears were entertained that the progress of the ponderous vehicle might at other points be seriously interrupted. Such, however, was fortunately not the case, and though stoppages constantly took place, they were all caused by the rapid pace of the horses as compared with the progress of the rest of the procession.

We now proceed to give some idea, not of the pageant itself—for its length precluded the possibility of seeing more than detached portions of it at a time,—but rather of the public reception which it experienced on its way, and of the unexampled spectacle which the streets of this metropolis exhibited throughout the day. Words are, we feel, completely powerless to convey anything like a just idea of a demonstration so marvellous. On no occasion in modern times has such a concourse of people been gathered together, and never probably has the sublimity which is expressed by the presence of the masses been so transcendently displayed. The progress, too, of the procession imparted to it, in this respect, an almost dramatic unity and completeness; for, from the regions of palaces and great mansions, and from the assemblages of the wealthy, the titled, and the great, it passed,—first, among great gatherings of the middle-classes, then through thoroughfares swarming with myriads of the people, and,

finally, closed its course at the lofty threshold of the metropolitan cathedral, the centre of London,—now engaged by a new tie to the affections of the country by having deposited under its dome the ashes of England's greatest son.

The first remarkable assemblage of spectators that received the procession on its course, after leaving the area of the Parade, was collected on the long terraced-balconies of Carlton-gardens, and on the wide steps ascending to the Duke of York's column. At the latter point an immense concourse had gathered, amounting to many thousands. Few had availed themselves of the space within the railings of the Park on either side of the Mall; but in the grounds behind Marlborough-house many spectators had taken up their position, and a gallery had been erected in the gardens of Stafford-house, which was occupied by the Sutherland family and a large circle of friends. When the car arrived in front of Buckingham-palace it halted for a short time, giving Her Majesty and the royal family, who were in the balcony above the main entrance, a good opportunity of seeing it. The windows and parapets of the grand façade were all occupied, but the view into the courtyard was left open; and this perspective of the royal edifice rendered it one of the most picturesque and effective *coups d'œil* in the progress of the procession. Passing up Constitution-hill, as the car approached Grosvenor-gate, the numbers assembled within the Park greatly increased, and nearly all the trees were filled with spectators. At the gate itself a halt was made, and the eye naturally turned, in the first place, towards Apsley-house, which was completely closed, and had a strange, tenantless, deserted look in the midst of the vast multitudes assembled all around it. The top of Grosvenor-place was filled, as far as a sight of the procession could be obtained, with a vast sea of human faces, upturned and anxiously gazing at the pageant which swept along. Every window was filled, the housetops also swarmed with people, and the portico and roof of St. George's-hospital, especially, were crowned with human beings. Another striking point of view was formed by the arches leading into Hyde-park, the architecture of which acquired a new expression from the manner in which the people had grouped themselves within, above, and around it. Like Apsley-house, Baron Rothschild's mansion

and that of Miss Burdett Coutts were kept strictly closed; but at all the other great houses along the west-end of Piccadilly, the windows and balconies were completely occupied by the families who inhabit them, and their friends; while the pavement on either side of the way was filled to the kerbstone with people. The long screen in front of Devonshire-house was fitted-up with spacious galleries, which were all crowded. The Coventry-club appeared for the day to be in possession of the ladies, who occupied its handsomely-draperied balconies.

And now, as the procession approached the head of St. James's-street, and passed across the entrance of streets diverging on both hands from the route which it was taking, a new feature of the most remarkable kind began to develope itself. The entrances of those side streets were completely built up with living masses of men and women, forming, to all appearance, a mound or rampart of heads, which were all duly and respectfully uncovered as the stately funeral car swept by. The windows too, as far as the eye could reach, had people thrust from them, eagerly gazing, and the housetops, of course, had their adventurous crowds of occupants. It almost seemed as if the whole world had assembled to witness the ceremonial, for the people were everywhere—built into the walls, swarming in the streets, and clustered like hives on every projection and parapet. When St. James's-street was reached, the double view, first eastwards along Piccadilly, and then down towards the Palace, was singularly impressive. There must have been 30,000 people within range of sight at this point, and the orderly and respectful behaviour of even the humblest among them, crowded and hemmed in as they were, cannot be too highly praised. The entire breadth of Piccadilly was closed in with an embankment of men and women, numbers of wagons, carts, coaches, and omnibuses having been placed in the roadway to give their occupants a more commanding view. The line of procession now led along the region of clubs, the fronts of which were, for the most part, fitted up with balconies draped in black, and there, or within the shelter of wide plate-glass windows, sat immense numbers of ladies, provided with places by the courtesy and gallantry of the members. Crockford's and the Conservative Club were the two buildings which seemed to hold the greatest number of people,

and which made the greatest show in this portion of the line of procession. The car had reached the foot of St. James's-street about half-past ten, having occupied an hour on its way there from the Horse-Guards. It, therefore, became evident that it would arrive at the Cathedral in excellent time. At St. James's Palace her Majesty and the Royal Family had a second view of the procession, occupying for that purpose apartments close to the main entrance. The great Clubs along Pall-mall overflowed with visitors; and their handsome architectural proportions never looked more striking or beautiful than when thus animated and relieved by such vast assemblages of well-dressed people. The Oxford and Cambridge Club, the Army and Navy, the Carlton, the Reform, the Travellers', and the Athenæum, all swarmed with occupants, their balconies being hung with black, and hosts of ladies appearing in the best seats. Perhaps, along the whole route there was no single street which presented more objects of attraction, and greater facilities for observation to foot-passengers than Pall-mall, and yet, oddly enough, its pavements were less encumbered than anywhere else, and the people who were on them moved along without interruption. At Waterloo-place, however, a very different aspect in this respect was presented; and the view up Regent-street, along towards Cockspur-street, and on the right-hand side, in the direction of the Duke of York's column, was really astounding. In addition, however, to the number of people within one's glance at this point, there was something particularly touching in the muster of old officers at the Senior United, many of whom looked with unusual earnestness at the great Car, as with its illustrious burden, to the roll of drums and the fitful strains of marshal music, it rolled upon its way. The Haymarket and Trafalgar-square were, like Waterloo-place, great centres of attraction. At the latter point there could not have been much less than 40,000 people assembled; and the National Gallery, the roof of which was covered with spectators, borrowed from the scene a grace and animation which it never knew before. At Charing-cross, as along the entire route, nothing could be more remarkable than the decorous and orderly conduct of the multitude, who preserved an imposing and expressive silence as the car went by. The humblest man bared his head in the

same reverential manner as his betters, and the only cry that was heard was, now and then, "Off hats!"

Along the Strand, and the streets adjoining it, the multitudes thickened, both on the pavement and in the houses, and appeared, if possible, to grow denser. The first part of the procession was remarkable from the well-filled balconies of private mansions, and assemblages of a well-dressed commonalty. To that succeeded the display of the Clubs. From Charing-cross a new phase in the character of the funeral pageant and its reception became apparent. The demonstrations of respect became parochial, and the churches formed the great centres for spectators. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Clement Danes, and St. Dunstan's, were honoured with larger congregations than had probably ever visited them before. Thousands of people filled the spacious balconies that surrounded them, and we trust that the funds which the parish authorities have been enabled to realize may be large enough to be substantially useful to the charities to which they are to be applied. All the cross streets leading out of the Strand presented, in a still more striking manner, the appearances which we have described at earlier points of the route. The shop-windows had been turned to account in a most marvellous way, and inclosed numbers of full-grown people, compressing themselves for the occasion into the dimensions of charity-school children, and looking perfectly placid and resigned under circumstances that would be ordinarily regarded as amounting to the *peine forte et dure.* It is rather a singular fact, that the only attempt at a motto or inscription to the memory of the Duke was that suspended over the entrance to Exeter-hall—"*Non sibi sed patriæ.*" It was probably felt that things of the kind in this country, where they are little understood, are best avoided, and that the obsequies of a great man were best celebrated by a great public demonstration of silent respect. At Temple-bar the awkard operation of lowering the halberts and canopy of the Car was performed with less difficulty than had been anticipated; and from that point to the Cathedral all that we have said of the crowds assembled at earlier points in the route may be repeated and enlarged as much as possible without being overstrained. Some points were especially interesting,

and deserve to be noticed in this imperfect narrative. The first is the decorations of Temple-bar itself, which, whatever may be thought of the taste which characterised them, undoubtedly showed the respect which the City entertains for the memory of the Great Duke. The second point is the propriety, which this occasion demonstrates, for removing the Bar altogether. So dangerous was it considered to the public safety, that the foot-pavements on the west side of it were kept clear, as a precautionary measure, by the police; and, except the Countess of Jersey's party, who occupied the room above the arch, there seemed no disposition on the part of any one to approach it too nearly. Another matter, which the procession brought prominently to view, was the propriety of removing the much-abused, but most tenacious, railing around St. Paul's. To admit the car it was found requisite to cut away a large portion of this railing, and if those who complain of it permit it to be again erected, the fault is their own. The City police, having their portion of the route guarded by a double line of military and barriers, had, from the excellent arrangement of their Commissioner, few difficulties to contend against. The duties of the metropolitan force were of a much more arduous and extensive character, but were discharged, nevertheless, in a manner which excited general and unqualified approbation. At two or three of the most crowded points, where the pressure was likely to be greatest, the assistance of the military was obtained, but only to prevent the possibility of mischief, and not from any actual want of help. The men kept the line of procession clear throughout without any inconvenience; and it is due to the public to say, that they never were better behaved or less disposed to be troublesome.

The Car arrived at the entrance of the Cathedral about ten minutes after twelve, and preparations for the removal of the coffin were immediately made; but something was wrong, or went wrong, and the consequence was a delay of nearly an hour and a half before the funeral procession down the nave could be formed. In the interval, and while the undertakers' men used every exertion to facilitate the unloading of the Car, the entrance to the Cathedral presented a singular and not uninteresting spectacle. There were old generals and field-officers, the illustrious companions in arms of the Duke, enduring as best they could the force of the searching November

wind, which blew keenly through the open doorway of the sacred edifice. The distinguished foreigners withdrew before it several times, and the clergy, who, in double lines extending along the nave, waited for the service to begin, vainly sheltered their faces in their robes. Garter and his colleagues stood it out bravely, and, after many efforts, at length succeeded in marshalling the procession. It was a fine and an imposing sight to see the muster of old veterans at the entrance during this detention—Sir William Napier sitting on a kettle-drum—Sir Charles moving about with the activity of a much younger man—Lord Hardinge also vigorous, and full of life; but, most wonderful of all, the Marquis of Anglesey, with bald, uncovered head, apparently unconscious of the fact that age stands exposure to cold less successfully than youth. The display of orders, stars, and ribands here was quite overpowering. It was with regret that we observed the unseemly appearance of the entrance to the Cathedral, with portions of the timber-work unremoved, and the roughest marks of the carpenter painfully visible at its threshold. In all other respects the ceremonial was most fittingly and solemnly conducted, and the greatest credit is due to Messrs. Banting, whose energy alone, amid divided counsels and conflicting authorities, carried the arrangements through. As far as they were concerned nothing could be better managed. The great distinguishing feature of yesterday's ceremonial remains, however. The funeral pomp, splendid as it was, is nothing, but the million and a half of mourners will be remembered as a historic fact—a shining proof that we have not forgotten to value patriotism, and that the memory of him who on so many fields defended the liberties of his country is embalmed in the hearts of her people.

The following is the official programme of the procession:

INFANTRY.—Six Battalions.

Band of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Major-General Fane.	2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade. Band of the 1st Battalion Royal Marines—Chatham Division. 1st Battalion Royal Marines. Band of Her Majesty's 33rd Regiment. Her Majesty's 33rd Regiment.

Band of the Scots Fusileer and Coldstream Guards.

Major-General Shaw. { Battalion Fusileer Guards.
Battalion Coldstream Guards.
1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. }

Band of the Royal Artillery.

ARTILLERY.—Nine Guns of the Field Batteries.

Band of Her Majesty's 17th Lancers.

CAVALRY.—Five Squadrons, viz.,

Major-Gen. Jackson. { 17th Lancers.
Band of Her Majesty's 13th Light Dragoons.
13th Light Dragoons.
Band of Her Majesty's 8th Hussars.
8th Hussars.
Band of Her Majesty's Scots Grays.
Scots Grays.
8th Dragoon Guards. }

Eight Guns of the Horse Artillery.

The 17 Pieces commanded by Colonel Whinyates, C. B.

Band of the 1st Life Guards.

Major-Gen. the Hon. H. Cavendish. { Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blues).
2nd Life Guards.
1st Life Guards. }

The troops moving in the procession, and also those on duty in assisting the civil authorities to preserve order and prevent accidents, were commanded by

Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge., K.G.

The Infantry, drawn up in columns in front of the Horse Guards, presented arms and reversed arms, and having saluted the Body, moved off the Parade at eight o'clock, followed by

Marshalmen on Foot.

Messenger of the College of Arms on Foot.

Eight Conductors with Staves on Foot.

Chelsea Pensioners, in number eighty-three, on Foot.

(Who fell in at Charing-cross.)

Twelve Enrolled Pensioners on Foot.

One Soldier from every Regiment in Her Majesty's service.

Three Soldiers of Artillery, and Three Soldiers of Infantry of the East India Company's Army, representing the Artillery and Infantry of the Three Presidencies.

Thirteen Trumpets and Kettle Drums.

Two Pursivants of Arms in a Mourning Coach.

THE STANDARD OR PENNON,

Carried by a Lieutenant-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

Servants of the Deceased in a Mourning Coach.

Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower, in a Carriage.

DEPUTATIONS FROM PUBLIC BODIES IN CARRIAGES.

Merchant Tailors' Company, in one Carriage.

East India Company, in one Carriage.

Corporation of the Trinity-house, in one Carriage.

Barons and Officers of the Cinque Ports, in one Carriage, With the

Lieutenant and Deputy-Lieutenant of Dover Castle, in one Carriage.

Captains of Deal, Walmer, Sandgate, and Sandown Castles, in one Carriage.

Board of Ordnance and Ordnance Department, in one Carriage.

Delegation from the University of Oxford, in two Carriages.

Deputation from the Common Council of the City of London, in Three Carriages.

[Who fell in here after the preceding part of the procession had passed through Temple-bar.]

Two Pursuivants of Arms.

Band of Her Majesty's 6th Dragoon Guards.

THE GUIDON,

Carried by a Lieutenant-Colonel, supported by two Captains in the Army on Horseback.

Controller of the late Duke's Household, in a Mourning Coach.

Physicians to the Deceased, in a Mourning Coach.

Chaplain of the Tower,
Chaplain of the Forces in the London District,
Chaplain-General of the Forces, } In a Mourning Coach.

High Sheriff of the County of Southampton.
Sheriffs of London, in Two Carriages.
Aldermen and Recorder of London; a Deputation consisting of
Four Carriages,
[Who fell in here after the procession had passed through
Temple Bar].
Military Secretary.
Companions of the Order of the Bath, represented by Four, in One
Carriage, viz.—
General Sir Loftus Otway.
Vice-Admiral the Hon. Josceline Percy.
Lieutenant-General William Sandwith.
Sir Joshua Rowe.
Knights Commanders of the Order of the Bath, represented
by Four, in One Carriage, viz.—
Lieutenant-General Earl Cathcart.
Admiral Sir John West.
Lieutenant-General Sir Hopetoun Stratford Scott.
Sir S. George Bonham.
Knights Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, represented by
Four, in One Carriage, viz.—
Lieutenant-General Right Hon. Sir Edward Blakeney.
Admiral of the Fleet, Sir George Cockburn.
Lieutenant-General Sir George Pollock.
Viscount Palmerston.
Being one of each Class from the Army, one from the Navy, one
from the East India Company's Service, and one
from the Civil Service.
Heralds in a Mourning Coach.
Band of Her Majesty's 2nd Life Guards.
BANNER OF WELLESLEY.
Carried by a Lieutenant-Colonel, supported by two Captains in
the Army, on horseback.
The Lords Justices of Appeal.
The Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer
The Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
The Master of the Rolls.

The Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.
The Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.
The Chancellor of the Exchequer.
The Paymaster-General of the Forces.
The Right Hon. the Secretary-at-War.
The Right Hon. the Judge Advocate-General.
The Master-General of the Ordnance.
The First Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty.
The Secretaries of State for the Home and Colonial Departments.
[Speaker of the House of Commons.]
The Earl of Malmesbury, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.
The Earl of Derby, First Lord Commissioner of the Treasury.
The Earl Marshal of England.
The Lord Great Chamberlain.
The Lord Privy Seal.
The Lord President of the Council.
The Lord Archbishop of York.
The Lord High Chancellor.
The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

[At Temple Bar, the Lord Mayor, carrying the City Sword, joined in the procession.]

On Horseback			On Horseback.
	Assistant Quarter-master-General.	Assistant Adjutant-General.	
	Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.	Aide-de-Camp to the Deceased.	
	Deputy Quartermaster-General.	Deputy-Adjutant General.	
	Quartermaster-General.	Adjutant-General.	

A Carriage of His Royal Highness Prince ALBERT, drawn by Six Horses, with the Gentleman Usher, the Equerry, and Groom of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness.
A Carriage drawn by Six Horses, with the Private Secretary, Treasurer, and Lord of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
in a Carriage drawn by Six Horses;
attended by the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household
and the Groom of the Stole to His Royal Highness.

Field Officer in Brigade Waiting.

Sergeant Trumpeter. Heralds.

Norroy King of Arms, in a Mourning Coach.

BAND OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

THE GREAT BANNER,
Carried by a Colonel, supported by two Lieutenant-Colonels on Horseback.

[Here, on reaching the Cathedral, the Dignitaries of the Church meeting the Body at the West Door, fell in.]

BATONS.

OF SPAIN—Borne by Major-General the Duke of Osuna, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Colonel Gabriel de Torres and Colonel de Calvèt y Lara.

OF RUSSIA—Borne by General Prince Gortchakoff, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Major-General Count Benkendorff and Lieutenant-Colonel Tchernitzky.

OF PRUSSIA.—Borne by General the Count de Nostiz, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by General de Scharnhorst and Lieutenant-General de Massow.

OF PORTUGAL.—Borne by Marshal the Duke of Terceria, in a Mourning Coach—Supported by Lieutenant-General the Count de Villareal and Major Don Manuel de Souza Coutinho.

OF THE NETHERLANDS.—Borne by Lieutenant-General the Baron d'Omphal, in a Mourning Coach — Supported by Captain Guillaume Tindal and Captain Gevers.

OF HANOVER—Borne by General Hugh Halkett, C.B., in a Mourning Coach — Supported by Colonels Poten and Marenholtz.

OF ENGLAND—Borne on a Black Velvet Cushion, in a Mourning Coach, by the Marquess of Anglesey, K.G.—Supported by Colonel the Duke of Richmond, K.G., and Major-General the Duke of Cleveland, K.G.

Gentleman Usher. | The Coronet of the Deceased, borne on a Black Velvet Cushion in a Mourning Coach, by Clarenceux King of Arms. | Gentleman Usher.

The Pallbearers, Eight General Officers in Two Mourning Coaches.

Band of the Grenadier Guards.

Five Bannerols, borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback. | THE CORPSE

Covered with a Black Velvet Pall, adorned with Escutcheons, upon a Funeral Car, drawn by Twelve Horses, decorated with Trophies and Heraldic Achievements. | Five Bannerols, borne by Officers in the Army on Horseback.

Gentleman Usher. | Garter Principal King of Arms in a Mourning Coach. | Gentleman Usher

THE CHIEF MOURNER,
In a long Mourning Cloak,
accompanied by Colonel Lord Charles Wellesley.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, and by the Hon. William Wellesley, his Trainbearer, in a Mourning Coach.

The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., and the Marquis of Tweeddale, K.T., supporters to the Chief Mourner, in a Mourning Coach.

Assistants to the Chief Mourner.

Relations and Friends of the Deceased.

The late Duke's Horse, led by the Groom to the Deceased.

Private Carriages of the Deceased and of the Chief Mourner.

Band of the Royal Marines—Woolwich Division

Officers and Men from every Regiment in the Service; consisting of one Captain, a Subaltern, a Sergeant, a Corporal, and Five Men from every Regiment.

Band of Her Majesty's 93rd Highlanders.

Carriage of Her Majesty the Queen.
Two Carriages representing Her Majesty's Suite.
Carriage of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester.
Carriage of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent.
Carriage of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge.
Troops closed the Procession.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

St. Paul's Churchyard had been a scene of the utmost bustle from the early part of the morning, the more because, from the fittings-up of the cathedral not being completely finished in time, some. at least, of the doors were not opened at the hour promised, and a crowd of people provided with tickets were kept waiting in the churchyard. Even later than nine o'clock, and when the cathedral was full, workmen were still engaged in knocking away temporary hoardings and otherwise completing their work. It had been considered necessary to exclude the public generally from the churchyard, and the street and pavement in front of the houses round it; and there is no doubt that, if that had not been done, it would have been impossible to admit the company to the Cathedral without great disorder. Carriages came up in such hosts that one who accomplished the last half-mile in an hour did perhaps as well as most people.

There was probably no better place for obtaining a favourable view of the procession than the front of the Cathedral. Let the reader take his stand with us in the gallery outside that edifice, just above the western entrance, and let us say what we see. It is a gallery or balcony, which the passer-by may hardly observe, but it springs into importance on such an occasion as this.

It is ten o'clock in the morning as we walk up the geometrical staircase and step out upon the balcony, to look upon a scene already singular and exciting. A mart of commerce has become a garrison. St. Paul's is invested. In the enclosure before us Queen Anne looks down unconscious upon a guard of honour, at present waiting about in groups as soldiers do, their arms piled near the balustrades. There is a clear sweep of road in view; the sun is behind us, and will be for these two hours, and we can see everything as distinctly as pos-

sible all the way to Farringdon-street. You see the roadway clear and empty as you might see it at four o'clock on a summer's morning, but there is contrast enough on the pavement on either side of the street. There people are jammed as close as human beings can be, until the spot where Ludgate-hill is intersected by Ave Maria and Creed-lanes, beyond which the crowd may not come. The houses seem bursting with people—every window is full, and the roofs bristle with heads. Some of the roofs have awnings put up, to protect those who stand upon the tiles or leads from the weather. Everything speaks of crowd—the street lamps are left lighted, either because the lamplighters could not get at them to put them out, or because they could not have lighted them again. We can hear the hum of an innumerable multitude. They are as quiet as such a multitude can well be, but every now and then raise their voices to a shout when some person is in distress, or from any cause must be removed, or when an unfortunate dog rushes along, bewildered and alarmed.

There is a stir among the soldiers; they are getting into order. The Life Guards ride into the church-yard from Dean's-yard. There is a slippery bit of paving at that gateway, and one of the horses falls; the rider has a narrow escape, but, though evidently much shaken, he is not materially hurt, and, like a soldier, he mounts again and proceeds upon his duty. Later in the day another horse fell there.

A host of infantry now approach, advancing up Ludgate-hill in single file, one file on each side of the street. The train seems interminable. They pass the church, and clear off in an easterly direction.

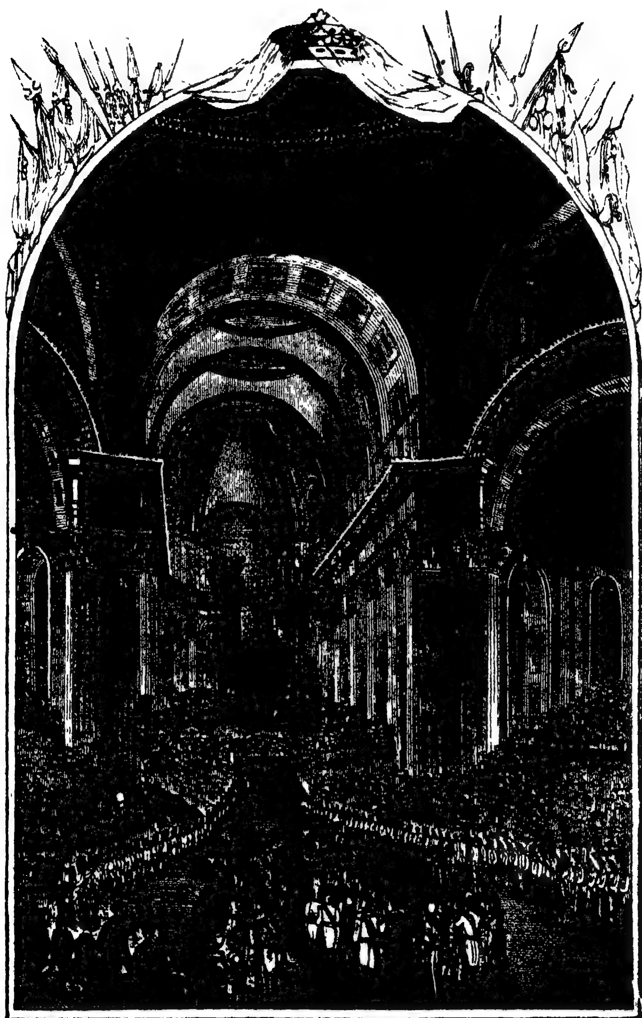
It is now eleven o'clock. These files of infantry have ended, and after an interval the general procession comes. It is still military. Sometimes there is a succession of guns, sometimes dense masses of the Guards. At intervals there are the bands of various regiments. It is very striking, these successive bands; as one passes by the church, and the music dies upon the ear, the notes of the next band begin to be heard, taking up the wail. Major-General his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who commands the troops employed, is riding about, and giving the requisite directions. Now come the eighty-three Chelsea pensioners, wearing their medals: it

is a company that seems to excite general interest; the soldiers went past the church,—the pensioners go in. Next the "one soldier from every regiment"—an interesting group. The procession now begins to be one of carriages and mourning coaches; and the time consumed in setting down their occupants at the doors makes this part of the proceeding rather tedious. The Sheriff's carriages approach, but they are hardly in keeping with the funeral procession: their gay decorations require some signs of mourning about them on such an occasion. The Speaker is there in his quaint state carriage; and the Lord Mayor in that capacious vehicle of his, which, after all, the citizens have seen in procession in November before. Now come three Royal carriages, with those noble horses which it is a treat to see; the third carriage brings Prince Albert. We cannot see him, but the salute as he passes the troops proclaims his presence. We miss the foreign batons, but it is because they are carried in closed mourning coaches. All eyes now watch for the funeral car. It is drawn by twelve black horses, three abreast, and covered with velvet, presenting such a dark foreground that we can hardly see whether the car is drawn by horses or not. The car is driven in at the churchyard gates, and drawn up in front of the great western door; the relations of the Duke are set down at the side entrance. After them follows that touching sight—the horse led after the bier of its master. There still remains a very interesting passage. Officers and men from every regiment in the service march past. The churchyard from the entrance up to the car is cleared; the coffin is there before all eyes; the Duke of Cambridge, the Commander, stands at the gate with his sword drawn in his hand, and the men who represent the whole army of England march slowly and sadly by. There has not been a more striking or effective circumstance in the proceedings of the day. The soldiers seem to be impressed with the situation. It is the final token of reverence for their departed chief. It is rendered in solemn silence. It closes the procession, with the exception only that the carriages of the Sovereign here most appropriately follow.

THE CATHEDRAL.

It is, of course, impossible to give any idea of the simple and magnificently bold proportions of this great Christian temple to those

who have not seen it, or some similar building, by which they can form a standard of comparison; still less was its aspect on the day of the funeral capable of being rendered to strangers by any word-painting. Even those who best know the building, which the genius of Wren has made the architectural *chef d'œuvre* of London, could scarcely have recognized it without a little preparation as it then appeared. A faint twinkling circlet of gas jets ran flickeringly round by the base of the great dome, lighting up the limbs and features of the actors in the huge subjects painted on the concave walls above, and seeming to endue them with a doubtful life. In a line with the base of the dome, and stretching from capital to capital of the pilasters which in equal partition mark out the walls of nave and transept throughout the length and breadth of St. Paul's, the same simple but most effective decoration was called into use, and lighted the base of the semi-circular roof with a line of bright fire. Sweeping round the area covered by the dome a grand circle of seats rose from the floor to the furthest available height in the rear, spreading far into the transept in receding rows, and coming abruptly to a space of not more than four or five rows deep, where the broad pillars at the end of the nave cut off its further extension. The floor of the nave was covered with black baize or cloth, and at each side was a long bench, extending from the entrance to the circular area under the dome, behind which rose, for the space of three or four feet, a wooden partition, decorated, at intervals of two or three feet, by escutcheons of the late Duke, on black satin, with white borders. Behind this partition were situated the seats intended for the military and naval officers present at the ceremony, placed tier above tier, so as to command a view of the procession to the area. Over the western entrance and the sides of the transept were galleries, which were very speedily filled by privileged ticket-holders. The seats at each side of the organ were also crowded, and the wide expanse of benches reserved for peeresses and their friends, which spread from the organ-loft almost to the floor of the area, were occupied by ladies, most of whom were in deep mourning. In the centre of the area beneath the dome was placed a frame, about eight feet high, by the same length, and by a breadth of five feet, covered with black cloth, and some seats of hassocks were arranged around it, of the same colour, with white borders. Directly



THE INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S.

in the centre of the south semi-circumference of the area was fixed the seat of the Lord Chancellor. Behind his lordship's seat were the places reserved for the House of Lords. To their right, on the south-east side of the area, were the places reserved for the generals and other high officers of our service. Opposite to the Lord Chancellor's chair was placed that of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and behind it were the seats reserved for members of that honourable body. On the left of the Commons sat the *corps diplomatique.* On the right of the Commons were the Corporation of the City of London, and other corporations, which had sent representatives. On the right of the corporations was the deputation from the University of Cambridge, while directly opposite to them, on the other side, and on the left of the Lords, came the deputation from the University of Oxford. It was intended at first that the four rows in front on each side of the nave should be occupied by military and naval officers, but the struggle to get in at the early part of the morning was so great, that the lines of red and blue were somewhat broken in upon and diversified by black and white.

At first the general impression left by the scene was rather cold and unsatisfactory. The seats were not quite filled. The temporary population of the Cathedral was shifting and fitful, and some occasional sunbeams rather impaired the effect of the gas illumination. The surpassing interest of the occasion, however, soon overcame the influence of all such trivial drawbacks. As the eye gazed, the picture was filling with every colour and with every touch of art. It grew from a mere, black, gaunt skeleton framework of wood and stone, and sombre faces and heads, lighted by serpentine gas jets, into a vast dome, with wide-spreading arms and wings, which embraced within its grasp all that this great empire can produce of genius, science, and statesmanship.

From the time the doors were opened—about seven o'clock—the numbers continued to increase very rapidly, and as the arrangements for setting down the visitors, excellent and extensive as they were, did not meet their eagerness, many of them left their carriages and walked to the Cathedral. The early morning was dark, windy, and wet; but, with rare good fortune for such a time of the year, the sight-seers in the streets were favoured with fine weather, for it cleared up

as the day advanced, though a biting cold wind, which whistled down the western entrance along the nave, searching the very bones of the spectators, reminded them forcibly and unceasingly that it was an English autumn outside. Many put handkerchiefs over their heads, and at last the cold became so intense that most of the persons in the back of the nave were compelled to put on their hats, notwithstanding the sacred character of the place. The old generals, with true military punctuality, were among the earliest arrivals, and the quarter of the area appropriated to them was filled very speedily. The old admirals were equally exact, and every eye in the Cathedral was soon directed to that quarter where orders, stars, ribands and crosses glittering on bright scarlet and blue, told of men who had served their country, and had fought by the side of the great warrior whose remains were approaching their last home. Sir C. Napier. with his eagle face, moving stiffly along from the effect of his old wounds—his brother, Sir William, with a frame, if possible, still more shattered by ball and perforated by bayonet,—Lord Gough, with his noble, soldierlike bearing, Lord Seaton, Lord Combermere, Sir James M'Donnell, Sir A. Woodford, Sir W. Cotton,—these, and many another gallant veteran, called one's mind back to the days when Wellesley led his ill-provided levies against the disciplined battalions of the great Emperor, and taught a generation of soldiers who are yet among us, the way to conquer.

About ten o'clock the Duc de Brabant and the Comte de Flandres, sons of the King of the Belgians, entered the Cathedral. They were dressed in the uniform of their respective regiments, the Guides and Lancers, and were attended by Colonel le Comte de Moerkerke, Comte de Briey, and Sir R. Carswell. The young Princes, who attracted a good deal of attention, took up their places in the left amphitheatre.

Soon afterwards the members of the House of Commons began to make their appearance in detachments as boat after boat conveyed them to Paul's stairs. Almost the first who walked up the nave was Mr. Hume, accompanied by Sir J. Walmesley. At eleven o'clock many hon. members had taken their places, among whom were Sir J. Graham, Sir C. Wood, Mr. Keogh, Mr. O'Flaherty, Mr. Swift, and many others; and meanwhile, as every minute passed, the mass of

uniforms grew denser and brighter to the eye, as the wearers climbed up from the floor of the nave, and took their places in the front seats above which were filled in a line, not very much broken, three or four deep, from end to end on both sides of the passage, with the officers of every branch of the service. As the sunlight shot obliquely in through the windows, and cast its rays down through the amber-coloured blaze of the gas, it fell with wonderful effect on the varied hues to be seen in the body of the Cathedral. Here were the generals all scarlet and gold, dotted with admirals in blue and white; there the diversified uniforms of the representatives of Foreign Powers, where Count Walewski displayed the uniform of France, though "our old ally" Austria was absent; again, the sable of Peers and Commons, the red and purple gowns of the corporations, the black robes and white and red hoods of the University deputations, and the immense array of faces rising pile after pile, and diminishing into mere specks in the distance beneath the arches of the upper galleries. At thirty-five minutes past eleven the military bands outside the western entrance struck up a dead march, which they played at intervals till the procession approached, and the funeral bell tolled solemnly blending with the strains of the music in mournful unison. At thirty-five minutes past eleven, also, the eighty-three Chelsea pensioners, having black wands in their hands, marched into the nave in two lines, and, wheeling round, sat down on the seats beneath the rows of officers. The poor fellows seemed tired enough, and, with the steadiness of old soldiers who had seen too much of the world to be interested in anything, they scarcely looked at the splendid preparations around them. They were followed by the men selected from every regiment in the service which had taken part in the procession. In quick succession followed, in groups, the various bodies assisting at the ceremonial from the Horse-Guards to the Cathedral. Officers of the army, of the navy, of various foreign services—the great Ministers of State, and the Judges, moved slowly onwards, filling up the nave with a rich stream of colour on which the eye rested without fatigue, while every accession added to the interest of the scene. The procession entered in the order which had been observed throughout. As each flag and guidon was carried to the area of the place whereon the coffin was to lie, it was planted in due order by the bearer.

The Commons, nobly headed by the Speaker, moved to their places; among those present in addition to those already named, were Mr. Disraeli, Sir J. Pakington, Mr. Beresford, Mr. Christopher, Mr. Walpole, and about 300 other Hon. Gentlemen.

Next came the Lords, preceded by the Lord Chancellor in state. Among them were the Earl of Derby, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Malmesbury, the Earl of Carlisle, the Duke of Argyll, Earl St. Germains, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Winchester, Lord Melville, the Bishop of London, Lord Brougham, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Campbell, the Earl of Cardigan, &c. The Ministers moved round and took their places at the right-hand side of the area in front of the Lords. Mr. Disraeli was seated between Mr. Christopher and Mr. Beresford. Then came the Marshals and Generals of Spain, Russia, Prussia, Portugal, the Netherlands, and Hanover, in their gorgeous uniforms, moving slowly onward towards the area, amid the strains of sad music, till they formed in two glittering columns around the resting-place of the bier. At a quarter-past twelve the Bishop of London and the Dean of St. Paul's, heading the clergy and the choir, proceeded slowly up the nave from the organ to the entrance, to receive the remains of the great Duke. Clothed in white, with black bands and sashes, the procession, thus headed, moved in two streams of two and two through the dignified and richly-attired assemblage till they halted at the door; where they drew up in column, four deep. A considerable delay took place in removing the coffin from the funeral Car, which tended somewhat to impair the effect of the solemn ceremonial. For nearly an hour this untoward stoppage excited the anxiety of the spectators, who could not understand the cause of it; but at length there was a universal hush, and, as if moved by one mind, the whole of the vast assemblage stood up in respectful grief as the coffin which contained the remains of the great Duke appeared in sight, preceded by the choir with measured tread, as they chanted the beginning of the burial-service by Dr. Croft. When the coffin was borne in, the wind stirred the feathers of the Marshal's hat placed upon the lid, and produced an indescribably sorrowful effect, in giving an air of light and playful life to that where all was dead. And thus, with the hoarse roar of the multitude without as they saw their last of

Arthur, Duke of Wellington, with the grand and touching service of our church sounding solemnly through the arched dome and aisles of the noble church, with the glistening eye and hushed breath of many a gallant as well as of many a gentle soul in that vast multitude—with the bell tolling solemnly the knell of the departed, taken up by the voice of the distant cannon, amid the quiet waving of bannerol and flag, surrounded by all the greatness of the land—with all the pomp and glories of heraldic achievement, escutcheon and device,—his body was borne up St. Paul's. At forty minutes after one the coffin was slid off the movable carriage in which it had been conveyed up the nave to the frame in the centre of the area under the dome, which, as our readers have been informed, was placed almost directly over the tomb of Nelson, which lies in the crypt below. The marshal's hat and sword of the deceased were removed from the coffin, and in their place a ducal coronet, on a velvet cushion, was substituted.

The foreign Marshals and Generals stood at the head of the coffin; at the south side of it stood His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with his baton of Field Marshal in his hand, and attired in full uniform, standing a little in advance of a numerous staff of officers. At each side of the coffin were British generals who had acted as pall-bearers. After the psalm and anthem, the Dean read with great solemnity and impressiveness the lesson, 1 Cor. xv. 20, which was followed by the *Nunc Dimittis*, and a dirge, with the following words, set to music by Mr. Goss.—

"And the King said to all the people that were with him, 'Rend your clothes and gird you with sackcloth and mourn.' And the King himself followed the bier.

"And they buried him. And the King lifted up his voice and wept at the grave, and all the people wept.

"And the King said unto his servants, 'Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?'"

And now came the roll of muffled drums, and the wailing notes of horn and cornet, and the coffin slowly sank into the crypt amid the awful strains of Handel's "Dead March." The ducal crown disappeared with its gorgeous support, and in the centre of the group of generals

and nobles was left a dark chasm, into which every eye glanced sadly down, and all knew, indeed, that a Prince and a great man had that day gone from Israel. The remaining portions of the funeral service were then performed. The congregation were requested to join in the responses to the Lord's Prayer; and the effect of many thousand voices in deep emotion repeating the words after the full enunciation of the Dean, was intensely affecting.

"His body is buried in peace,
But his name liveth evermore,"

from Handel's funeral anthem, was then most effectively performed by the choir. And then Garter King at Arms, standing over the vault, proclaimed the titles and orders of the deceased, "whom Heaven was pleased to take from us:"—Arthur Wellesley, he said, was the Most High, Mighty, and Most Noble Prince, Duke of Wellington, Marquis of Wellington, Marquis of Douro, Earl of Wellington in Somerset, Viscount Wellington of Talavera; Baron Douro of Wellesley, Prince of Waterloo in the Netherlands, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo in Spain, Duke of Brunoy in France, Duke of Vittoria, Marquis of Torres Vedras, Count of Vimiera in Portugal, a Grandee of the First Class in Spain, a Privy Councillor, Commander-in-Chief of the British army, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, a Field-Marshal of Great Britain, a Marshal of Russia, a Marshal of Austria, a Marshal of France, a Marshal of Prussia, a Marshal of Spain, a Marshal of Portugal, a Marshal of the Netherlands, a Knight of the Garter, a Knight of the Holy Ghost, a Knight of the Golden Fleece, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, a Knight Grand Cross of Hanover, a Knight of the Black Eagle, a Knight of the Tower and Sword, a Knight of St. Fernando, a Knight of William of the Low Countries, a Knight of Charles III., a Knight of the Sword of Sweden, a Knight of St. Andrew of Russia, a Knight of the Annunciado of Sardinia, a Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, a Knight of Maria Theresa, a Knight of St. George of Russia, a Knight of the Crown of Rue of Saxony, a Knight of Fidelity of Baden, a Knight of Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria, a Knight of St. Alexander Newsky of Russia, a Knight of St. Hermenegilda of Spain, a Knight of the Red Eagle of Brandenburgh, a Knight of St.

Januarius, a Knight of the Golden Lion of Hesse Cassel, a Knight of the Lion of Baden, a Knight of Merit of Wurtemburg, the Lord High Constable of England, the Constable of the Tower, the Constable of Dover Castle, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Chancellor of the Cinque Ports, Admiral of the Cinque Ports, Lord-Lieutenant of Hampshire, Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, Ranger of St. James's Park, Ranger of Hyde Park, Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Commissioner of the Royal Military College, Vice-President of the Scottish Naval and Military Academy, the Master of the Trinity-house, a Governor of King's College, a Doctor of Laws, &c.

Then the late Duke's controller having broken in pieces his staff of office in the household handed it to the Garter King at Arms, who cast the fragments into the vault. The choir and chorus sang the hymn, "Sleepers, awake!" and the Bishop of London, standing by the side of the Lord Chancellor, pronounced the blessing, which concluded the ceremony.

And thus was buried, with all state and honour, the great Duke of Wellington.

NELSON.



THE

LIFE OF NELSON.

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY.



NELSON

LONDON
CLARKE AND BEETON, FLEET STREET

Introduction.

Many lives of Nelson have been written: one is yet wanting, clear and concise enough to become a manual for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart. In attempting such a work, I shall write the eulogy of our great naval Hero; for the best eulogy of Nelson is the faithful history of his actions, and the best history that which shall relate them most perspicuously.

Contents.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER VI.

CHAPTER VII.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHAPTER IX.

LIFE OF NELSON.

CHAPTER I.

Nelson's Birth and Boyhood—He is entered on board the *Raisonnable*—Goes to the West Indies in a Merchant-ship; then serves in the *Triumph*—He sails in Captain Phipps's Voyage of Discovery—Goes to the East Indies in the *Seahorse*, and returns in Ill-health—Serves as Acting Lieutenant in the *Worcester*, and is made Lieutenant into the *Lowestoffe*, Commander into the *Badger* brig, and Post into the *Hinchinbrook*—Expedition against the Spanish Main—Sent to the North Seas in the *Albemarle*—Services during the American War.

HORATIO, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born Sept. 29, 1758, in the parsonage-house of Burnham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk, of which his father was rector. The maiden name of his mother was Suckling: her grandmother was an elder sister of Sir Robert Walople, and this child was named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight out of eleven children. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling, of the navy, visited the widower upon this event, and promised to take care of one of the boys. Three years afterwards, when Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspaper that his uncle was appointed to the *Raisonnable*, of 64 guns. "Do, William," said he to a brother who was a year and a half older than himself, "write to my father, and tell him that I should like to go to sea with uncle Maurice." Mr. Nelson was then at Bath, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health: his circumstances were strait-

ened, and he had no prospect of ever seeing them bettered. He knew that it was the wish of providing for himself by which Horatio was chiefly actuated, and did not oppose his resolution; he understood also the boy's character, and had always said that, in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree. Accordingly, Captain Suckling was written to. "What," said he in his answer, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

It is manifest from these words that Horatio was not the boy whom his uncle would have chosen to bring up in his own profession. He was never of a strong body, and the ague, which at that time was one of the most common diseases in England, had greatly reduced his strength; yet he had already given proofs of that resolute heart and nobleness of mind which, during his whole career of labour and of glory, so eminently distinguished him. When a mere child, he strayed a-birdsnesting from his grandmother's house, in company with a cow-boy. The dinner-hour elapsed; he was absent, and could not be found; and the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by gipsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear, grandmamma!" replied the future hero; "I never saw fear: what is it?" Once, after the winter-holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on horseback to return to school, they came back, because there had been a fall of snow; and William, who did not much like the journey, said it was too deep for them to venture on. "If that be the case," said the father, "you certainly shall not go; but

make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road is dangerous, you may return; but, remember, boys, I leave it to your honour." The snow was deep enough to have afforded them a reasonable excuse; but Horatio was not to be prevailed upon to turn back. "We must go on," said he; "remember, brother, it was left to our honour!" There were some fine pears growing in the schoolmaster's garden, which the boys regarded as lawful booty, and in the highest degree tempting; but the boldest among them were afraid to venture for the prize. Horatio volunteered upon this service: he was lowered down at night from the bedroom window by some sheets, plundered the tree, was drawn up with the pears, and then distributed them among his schoolfellows, without reserving any for himself. "He only took them," he said, "because every other boy was afraid."

Early on a cold and dark spring morning, Mr. Nelson's servant arrived at this school, at North Walsham, with the expected summons for Horatio to join his ship. The parting from his brother William, who had been for so many years his playmate and bedfellow, was a painful effort, and was the beginning of those privations which are the sailor's lot through life. He accompanied his father to London. The *Raisonnable* was lying in the Medway. He was put into the Chatham stage, and, on its arrival, was set down with the rest of the passengers, and left to find his way on board as he could. After wandering about in the cold, without being able to reach the ship, an officer, observing the forlorn appearance of the boy, questioned him; and, happening to be acquainted with his uncle, took him home, and gave him some refreshment. When he got on board, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprised of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day without being noticed by anyone; and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, "took compassion on him." The pain which is felt when we are

first transplanted from our native soil, when the living branch is cut from the parent tree, is one of the most poignant which we have to endure through life. There are after-griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced, which bruise the spirit and sometimes break the heart; but never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life. Added to these feelings, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, and the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service.

The *Raisonnable* having been commissioned on account of the dispute respecting the Falkland Islands, was paid off as soon as the difference with the Court of Spain was accommodated, and Captain Suckling was removed to the *Triumph*, 74, then stationed as a guard-ship in the Thames. This was considered as too inactive a life for a boy, and Nelson was therefore sent a voyage to the West Indies in a merchant-ship, commanded by Mr. John Rathbone, an excellent seaman, who had served as master's mate under Captain Suckling in the *Dreadnought*. He returned a practical seaman, but with a hatred to the King's service, and a saying then common among the sailors—"Aft the most honour; forward the better man." Rathbone had probably been disappointed and disgusted in the navy, and, with no unfriendly intentions, warned Nelson against a profession which he himself had found hopeless. His uncle received him on board the *Triumph* on his return, and discovering his dislike to the navy, took the best means of reconciling him to it. He held it out as a reward, that if he attended well to his navigation, he should go in the cutter and decked long boat which was attached to the commanding officer's ship at Chatham. Thus he became a good pilot for vessels of that description, from Chatham to the Tower, and down the Swin Channel

to the North Foreland; and acquired a confidence among rocks and sands of which he often felt the value.

Nelson had not been many months on board the *Triumph*, when his love of enterprise was excited by hearing that two ships were fitting out for a voyage of discovery toward the North Pole. In consequence of the difficulties which were expected on such a service, these vessels were to take out effective men instead of the usual number of boys. This, however, did not deter him from soliciting to be received, and, by his uncle's interest, he was admitted as coxswain under Captain Lutwidge, second in command. The voyage was undertaken in compliance with an application from the Royal Society. The Hon. Captain Constantine John Phipps, eldest son of Lord Mulgrave, volunteered his services. The *Racehorse* and *Carcass* bombs were selected, as the strongest ships, and therefore best adapted for such a voyage; and they were taken into dock and strengthened, to render them as secure as possible against the ice. Two masters of Greenlandmen were employed as pilots for each ship. No expedition was ever more carefully fitted out; and the first Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, with a laudable solicitude, went on board himself before their departure, to see that everything had been completed to the wish of the officers. The ships were provided with a simple and excellent apparatus for distilling fresh from salt water, the invention of Dr. Irving, who accompanied the expedition. It consisted merely in fitting a tube to the ship's kettle, and applying a wet mop to the surface as the vapour was passing. By these means, from thirty-four to forty gallons were produced every day.

They sailed from the Nore on the 4th of June: on the 6th of the following month they were in lat. 79 deg. 56 min. 39 sec., long. 9 deg. 43 min. 30 sec. E. The next day, about the place where most of the old discoverers had been stopped, the *Racehorse* was beset with ice; but they hove her through with ice-anchors. Captain Phipps continued ranging along the ice northward and westward

till the 24th; he then tried to the eastward. On the 30th he was in lat. 80 deg. 13 min., long. 18 deg. 48 min. E., among the islands and in the ice, with no appearance of an opening for the ships. The weather was exceedingly fine, mild, and unusually clear. Here they were becalmed in a large bay, with three apparent openings between the islands which formed it, but everywhere, as far as they could see, surrounded with ice. There was not a breath of air; the water was perfectly smooth; the ice covered with snow, low and even, except a few broken pieces near the edge; and the pools of water in the middle of the ice-fields just crusted over with young ice. On the next day the ice closed upon them, and no opening was to be seen anywhere, except a hole, or lake, as it might be called, of about a mile and a half in circumference, where the ships lay fast to the ice with their ice-anchors. They filled their casks with water from these ice fields, which was very pure and soft. The men were playing on the ice all day, but the Greenland pilots, who were further than they had ever been before, and considered that the season was far advancing, were alarmed at being thus beset.

The next day there was not the smallest opening; the ships were within less than two lengths of each other, separated by ice, and neither having room to turn. The ice, which the day before had been flat and almost level with the water's edge, was now in many places forced higher than the mainyard, by the pieces squeezing together. A day of thick fog followed: it was succeeded by clear weather; but the passage by which the ships had entered from the westward was closed, and no open water was in sight, either in that or any other quarter. By the pilots' advice, the men were set to cut a passage and warp through the small openings to the westward. They sawed through pieces of ice twelve feet thick; and this labour continued the whole day, during which their utmost efforts did not move the ships above three hundred yards, while they were driven, together with the ice, far to the N.E. and E., by the current. Sometimes a field of several acres square

would be lifted up between two larger islands, and incorporated with them; and thus these larger pieces continued to grow by aggregation. Another day passed, and there seemed no probability of getting the ships out, without a strong E. or N.E. wind. The season was far advanced, and every hour lessened the chance of extricating themselves. Young as he was, Nelson was appointed to command one of the boats which were sent out to explore a passage into the open water. It was the means of saving a boat belonging to the *Racehorse* from a singular, but imminent danger. Some of the officers had fired at and wounded a walrus. As no other animal has so human-like an expression in its countenance, so also is there none that seems to possess more of the passions of humanity. The wounded animal dived immediately, and brought up a number of its companions, and they all joined in an attack upon the boat. They wrested an oar from one of the men; and it was with the utmost difficulty that the crew could prevent them from staving or upsetting her, till the *Carcass's* boat came up: and the walrusses, finding their enemies thus reinforced, dispersed. Young Nelson exposed himself in a more daring manner. One night, during the mid-watch, he stole from the ship with one of his comrades, taking advantage of a rising fog, and set out over the ice in pursuit of a bear. It was not long before they were missed. The fog thickened, and Captain Lutwidge and his officers became exceedingly alarmed for their safety. Between three and four in the morning the weather cleared, and the two adventurers were seen, at a considerable distance from the ship, attacking a huge bear. The signal for them to return was immediately made. Nelson's comrade called upon him to obey, but in vain. His musket had flashed in the pan: their ammunition was expended; and a chasm in the ice, which divided him from the bear, probably preserved his life. "Never mind," he cried; "do but let me get a blow at this devil with the butt-end of my musket, and we shall have him." Captain Lutwidge, however, seeing

his danger, fired a gun, which had the desired effect of frightening the beast; and the boy then returned, somewhat afraid of the consequences of his trespass. The captain reprimanded him sternly for conduct so unworthy of the office which he filled, and desired to know what motive he could have for hunting a bear. "Sir," said he, pouting his lip, as he was wont to do when agitated, "I wished to kill the bear, that I might carry the skin to my father."

A party were now sent to an island about twelve miles off (named Walden's Island in the charts, from the midshipman who was intrusted with this service), to see where the open water lay. They came back with the information that the ice, though close all about them, was open to the westward, round the point by which they came in. They said also, that upon the island they had had a fresh east wind. This intelligence considerably abated the hopes of the crew; for where they lay it had been almost calm, and their main dependence had been upon the effect of an easterly wind in clearing the bay. There was but one alternative: either to wait the event of the weather upon the ships, or to betake themselves to the boats. The likelihood that it might be necessary to sacrifice the ships had been foreseen; the boats accordingly were adapted, both in number and size, to transport, in case of emergency, the whole crew; and there were Dutch whalers upon the coast, in which they could all be conveyed to Europe. As for wintering where they were, that dreadful experiment had been already tried too often. No time was to be lost. The ships had driven into shoal-water, having but fourteen fathoms. Should they, or the ice to which they were fast, take the ground, they must inevitably be lost; and at this time they were driving fast toward some rocks on the N.E. Captain Phipps sent for the officers of both ships, and told them his intention of preparing the boats for going away. They were immediately hoisted out, and the fitting begun. Canvass bread-bags were made, in case it should be necessary sud-

denly to desert the vessels; and men were sent with the lead and line to the northward and eastward, to sound wherever they found cracks in the ice, that they might have notice before the ice took the ground; for, in that case, the ships must instantly have been crushed or overset.

On the 7th of August they began to haul the boats over the ice, Nelson having command of the four-oared cutter. The men behaved excellently well, like true British seamen; they seemed reconciled to the thought of leaving the ships, and had full confidence in their officers. About noon, the ice appeared rather more open near the vessels; and as the wind was easterly, though there was but little of it, the sails were set, and they got about a mile to the westward. They moved very slowly, and were not now nearly so far to the westward as when they were first beset. However, all sail was kept upon them, to force them through whenever the ice slacked the least. Whatever exertions were made, it could not be possible to get the boats to the water's edge before the 14th; and if the situation of the ships should not alter by that time, it would not be justifiable to stay longer by them. The commander therefore resolved to carry on both attempts together, moving the boats constantly, and taking every opportunity of getting the ships through. A party was sent out next day to the westward, to examine the state of the ice; they returned with tidings that it was very heavy and close, consisting chiefly of large fields. The ships, however, moved something, and the ice itself was drifting westward. There was a thick fog, so that it was impossible to ascertain what advantage had been gained. It continued on the 9th; but the ships were moved a little through some very small openings: the mist cleared off in the afternoon; and it was then perceived that they had driven much more than could have been expected to the westward, and that the ice itself had driven still farther. In the course of the day they got past the boats, and took them on board again. On

the morrow, the wind sprang up to the N.N.E. All sail was set, and the ships forced their way through a great deal of very heavy ice. They frequently struck, and with such force that one stroke broke the shank of the *Racehorse's* best bower-anchor: but the vessels made way; and by noon they had cleared the ice, and were out at sea. The next day they anchored in Smeerenberg Harbour, close to that island of which the westernmost point is called Hakluyt's Headland, in honour of the great promoter and compiler of our English voyages of discovery.

Here they remained a few days, that the men might rest after their fatigue. No insect was to be seen in this dreary country, nor any species of reptile—not even the common earth-worm. Large bodies of ice, called icebergs, filled up the valleys between high mountains, so dark as, when contrasted with the snow, to appear black. The colour of the ice was a lively light green. Opposite to the place where they fixed their observatory was one of these icebergs, above three hundred feet high; its side towards the sea was nearly perpendicular, and a stream of water issued from it. Large pieces frequently broke off, and rolled down into the sea. There was no thunder nor lightning during the whole time they were in these latitudes. The sky was generally loaded with hard white clouds, from which it was never entirely free even in the clearest weather. They always knew when they were approaching the ice, long before they saw it, by a bright appearance near the horizon, which the Greenlandmen called the blink of the ice. The season was now so far advanced, that nothing more could have been attempted, if, indeed, anything had been left untried; but the summer had been unusually favourable, and they had carefully surveyed the wall of ice extending for more that twenty degrees between the latitudes of 80 and 81, without the smallest appearance of any opening.

The ships were paid off shortly after their return to England; and Nelson was then placed by his uncle with Captain Farmer, in the *Seahorse*, of twenty guns, then going

out to the East Indies in the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes. He was stationed in the foretop at watch and watch. His good conduct attracted the attention of the master (afterwards Captain Surridge), in whose watch he was; and, upon his recommendation, the captain rated him as midshipman. At this time his countenance was florid, and his appearance rather stout and athletic; but when he had been about eighteen months in India, he felt the effects of that climate, so perilous to European constitutions. The disease baffled all power of medicine; he was reduced almost to a skeleton, the use of his limbs was for some time entirely lost, and the only hope that remained was from a voyage home. Accordingly, he was brought home by Captain Pigot, in the *Dolphin;* and had it not been for the attentive and careful kindness of that officer on the way, Nelson would never have lived to reach his native shores. He had formed an acquaintance with Sir Charles Pole, Sir Thomas Troubridge, and other distinguished officers, then, like himself, beginning their career; he had left them pursuing that career in full enjoyment of health and hope, and was returning from a country in which all things were to him new and interesting, with a body broken down by sickness, and spirits which had sunk with his strength. Long afterwards, when the name of Nelson was known as widely as that of England itself, he spoke of the feelings which he at this time endured. "I felt impressed," said he, "with a feeling that I should never rise in my profession. My mind was staggered with a view of the difficulties I had to surmount, and the little interest I possessed. I could discover no means of reaching the object of my ambition. After a long and gloomy reverie, in which I almost wished myself overboard, a sudden glow of patriotism was kindled within me, and presented my king and country as my patron. -Well, then," I exclaimed, "I will be a hero! and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!"

Long afterwards Nelson loved to speak of the feeling of

that moment; and from that time, he often said, a radiant orb was suspended in his mind's eye, which urged him onward to renown. The state of mind in which these feelings began is what the mystics mean by their season of darkness and desertion. If the animal spirits fail, they represent it as an actual temptation. The enthusiasm of Nelson's nature had taken a different direction, but its essence was the same. He knew to what the previous state of dejection was to be attributed—that an enfeebled body, and a mind depressed, had cast this shade over his soul; but he always seemed willing to believe that the sunshine which succeeded bore with it a prophetic glory, and that the light which led him on was "light from heaven."

His interest, however, was far better than he imagined. During his absence, Captain Suckling had been made comptroller of the navy; his health had materially improved upon the voyage; and, as soon as the *Dolphin* was paid off, he was appointed acting lieutenant in the *Worcester*, 64, Captain Mark Robinson, then going out with convoy to Gibraltar. Soon after his return, on the 8th of April, 1777, he passed his examination for a lieutenancy. Captain Suckling sat at the head of the board, and, when the examination had ended, in a manner highly honourable to Nelson, rose from his seat, and introduced him to the examining captains as his nephew. They expressed their wonder that he had not informed them of this relationship before: he replied that he did not wish the younker to be favoured; he knew his nephew would pass a good examination, and he had not been deceived. The next day Nelson received his commission as second-lieutenant of the *Lowestoffe* frigate, Captain William Locker, then fitting out for Jamaica.

American, and French privateers under American colours, were at that time harassing our trade in the West Indies: even a frigate was not sufficiently active for Nelson, and he repeatedly got appointed to the command of one of the *Lowestoffe's* tenders. During one of

their cruises, the *Lowestoffe* captured an American letter-of-marque: it was blowing a gale, and a heavy sea running. The first-lieutenant being ordered to board the prize, went below to put on his hanger. It happened to be mislaid; and, while he was seeking it, Captain Locker came on deck. Perceiving the boat still alongside, and in danger every moment of being swamped, and being extremely anxious that the privateer should be instantly taken in charge, because he feared that it would otherwise founder, he exclaimed, "Have I no officer in the ship who can board the prize?" Nelson did not offer himself immediately, waiting, with his usual sense of propriety, for the first-lieutenant's return; but, hearing the master volunteer, he jumped into the boat, saying, "It is my turn now; and if I come back, it is yours." The American, who had carried a heavy press of sail in hope of escaping, was so completely water-logged, that the *Lowestoffe's* boat went in on deck, and out again, with the sea.

About this time he lost his uncle. Captain Locker, however, who had perceived the excellent qualities of Nelson, and formed a friendship for him, which continued during his life, recommended him warmly to Sir Peter Parker, then commander-in-chief upon that station. In consequence of this recommendation he was removed into the *Bristol* flag-ship, and Lieutenant Cuthbert Collingwood succeeded him in the *Lowestoffe*. He soon became first-lieutenant; and, on the 8th of December, 1778, was appointed commander of the *Badger* brig; Collingwood again succeeding him in the *Bristol*. While the *Badger* was lying in Montego Bay, Jamaica, the *Glasgow*, of twenty guns, came in and anchored there, and in two hours was in flames, the steward having set fire to her while stealing rum out of the after-hold. Her crew were leaping into the water, when Nelson came up in his boats, made them throw their powder overboard, and point their guns upward; and, by his presence of mind and personal exertions, prevented the loss of life which would otherwise have ensued. On the 11th of June, 1779, he was made

post into the *Hinchinbrook*, of twenty-eight guns, an enemy's merchantman, sheathed with wood, which had been taken into the service. A short time after he left the *Lowestoffe*, that ship, with a small squadron, stormed the fort of St. Fernando de Omoa, on the south side of the Bay of Honduras, and captured some register-ships which were lying under its guns. Two hundred and fifty quintals of quicksilver, and three millions of piastres, were the reward of this enterprise; and it is characteristic of Nelson, that the chance by which he missed a share in such a prize is never mentioned in any of his letters; nor is it likely that it ever excited even a momentary feeling of vexation.

Nelson was fortunate in possessing good interest at the time when it could be most serviceable to him: his promotion had been almost as rapid as it could be; and before he had attained the age of twenty-one, he had gained that rank which brought all the honours of the service within his reach. No opportunity, indeed, had yet been given him of distinguishing himself; but he was thoroughly master of his profession, and his zeal and ability were acknowledged wherever he was known. Count d'Estaing, with a fleet of 125 sail, men-of-war and transports, and a reputed force of five-and-twenty thousand men, threatened Jamaica from St. Domingo. Nelson offered his services to the Admiral and to Governor-General Dalling, and was appointed to command the batteries of Fort Charles, at Port Royal. Not more than seven thousand men could be mustered for the defence of the island—a number wholly inadequate to resist the force which threatened them. Of this Nelson was so well aware, that when he wrote to his friends in England, he told them they must not be surprised to hear of his learning to speak French. D'Estaing, however, was either not aware of his own superiority, or not equal to the command with which he was intrusted; he attempted nothing with this formidable armament; and General Dalling was thus left to execute a project which he had formed against the Spanish colonies.

This project was, to take Fort San Juan on the river of that name, which flows from Lake Nicaragua into the Atlantic; make himself master of the lake itself, and of the cities of Grenada and Leon, and thus cut off the communication of the Spaniards between their northern and southern possessions in America. Here it is that a canal between the two seas may most easily be formed; a work more important in its consequences than any which has ever yet been effected by human power. Lord George Germaine, at that time secretary of state for the American department, approved the plan; and as discontents at that time were known to prevail in the Nuevo Reyno, in Popayan, and in Peru, the more sanguine part of the English began to dream of acquiring an empire in one part of America more extensive than that which they were on the point of losing in another. General Dalling's plans were well formed; but the history and the nature of the country had not been studied as accurately as its geography. The difficulties which occurred in fitting out the expedition delayed it till the season was too far advanced; and the men were thus sent to adventure themselves, not so much against an enemy whom they would have beaten, as against a climate which would do the enemy's work.

Early in the year 1780, five hundred men, destined for this service, were convoyed by Nelson from Port Royal to Cape Gracias a Dios, in Honduras. Not a native was to be seen when they landed: they had been taught that the English came with no other intent than that of enslaving them, and sending them to Jamaica. After a while, however, one of them ventured down, confiding in his own knowledge of one of the party; and by his means the neighbouring tribes were conciliated with presents and brought in. The troops were encamped on a swampy and unwholesome plain, where they were joined by a party of the 79th regiment, from Black River, who were already in a deplorable state of sickness. Having remained here a month, they proceeded, anchoring frequently, along the Mosquito shore, to collect their Indian allies, who were

to furnish proper boats for the river, and to accompany them. They reached the River San Juan March 24th: and here, according to his orders, Nelson's services were to terminate. But not a man in the expedition had ever been up the river, or knew the distances of any fortification from its mouth; and he, not being one who would turn back when so much was to be done, resolved to carry the soldiers up. About two hundred, therefore, were embarked in the *Mosquito* shore craft, and in two of the *Hinchinbrook's* boats, and they began their voyage. It was the latter end of the dry season, the worst time for such an expedition; the river was consequently low. Indians were sent forward through narrow channels between shoals and sandbanks, and the men were frequently obliged to quit the boats, and exert their utmost strength to drag or thrust them along. This labour continued for several days: when they came into deeper water, they had then currents and rapids to contend with, which would have been insurmountable but for the skill of the Indians in such difficulties. The brunt of the labour was borne by them and by the sailors—men never accustomed to stand aloof when any exertion of strength or hardihood is required. The soldiers, less accustomed to rely upon themselves, were of little use. But all equally endured the violent heat of the sun, rendered more intense by being reflected from the white shoals, while the high woods on both sides of the river were frequently so close as to prevent all refreshing circulation of air; and during the night all were equally exposed to the heavy and unwholesome dews.

On the 9th of April they reached an island in the river called St. Bartolomeo, which the Spaniards had fortified as an outpost, with a small semicircular battery, mounting nine or ten swivels, and manned with sixteen or eighteen men. It commanded the river in a rapid and difficult part of the navigation. Nelson, at the head of a few of his seamen, leaped upon the beach. The ground upon which he sprang was so muddy, that he had some

difficulty in extricating himself, and lost his shoes: barefooted, however, he advanced, and, in his own phrase, *boarded the battery*. In this resolute attempt he was bravely supported by the well-known Despard, at that time a captain in the army. The castle of St. Juan is situated about sixteen miles higher up: the stores and ammunition, however, were landed a few miles below the castle, and the men had to march through woods almost impassable. One of the men was bitten under the eye by a snake, which darted upon him from the bough of a tree. He was unable to proceed from the violence of the pain; and when, after a short while, some of his comrades were sent back to assist him, he was dead, and the body already putrid. Nelson himself narowly escaped a similar fate: he had ordered his hammock to be slung under some trees, being excessively fatigued, and was sleeping, when a monitory lizard passed across his face. The Indians happily observed the reptile, and, knowing what it indicated, awoke him. He started up, and found one of the deadliest serpents of the country coiled up at his feet. He suffered from poison of another kind; for, drinking at a spring in which some boughs of the manchineel had been thrown, the effects were so severe as, in the opinion of some of his friends, to inflict a lasting injury upon his constitution.

The castle of St. Juan is thirty-two miles below the Lake of Nicaragua, from which it issues, and sixty-nine from the mouth of the river. Boats reach the sea from thence in a day and a half; but their navigation back, even when unladen, is the labour of nine days. The English appeared before it on the 11th, two days after they had taken St. Bartolomeo. Nelson's advice was, that it should instantly be carried by assault; but Nelson was not the commander, and it was thought proper to observe all the formalities of a siege. Ten days were wasted before this could be commenced: it was a work more of fatigue than of danger; but fatigue was more to be dreaded than the enemy. The rains set in; and,

could the garrison have held out a little longer, disease would have rid them of their invaders. Even the Indians sank under it, the victims of unusual exertion and of their own excesses. The place surrendered on the 24th. But victory procured to the conquerors none of that relief which had been expected; the castle was worse than a prison, and it contained nothing which could contribute to the recovery of the sick, or the preservation of those who were yet unaffected. The huts which served for hospitals were surrounded with filth and with the putrefying hides of slaughtered cattle—almost sufficient of themselves to have engendered pestilence; and when, at last, orders were given to erect a convenient hospital, the contagion had become so general that there were none who could work at it; for, besides the few who were able to perform garrison-duty, there were not orderly men enough to assist the sick. Added to these evils, there was the want of all needful remedies; for, though the expedition had been amply provided with hospital-stores, river-craft enough had not been procured for transporting the requisite baggage; and when much was to be left behind, provision for sickness was that which of all things men in health would be most ready to leave. Now, when these medicines were required, the river was swollen, and so turbulent that its upward navigation was almost impracticable. At length, even the task of burying the dead was more than the living could perform; and the bodies were tossed into the stream, or left for beasts of prey, and for the gallinazos—those dreadful carrion-birds, which do not always wait for death before they begin their work. Five months the English persisted in what may be called this war against nature; they then left a few men, who seemed proof against the climate, to retain the castle till the Spaniards should choose to retake it, and make them prisoners. The rest abandoned their baleful conquest. Eighteen hundred men were sent to different posts upon this wretched expedition: not more than three hundred and

eighty ever returned. The *Hinchinbrook's* complement consisted of two hundred men: eighty-seven took to their beds in one night, and of the whole crew not more than ten survived.

Nelson himself was saved by a timely removal. In a few days after the commencement of the siege, he was seized with the prevailing dysentery: meantime Captain Glover (son of the author of "Leonidas") died, and Nelson was appointed to succeed him in the *Janus*, of forty-four guns. He returned to the harbour the day before St. Juan surrendered, and immediately sailed for Jamaica in the sloop which brought the news of his appointment. He was, however, so greatly reduced by the disorder, that when they reached Port Royal he was carried ashore in his cot; and finding himself, after a partial amendment, unable to retain the command of his new ship, he was compelled to ask leave to return to England, as the only means of recovery. Captain (afterwards Admiral) Cornwallis took him home in the *Lion;* and to his care and kindness Nelson believed himself indebted for his life. He went immediately to Bath, in a miserable state; so helpless, that he was carried to and from his bed; and the act of moving him produced the most violent pain. In three months he recovered, and immediately hastened to London and applied for employment. After an interval of about four months he was appointed to the *Albemarle*, of twenty-eight guns, a French merchantman, which had been purchased from the captors for the King's service.

His health was not yet thoroughly re-established; and while he was employed in getting his ship ready, he again became so ill as hardly to be able to keep out of bed. Yet in this state, still suffering from the fatal effect of a West Indian climate, as if, it might almost be supposed, to try his constitution, he was sent to the North Seas, and kept there the whole winter. The asperity with which he mentioned this so many years afterwards, evinces how deeply he resented a mode of conduct equally

cruel to the individual and detrimental to the service. It was during the armed neutrality; and when they anchored off Elsineur, the Danish admiral sent on board, desiring to be informed what ships had arrived, and to have their force written down. "The *Albemarle*," said Nelson to the messenger, "is one of his Britannic Majesty's ships: you are at liberty, sir, to count the guns as you go down the side; and you may assure the Danish admiral that, if necessary, they shall all be well served." During this voyage he gained a considerable knowledge of the Danish coast, and its soundings; greatly to the advantage of his country in after-times. The *Albemarle* was not a good ship, and was several times nearly overset, in consequence of the masts having been made much too long for her. On her return to England they were shortened, and some other improvements made at Nelson's suggestion. Still, he always insisted that her first owners, the French, had taught her to run away, as she was never a good sailer, except when going directly before the wind.

On their return to the Downs, while he was ashore visiting the senior officer, there came on so heavy a gale that almost all the vessels drove, and a store-ship came athwart-hawse of the *Albemarle*. Nelson feared she would drive on the Goodwin Sands. He ran to the beach; but even the Deal boatmen thought it impossible to get on board, such was the violence of the storm. At length some of the most intrepid offered to make the attempt for fifteen guineas; and, to the astonishment and fear of all the beholders, he embarked during the height of the tempest. With great difficulty and imminent danger, he succeeded in reaching her. She lost her bowsprit and foremast, but escaped further injury. He was now ordered to Quebec, where, his surgeon told him, he would certainly be laid up by the climate. Many of his friends urged him to represent this to Admiral Keppel; but, having received his orders from Lord Sandwich, there appeared to him an indelicacy in applying to his successor to have them altered.

Accordingly he sailed for Canada. During her first cruise on that station, the *Albemarle* captured a fishing schooner, which contained, in her cargo, nearly all the property that her master possessed, and the poor fellow had a large family at home, anxiously expecting him. Nelson employed him as a pilot in Boston Bay, then restored him the schooner and cargo, and gave him a certificate to secure him against being captured by any other vessel. The man came off afterwards to the *Albemarle*, at the hazard of his life, with a present of sheep, poultry, and fresh provisions. A most valuable supply it proved, for the scurvy was raging on board. This was in the middle of August, and the ship's company had not had a fresh meal since the beginning of April. The certificate was preserved at Boston in memory of an act of unusual generosity; and now that the fame of Nelson has given interest to everything connected with his name, it is regarded as a relic. The *Albemarle* had a narrow escape upon this cruise. Four French sail of the line and a frigate, which had come out of Boston harbour, gave chase to her; and Nelson, perceiving that they beat him in sailing, boldly ran among the numerous shoals of St. George's Bank, confiding in his own skill in pilotage. Captain Salter, in the *St. Margaretta*, had escaped the French fleet, by a similar manœuvre, not long before. The frigate alone continued warily to pursue him; but as soon as he perceived that this enemy was unsupported, he shortened sail, and hove to; upon which the Frenchman thought it advisable to give over the pursuit, and sail in quest of his consorts.

At Quebec, Nelson became acquainted with Alexander Davison; by whose interference he was prevented from making what would have been called an imprudent marriage. The *Albemarle* was about to leave the station; her captain had taken leave of his friends, and was gone down the river to the place of anchorage; when, the next morning, as Davison was walking on the beach, to his surprise he saw Nelson coming back in his boat. Upon inquiring

the cause of this re-appearance, Nelson took his arm, to walk towards the town, and told him he found it utterly impossible to leave Quebec without again seeing the woman whose society had contributed so much to his happiness there, and offering her his hand. "If you do," said his friend, "your utter ruin must inevitably follow." "Then let it follow," cried Nelson, "for I am resolved to do it." "And I," replied Davison, "am resolved you shall not." Nelson, however, upon this occasion was less resolute than his friend, and suffered himself to be led back to the boat.

The *Albemarle* was under orders to convoy a fleet of transports to New York. "A very pretty job," said her captain, "at this late season of the year" (October was far advanced), "for our sails are at this moment frozen to the yards." On his arrival at Sandy Hook, he waited on the commander-in-chief, Admiral Digby, who told him he was come on a fine station for making prize-money. "Yes, sir," Nelson made answer; "but the West Indies is the station for honour." Lord Hood, with a detachment of Rodney's victorious fleet, was at that time at Sandy Hook: he had been intimate with Captain Suckling; and Nelson, who was desirous of nothing but honour, requested him to ask for the *Albemarle*, that he might go to that station where it was most likely to be obtained. Admiral Digby reluctantly parted with him. His professional merit was already well known; and Lord Hood, on introducing him to Prince William Henry, as the Duke of Clarence was then called, told the Prince, if he wished to ask any questions respecting naval tactics, Captain Nelson could give him as much information as any officer in the fleet. The Duke, who, to his own honour, became from that time the firm friend of Nelson, describes him as appearing the merest boy of a captain he had ever seen, dressed in a full-laced uniform, an old-fashioned waistcoat with long flaps, and his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; making, altogether, so remarkable a figure,

"that," says the Duke, "I had never seen anything like it before; nor could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. But his address and conversation were irresistibly pleasing; and when he spoke on professional subjects, it was with an enthusiasm that showed he was no common being."

It was expected that the French would attempt some of the passages between the Bahamas; and Lord Hood, thinking of this, said to Nelson, "I suppose, sir, from the length of time you were cruising among the Bahama Keys, you must be a good pilot there." He replied, with that constant readiness to render justice to every man which was so conspicuous in all his conduct through life, that he was well acquainted with them himself, but that in that respect his second-lieutenant was far his superior.

The French got into Puerto Cabello, on the coast of Venezuela. Nelson was cruising between that port and La Guayra, under French colours, for the purpose of obtaining information, when a king's launch, belonging to the Spaniards, passed near, and being hailed in French, came alongside without suspicion, and answered all questions that were asked concerning the number and force of the enemy's ships. The crew, however, were not a little surprised when they were taken on board, and found themselves prisoners. One of the party went by the name of the Count de Deux Ponts. He was, however, a prince of the German empire, and brother to the heir of the Electorate of Bavaria; his companions were French officers of distinction and men of science, who had been collecting specimens in the various branches of natural history. Nelson having entertained them with the best his table could afford, told them they were at liberty to depart with their boat and all that it contained: he only required them to promise that they would consider themselves as prisoners, if the commander-in-chief should refuse to acquiesce in their being thus liberated; a circumstance which was not by any means likely to happen. Tidings soon arrived that the preliminaries of peace had

been signed; and the *Albemarle* returned to England, and was paid off. Nelson's first business, after he got to London, even before he went to see his relations, was to attempt to get the wages due to his men, for the various ships in which they had served during the war. "The disgust of seamen to the navy," he said, "was all owing to the infernal plan of turning them over from ship to ship; so that men could not be attached to the officers, nor the officers care the least about the men." Yet he himself was so beloved by his men, that his whole ship's company offered, if he could get a ship, to enter for her immediately. He was now, for the first time, presented at court. After going through this ceremony, he dined with his friend Davison, at Lincoln's Inn. As soon as he entered the chambers, he threw off what he called his iron-bound coat, and putting himself at ease in a dressing-gown, passed the remainder of the day in talking over all that had befallen them since they parted on the shore of the River St. Lawrence.

CHAPTER II.

Nelson goes to France during the Peace—Re-appointed to the *Boreas*, and stationed at the Leeward Islands—His firm Conduct concerning the American Interlopers and the Contractors—Marries and returns to England—Is on the point of quitting the Service in Disgust—Manner of Life while unemployed—Appointed to the *Agamemnon* on the breaking out of the War of the French Revolution.

"I HAVE closed the war," said Nelson, in one of his letters, "without a fortune; but there is not a speck in my character. True honour, I hope, predominates in my mind far above riches." He did not apply for a ship, because he was not wealthy enough to live on board in the manner which was then become customary. Finding it, therefore, prudent to economise on his half-pay during the peace, he went to France, in company with Captain Macnamara, of the navy, and took lodgings at St. Omer's.

The death of his favourite sister, Anne, who died in consequence of going out of the ball-room, at Bath, when heated with dancing, affected her father so much, that it had nearly occasioned him to return in a few weeks. Time, however, and reason and religion, overcame this grief in the old man; and Nelson continued at St Omer's long enough to fall in love with the daughter of an English clergyman. This second attachment appears to have been less ardent than the first; for, upon weighing the evils of a straitened income to a married man, he thought it better to leave France, assigning to his friends something in his accounts as the cause This prevented him from accepting an invitation from the Count of Deux Ponts to visit him at Paris, couched in the handsomest terms of acknowledgment for the treatment which he had received on board the *Albemarle*

The self-constraint which Nelson exerted in subduing this attachment made him naturally desire to be at sea: and when, upon visiting Lord Howe at the Admiralty, he was asked if he wished to be employed, he made answer that he did Accordingly, in March, he was appointed to the *Boreas*, twenty-eight guns, going to the Leeward Islands, as a cruizer, on the peace establishment. Lady Hughes and her family went out with him to Admiral Sir Richard Hughes, who commanded on that station. His ship was full of young midshipmen, of whom there were not less than thirty on board: and happy were they whose lot it was to be placed with such a captain. If he perceived that a boy was afraid at first going aloft, he would say to him, in a friendly manner, "Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast-head, and beg that I may meet you there." The poor little fellow instantly began to climb, and got up how he could—Nelson never noticed in what manner, but, when they met in the top, spoke cheerfully to him, and would say how much any person was to be pitied who fancied that getting up was either dangerous or difficult. Every day he went into the school-room, to see that they were pursuing their nautical

studies; and at noon he was always the first on deck with his quadrant. Whenever he paid a visit of ceremony, some of these youths accompanied him; and when he went to dine with the governor at Barbadoes, he took one of them in his hand, and presented him, saying, "Your excellency must excuse me for bringing one of my midshipmen I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to, besides myself, during the time they are at sea."

When Nelson arrived in the West Indies, he found himself senior captain, and consequently second in command on that station. Satisfactory as this was, it soon involved him in a dispute with the admiral, which a man less zealous for the service might have avoided. He found the *Latona* in English Harbour, Antigua, with a broad pendant hoisted; and, upon inquiring the reason, was presented with a written order from Sir R Hughes, requiring and directing him to obey the orders of resident commissioner Moutray, during the time he might have occasion to remain there; the said resident commissioner being, in consequence, authorised to hoist a broad pendant on board any of his Majesty's ships in that port that he might think proper. Nelson was never at a loss how to act in any emergency. "I know of no superior officers," said he, "besides the lords commissioners of the Admiralty, and my seniors on the post list." Concluding, therefore, that it was not consistent with the service for a resident commissioner, who held only a civil situation, to hoist a broad pendant, the moment that he had anchored he sent an order to the captain of the *Latona* to strike it, and return it to the dockyard. He went on shore the same day, dined with the commissioner, to show him that he was actuated by no other motive than a sense of duty, and gave him the first intelligence that his pendant had been struck. Sir Richard sent an account of this to the Admiralty; but the case could admit of no doubt, and Captain Nelson's conduct was approved

He displayed the same promptitude on another occa-

sion. While the *Boreas*, after the hurricane-months were over, was riding at anchor in Nevis Roads, a French frigate passed to leeward, close along shore. Nelson had obtained information that this ship was sent from Martinico, with two general officers and some engineers on board, to make a survey of our sugar-islands. This purpose he was determined to prevent them from executing, and therefore he gave orders to follow them. The next day he came up with them at anchor in the roads of St. Eustatia, and anchored at about two cables' length on the frigate's quarter. Being afterwards invited by the Dutch governor to meet the French officers at dinner, he seized that occasion of assuring the French captain, that understanding it was his intention to honour the British possessions with a visit, he had taken the earliest opportunity in his power to accompany him, in his Majesty's ship the *Boreas*, in order that such attention might be paid to the officers of his Most Christian Majesty as every Englishman in the islands would be proud to show. The French, with equal courtesy, protested against giving him this trouble; especially, they said, as they intended merely to cruise round the islands, without landing on any. But Nelson, with the utmost politeness, insisted upon paying them this compliment: followed them close, in spite of all their attempts to elude his vigilance, and never lost sight of them; till, finding it impossible either to deceive or escape him, they gave up their treacherous purpose in despair, and beat up for Martinico.

A business of more serious import soon engaged his attention. The Americans were at this time trading with our islands, taking advantage of the register of their ships, which had been issued while they were British subjects. Nelson knew that, by the Navigation Act, no foreigners, directly or indirectly, are permitted to carry on any trade with these possessions: he knew, also, that the Americans had made themselves foreigners with regard to England; they had broken the ties of blood and language,

and acquired the independence which they had been provoked to claim, unhappily for themselves, before they were fit for it; and he was resolved that they should derive no profit from those ties. Foreigners they had made themselves, and as foreigners they were to be treated. "If once," said he, "they are admitted to any kind of intercourse with our islands, the views of the loyalists, in settling at Nova Scotia, are entirely done away; and when we are again embroiled in a French war, the Americans will first become the carriers of these colonies, and then have possession of them. Here they come, sell their cargoes for ready money, go to Martinico, buy molasses, and so round and round. The loyalists cannot do this, and consequently must sell a little dearer. The residents here are Americans by connexion and by interest, and are inimical to Great Britain. They are as great rebels as ever were in America, had they the power to show it." In November, the squadron, having arrived at Barbadoes, was to separate, with no other orders than those for examining anchorages, and the usual inquiries concerning wood and water. Nelson asked his friend Collingwood, then captain of the *Mediator*, whose opinions he knew upon the subject, to accompany him to the commander-in-chief, whom he then respectfully asked, whether they were not to attend to the commerce of the country, and see that the Navigation Act was respected—that appearing to him to be the intent of keeping men-of-war upon this station in time of peace. Sir Richard Hughes replied, he had no particular orders, neither had the Admiralty sent him any Acts of Parliament. But Nelson made answer, that the Navigation Act was included in the statutes of the Admiralty, with which every captain was furnished, and that Act was directed to admirals, captains, &c., to see it carried into execution. Sir Richard said he had never seen the book. Upon this Nelson produced the statutes, read the words of the Act, and apparently convinced the commander-in-chief that men-of-war, as he said, "were sent abroad for

some other purpose than to be made a show of." Accordingly, orders were given to enforce the Navigation Act.

General Sir Thomas Shirley was at this time governor of the Leeward Islands; and when Nelson waited on him to inform him how he intended to act, and upon what grounds, he replied that "old generals were not in the habit of taking advice from young gentlemen." "Sir," said the young officer, with that confidence in himself which never carried him too far, and always was equal to the occasion, "I am as old as the prime minister of England, and think myself as capable of commanding one of his Majesty's ships as that minister is of governing the State." He was resolved to do his duty, whatever might be the opinion or conduct of others; and when he arrived upon his station at St. Kitt's, he sent away all the Americans, not choosing to seize them before they had been well apprised that the Act would be carried into effect, lest it might seem as if a trap had been laid for them. The Americans, though they prudently decamped from St. Kitt's, were emboldened by the support they met with, and resolved to resist his orders, alleging that king's ships had no legal power to seize them without having deputations from the customs. The planters were to a man against him; the governors and the presidents of the different islands, with only a single exception, gave him no support; and the admiral, afraid to act on either side, yet wishing to oblige the planters, sent him a note, advising him to be guided by the wishes of the president of the council. There was no danger in disregarding this, as it came unofficially and in the form of advice. But, scarcely a month after he had shown Sir Richard Hughes the law, and, as he supposed, satisfied him concerning it, he received an order from him, stating that he had now obtained good advice upon the point, and the Americans were not to be hindered from coming, and having free egress and regress, if the governor chose to permit them. An order to the same purport had been sent round to the different governors and presidents; and

General Shirley and others informed him, in an authoritative manner, that they chose to admit American ships, as the commander-in-chief had left the decision to them. These persons, in his own words, he soon "trimmed up and silenced;" but it was a more delicate business to deal with the admiral. "I must either," said he, "disobey my orders, or disobey Acts of Parliament. I determined upon the former, trusting to the uprightness of my intentions, and believing that my country would not let me be ruined for protecting her commerce." With this determination, he wrote to Sir Richard, appealed again to the plain, literal, unequivocal sense of the Navigation Act; and in respectful language told him, he felt it his duty to decline obeying these orders till he had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with him. Sir Richard's first feeling was that of anger, and he was about to supersede Nelson; but having mentioned the affair to his captain, that officer told him he believed all the squadron thought the orders illegal, and therefore did not know how far they were bound to obey them. It was impossible, therefore, to bring Nelson to a court-martial composed of men who agreed with him in opinion upon the point in dispute; and, luckily, though the admiral wanted vigour of mind to decide upon what was right, he was not obstinate in wrong, and had even generosity enough in his nature to thank Nelson afterwards for having shown him his error.

Collingwood, in the *Mediator*, and his brother, Wilfred Collingwood, in the *Rattler*, actively co-operated with Nelson. The custom-houses were informed that, after a certain day, all foreign vessels found in the ports would be seized; and many were, in consequence, seized, and condemned in the Admiralty Court. When the *Boreas* arrived at Nevis, she found four American vessels deeply laden, and with what are called the island-colours flying—white with a red cross. They were ordered to hoist their proper flag, and depart within eight-and-forty hours; but they refused to obey, denying that they were Ame-

ricans. Some of their crews were then examined in Nelson's cabin, where the judge of the Admiralty happened to be present. The case was plain; they confessed that they were Americans, and that the ships, hull and cargo, were wholly American property; upon which he seized them. This raised a storm. The planters, the custom-house, and the governor were all against him. Subscriptions were opened, and presently filled, for the purpose of carrying on the cause in behalf of the American captains; and the admiral, whose flag was at that time in the roads, stood neutral. But the Americans and their abettors were not content with defensive law. The marines, whom he had sent to secure the ships, had prevented some of the masters from going ashore; and those persons, by whose dispositions it appeared that the vessels and cargoes were American property, declared that they had given their testimony under bodily fear, for that a man with a drawn sword in his hand had stood over them the whole time. A rascally lawyer, whom the party employed, suggested this story; and, as the sentry at the cabin-door was a man with a drawn sword, the Americans made no scruple of swearing to this ridiculous falsehood, and commencing prosecutions against him accordingly. They laid their damages at the enormous amount of £40,000; and Nelson was obliged to keep close on board his own ship, lest he should be arrested for a sum for which it would have been impossible to find bail. The marshal frequently came on board to arrest him, but was always prevented by the address of the first lieutenant, Mr. Wallis. Had he been taken, such was the temper of the people, that it was certain he would have been cast for the whole sum. One of his officers, one day, in speaking of the restraint which he was thus compelled to suffer, happened to use the word pity. "Pity!" exclaimed Nelson: "Pity! did you say? I shall live, sir, to be envied! and to that point I shall always direct my course." Eight weeks he remained under this state of duresse. During that time the trial respecting these detained ships came on in the Court of

Admiralty. He went on shore under a protection for the day from the judge; but, notwithstanding this, the marshal was called upon to take that opportunity of arresting him, and the merchants promised to indemnify him for so doing. The judge, however, did his duty, and threatened to send the marshal to prison if he attempted to violate the protection of the court. Mr. Herbert, the president of Nevis, behaved with singular generosity upon this occasion. Though no man was a greater sufferer by the measures which Nelson had pursued, he offered in court to become his bail for £10,000, if he chose to suffer the arrest. The lawyer whom he had chosen proved to be able as well as an honest man; and, notwithstanding the opinions and pleadings of most of the council of the different islands, who maintained that ships of war were not justified in seizing American vessels without a deputation from the customs, the law was so explicit, the case so clear, and Nelson pleaded his own cause so well, that the four ships were condemned. During the progress of this business, he sent a memorial home to the King; in consequence of which, orders were issued that he should be defended at at the expense of the Crown. And upon the representations which he made at the same time to the Secretary of State, and the suggestions with which he accompanied it, the Register Act was framed. The sanction of Government, and the approbation of his conduct which it implied, were highly gratifying to him; but he was offended, and not without just cause, that the Treasury should have transmitted thanks to the commander-in-chief, for his activity and zeal in protecting the commerce of Great Britain. "Had they known all," said he, "I do not think they would have bestowed thanks in that quarter and neglected me. I feel much hurt that, after the loss of health and risk of fortune, another should be thanked for what I did against his orders. I either deserved to be sent out of the service, or, at least, to have had some little notice taken of what I had done. They have thought it worthy of notice, and yet have neglected me. If this is the

reward for a faithful discharge of my duty, I shall be careful, and never stand forward again. But I have done my duty, and have nothing to accuse myself of."

The anxiety which he had suffered from the harassing uncertainties of law is apparent from these expressions. He had, however, something to console him; for he was at this time wooing the niece of his friend the president, then in her eighteenth year, the widow of Dr. Nisbet, a physician. She had one child, a son, by name Josiah, who was three years old. One day, Mr. Herbert, who had hastened, half dressed, to receive Nelson, exclaimed, on returning to his dressing-room, "Good God! if I did not find that great little man, of whom everybody is so afraid, playing in the next room, under the dining-table, with Mrs. Nisbet's child!" A few days afterwards, Mrs. Nisbet herself was first introduced to him, and thanked him for the partiality which he had shown to her little boy. Her manners were mild and winning; and the captain, whose heart was easily susceptible of attachment, found no such imperious necessity for subduing his inclinations as had twice before withheld him from marrying. They were married on March 11, 1787; Prince William Henry, who had come out to the West Indies the preceding winter, being present, by his own desire, to give away the bride. Mr. Herbert, her uncle, was at this time so much displeased with his only daughter, that he had resolved to disinherit her, and leave his whole fortune, which was very great, to his niece. But Nelson, whose nature was too noble to let him profit by an act of injustice, interfered, and succeeded in reconciling the president to his child.

"Yesterday," said one of his naval friends, the day after the wedding, "the navy lost one of its greatest ornaments, by Nelson's marriage. It is a national loss that such an officer should marry: had it not been for this, Nelson would have become the greatest man in the service." The man was rightly estimated; but he who delivered

this opinion did not understand the effect of domestic love and duty upon a mind of the true heroic stamp.

"We are often separate," said Nelson, in a letter to Mrs. Nisbet, a few months before their marriage, "but our affections are not by any means on that account diminished. Our country has the first demand for our services; and private convenience or happiness must ever give way to the public good. Duty is the great business of a sea-officer: all private considerations must give way to it, however painful." "Have you not often heard," says he in another letter, "that salt water and absence always wash away love? Now, I am such a heretic as not to believe that article; for, behold, every morning I have had six pails of salt water poured upon my head, and instead of finding what seamen say to be true, it goes on so contrary to the prescription, that you must perhaps see me before the fixed time." More frequently his correspondence breathed a deeper strain. "To write letters to you," says he, "is the next greatest pleasure I feel to receiving them from you. What I experience when I read such as I am sure are the pure sentiments of your heart, my poor pen cannot express; nor, indeed, would I give much for any pen or head which could express feelings of that kind. Absent from you, I feel no pleasure: it is you who are everything to me. Without you, I care not for this world; for I have found lately nothing in it but vexation and trouble. These are my present sentiments. God Almighty grant they may never change! Nor do I think they will. Indeed, there is, as far as human knowledge can judge, a moral certainty that they cannot; for it must be real affection that brings us together, not interest or compulsion." Such were the feelings, and such the sense of duty, with which Nelson became a husband.

During his stay upon this station, he had ample opportunity of observing the scandalous practices of the contractors, prize-agents, and other persons in the West Indies connected with the naval service. When he was

first left with the command, and bills were brought him to sign for money which was owing for goods purchased for the navy, he required the original voucher, that he might examine whether those goods had been really purchased at the market-price; but to produce vouchers would not have been convenient, and therefore was not the custom. Upon this Nelson wrote to Sir Charles Middleton, then comptroller of the navy, representing the abuses which were likely to be practised in this manner. The answer which he received seemed to imply that the old forms were thought sufficient; and thus having no alternative, he was compelled, with his eyes open, to submit to a practice originating in fraudulent intentions. Soon afterwards, two Antigua merchants informed him that they were privy to great frauds which had been committed upon Government in various departments—at Antigua, to the amount of nearly £500,000; at Lucie, £300,000; at Barbadoes, £250,000; at Jamaica, upwards of a million. The informers were both shrewd, sensible men of business; they did not affect to be actuated by a sense of justice, but required a per-centage upon so much as Government should actually recover through their means. Nelson examined the books and papers which they produced, and was convinced that Government had been most infamously plundered. Vouchers, he found, in that country, were no check whatever; the principle was, that "a thing was always worth what it would bring:" and the merchants were in the habit of signing vouchers for each other, without even the appearance of looking at the articles. These accounts he sent home to the different departments which had been defrauded; but the peculators were too powerful; and they succeeded not merely in impeding inquiry, but even in raising prejudices against Nelson at the Board of Admiralty, which it was many years before he could subdue.

Owing, probably, to these prejudices, and the influence of the peculators, he was treated, on his return to England, in a manner which had nearly driven him from the

service. During the three years that the *Boreas* had remained upon a station which is usually so fatal, not a single officer or man of her whole complement had died. This almost unexampled instance of good health, though mostly, no doubt, imputable to a healthy season, must, in some measure, also, be ascribed to the wise conduct of the captain. He never suffered the ships to remain more than three or four at a time at any of the islands; and when the hurricane-months confined him to English Harbour, he encouraged all kinds of useful amusements; music, dancing, and cudgelling among the men; theatricals among the officers; anything which could employ their attention, and keep their spirits cheerful.

The *Boreas* arrived in England in June. Nelson, who had many times been supposed to be consumptive when in the West Indies, and perhaps was saved from consumption by that climate, was still in a precarious state of health; and the raw, wet weather of one of our ungenial summers brought on cold, and sore-throat, and fever; yet his vessel was kept at the Nore from the end of June till the end of November, serving as a slop and receiving ship. This unworthy treatment, which more probably proceeded from intention than from neglect, excited in Nelson the strongest indignation. During the whole five months he seldom or never quitted the ship, but carried on the duty with strict and sullen attention. On the morning when orders were received to prepare the *Boreas* for being paid off, he expressed his joy to the senior officer in the Medway, saying, "It will release me for ever from an ungrateful service, for it is my firm and unalterable determination never again to set my foot on board a king's ship. Immediately after my arrival in town, I shall wait on the First Lord of the Admiralty, and resign my commission." The officer to whom he thus communicated his intentions behaved in the wisest and most friendly manner; for, finding it in vain to dissuade him in his present state of feeling, he secretly interfered with the First Lord to save him from a step so injurious to

himself, little foreseeing how deeply the welfare and honour of England were at that moment at stake. This interference produced a letter from Lord Howe, the day before the ship was paid off, intimating a wish to see Captain Nelson as soon as he arrived in town; when, being pleased with his conversation, and perfectly convinced, by what was then explained to him, of the propriety of his conduct, he desired that he might present him to the King on the first levee day; and the gracious manner in which Nelson was then received effectually removed his resentment.

Prejudices had been, in like manner, excited against his friend, Prince William Henry. "Nothing is wanting, sir," said Nelson in one of his letters, "to make you the darling of the English nation, but truth. Sorry I am to say, much to the contrary has been dispersed." This was not flattery; for Nelson was no flatterer. The letter in which this passage occurs shows in how wise and noble a manner he dealt with the Prince. One of his Royal Highness's officers had applied for a court-martial upon a point in which he was unquestionably wrong. His Royal Highness, however, while he supported his own character and authority, prevented the trial, which must have been injurious to a brave and deserving man. "Now that you are parted," said Nelson, "pardon me, my prince, when I presume to recommend that he may stand in your royal favour as if he had never sailed with you, and that at some future day you will serve him. There only wants this to place your conduct in the highest point of view. None of us are without failings; his was being rather too hasty; but that, put in competition with his being a good officer, will not, I am bold to say, be taken in the scale against him. More able friends than myself your Royal Highness may easily find, and of more consequence in the State; but one more attached and affectionate is not so easily met with. Princes seldom, very seldom, find a disinterested person to communicate their thoughts to. I do not pretend to be

that person; but of this be assured by a man who, I trust, never did a dishonourable act, that I am interested only that your Royal Highness should be the greatest and best man this country ever produced."

Encouraged by the conduct of Lord Howe, and by his reception at court, Nelson renewed his attack upon the peculators with fresh spirit. He had interviews with Mr. Rose, Mr. Pitt, and Sir Charles Middleton; to all of whom he satisfactorily proved his charges. In consequence, it is said, these very extensive public frauds were at length put in a proper train to be provided against in future; his representations were attended to, and every step which he recommended was adopted. The investigation was put into a proper course, which ended in the detection and punishment of some of the culprits. An immense saving was made to Government, and thus its attention was directed to similar peculation in other parts of the colonies. But it is said also, that no mark of commendation seems to have been bestowed upon Nelson for his exertion. And it is justly remarked,* that the spirit of the navy cannot be preserved so effectually by the liberal honours bestowed on officers when they are worn out in the service, as by an attention to those who, like Nelson at this part of his life, have only their integrity and zeal to bring them into notice. A junior officer, who had been left with the command at Jamaica, received an additional allowance, for which Nelson had applied in vain. Double pay was allowed to every artificer and seaman employed in the naval yard: Nelson had superintended the whole business of that yard with the most rigid exactness, and he complained that he was neglected. "It was most true," he said, "that the trouble which he took to detect the fraudulent practices then carried on was no more than his duty; but he little thought that the expenses attending his frequent journeys to St. John's upon that duty (a distance of twelve miles), would have fallen upon his pay as captain of the *Boreas*."

* Clarke and M'Arthur, vol. i., p. 107.

Nevertheless, the sense of what he thought unworthy usage did not diminish his zeal. "I," said he, "must still buffet the waves in search of—What? Alas! that they called honour is now thought of no more. My fortune, God knows, has grown worse for the service: so much for serving my country. But the devil, ever willing to tempt the virtuous, has made me offer, if any ships should be sent to destroy his Majesty of Morocco's ports, to be there; and I have some reason to think that, should any more come of it, my humble services will be accepted." I have invariably laid down, and followed close, a plan of what ought to be uppermost in the breast of an officer—that it is much better to serve an ungrateful country than to give up his own fame. Posterity will do him justice. An uniform course of honour and integrity seldom fails of bringing a man to the goal of fame at last."

The design against the Barbary pirates, like all other designs against them, was laid aside; and Nelson took his wife to his father's parsonage, meaning only to pay him a visit before they went to France; a project which he had formed for the sake of acquiring a competent knowledge of the French language. But his father could not bear to lose him thus unnecessarily. Mr. Nelson had long been an invalid, suffering under paralytic and asthmatic affections, which, for several hours after he rose in the morning, scarcely permitted him to speak. He had been given over by his physicians for this complaint nearly forty years before his death, and was, for many of his last years, obliged to spend all his winters at Bath. The sight of his son, he declared, had given him new life. "But, Horatio," said he, "it would have been better that I had not been thus cheered, if I am so soon to be bereaved of you again. Let me, my good son, see you whilst I can. My age and infirmities increase, and I shall not last long." To such an appeal there could be no reply. Nelson took up his abode at the parsonage, and amused himself with the sports and occupations of

the country. Sometimes he busied himself with farming the glebe; sometimes spent the greater part of the day in the garden, where he would dig as if for the mere pleasure of wearying himself. Sometimes he went a-birdsnesting, like a boy; and in these expeditions Mrs. Nelson always, by his express desire, accompanied him. Coursing was his favourite amusement. Shooting, as he practised it, was far too dangerous for his companions; for he carried his gun upon the full cock, as if he were going to board an enemy, and the moment a bird rose, he let fly, without ever putting the fowling-piece to his shoulder. It is not, therefore, extraordinary, that his having once shot a partridge should be remembered by his family among the remarkable events of his life.

But his time did not pass away thus without some vexatious cares to ruffle it. The affair of the American ships was not yet over, and he was again pestered with threats of prosecution. "I have written them word," said he, "that I will have nothing to do with them, and they must act as they think proper. Government, I suppose, will do what is right, and not leave me in the lurch. We have heard enough lately of the consequence of the Navigation Act to this country. They may take my person; but if sixpence would save me from a prosecution, I would not give it." It was his great ambition at this time to possess a pony; and having resolved to purchase one, he went to a fair for that purpose. During his absence, two men abruptly entered the parsonage, and inquired for him. They then asked for Mrs. Nelson; and after they had made her repeatedly declare that she was really and truly the captain's wife, presented her with a writ, or notification on the part of the American captains, who now laid their damages at £20,000, and they charged her to give it to her husband on his return. Nelson having bought his pony, came home with it in high spirits. He called out his wife to admire the purchase and listen to all its excellences; nor was it till his glee had in some measure subsided

that the paper could be presented to him. His indignation was excessive; and, in the apprehension that he should be exposed to the anxieties of the suit, and the ruinous consequences which might ensue, he exclaimed, "This affront I did not deserve. But I'll be trifled with no longer. I will write immediately to the Treasury; and if Government will not support me, I am resolved to leave the country!" Accordingly, he informed the Treasury, that if a satisfactory answer were not sent him by return of post, he should take refuge in France. To this he expected he should be driven, and for this he arranged everything with his characteristic rapidity of decision. It was settled that he should depart immediately, and Mrs. Nelson follow under the care of his elder brother, Maurice, ten days after him. But the answer which he received from Government quieted his fears: it stated that Captain Nelson was a very good officer, and needed to be under no apprehension, for he would assuredly be supported.

Here his disquietude upon this subject seems to have ended. Still he was not at ease; he wanted employment, and was mortified that his applications for it produced no effect. "Not being a man of fortune," he said, "was a crime which he was unable to get over, and therefore none of the great cared about him." Repeatedly he requested the Admiralty that they would not leave him to rust in indolence. During the armament which was made upon occasion of the dispute concerning Nootka Sound, he renewed his application; and his steady friend, Prince William, who had then been created Duke of Clarence, recommended him to Lord Chatham. The failure of this recommendation wounded him so keenly, that he again thought of retiring from the service in disgust—a resolution from which nothing but the urgent remonstrances of Lord Hood induced him to desist. Hearing that the *Raisonnable*, in which he had commenced his career, was to be commissioned, he asked for her. This also was in vain; and a coolness ensued on

his part toward Lord Hood, because that excellent officer did not use his influence with Lord Chatham upon this occasion. Lord Hood, however, had certainly sufficient reasons for not interfering; for he ever continued his steady friend. In the winter of 1792, when we were on the eve of the revolutionary war, Nelson once more offered his services, earnestly requested a ship, and added, that if their lordships should be pleased to appoint him to a cockle-boat, he should feel satisfied. He was answered in the usual official form: "Sir, I have received your letter of the 5th instant, expressing your readiness to serve, and have read the same to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty." On the 12th of December he received this dry acknowledgment. The fresh mortification did not, however, affect him long; for, by the joint interest of the Duke and Lord Hood, he was appointed, on the 30th of January following, to the *Agamemnon*, of sixty-four guns.

CHAPTER III.

The *Agamemnon* sent to the Mediterranean—Commencement of Nelson's acquaintance with Sir W. Hamilton—He is sent to Corsica, to co-operate with Paoli—State of Affairs in that Island. Nelson undertakes the Siege of Bastia, and reduces it—Takes a Distinguished Part in the Siege of Calvi, where he loses an Eye—Admiral Hotham's Action—The *Agamemnon* ordered to Genoa, to co-operate with the Austrian and Sardinian Forces—Gross Misconduct of the Austrian General.

"THERE are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen, "which you are constantly to bear in mind. First, you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king; and, thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil." With these feelings he engaged in the war. Josiah, his son-in-law, went with him, as a midshipman.

The *Agamemnon* was ordered to the Mediterranean, under Lord Hood. The fleet arrived in those seas at a time when the South of France would willingly have formed itself into a separate republic, under the protection of England. But good principles had been at that time perilously abused by ignorant and profligate men, and, in its fear and hatred of democracy, the English Government abhorred whatever was republican. Lord Hood could not take advantage of the fair occasion which presented itself, and which, if it had been seized with vigour, might have ended in dividing France; but he negotiated with the people of Toulon, to take possession provisionally of their port and city, which, fatally for themselves, was done. Before the British fleet entered, Nelson was sent with despatches to Sir William Hamilton, our envoy at the court of Naples. Sir William, after his first interview with him, told Lady Hamilton he was about to introduce a little man to her, who could not boast of being very handsome, but such a man as, he believed, would one day astonish the world. "I have never before," he continued, "entertained an officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus." Thus that acquaintance began which ended in the destruction of Nelson's domestic happiness. It seemed to threaten no such consequences at its commencement. He spoke of Lady Hamilton, in a letter to his wife, as a young woman of amiable manners, who did honour to the station to which she had been raised; and he remarked that she had been exceedingly kind to Josiah. The activity with which the envoy exerted himself in procuring troops from Naples to assist in garrisoning Toulon so delighted him that he is said to have exclaimed, "Sir William, you are a man after my own heart! you do business in my own way;" and then to have added, "I am now only a captain, but I will, if I live, be at the top of the tree." Here, also, that acquaintance with the Neapolitan Court commenced, which led to the only blot upon Nelson's public

character. The King, who was sincere at time in his enmity to the French, called the English the saviours of Italy, and of his dominions in particular. He paid the most flattering attentions to Nelson, made him dine with him, and seated him at his right hand.

Having accomplished this mission, Nelson received orders to join Commodore Linzee, at Tunis. On the way, five sail of the enemy were discovered off the coast of Sardinia, and he chased them. They proved to be three 44-gun frigates, with a corvette of 24 and a brig of 12. The *Agamemnon* had only 345 men at quarters, having landed part of her crew at Toulon, and others being absent in prizes. He came near enough one of the frigates to engage her, but at great disadvantage, the Frenchman manœuvring well, and sailing greatly better. A running fight of three hours ensued, during which the other ships, which were at some distance, made all speed to come up. By this time the enemy was almost silenced, when a favourable change of wind enabled her to get out of the reach of the *Agamemnon's* guns; and that ship had received so much damage in the rigging that she could not follow her. Nelson, conceiving that this was but the forerunner of a far more serious engagement, called his officers together, and asked them if the ship was fit to go into action against such a superior force, without some small refit and refreshment for the men? Their answer was, that she certainly was not. He then gave these orders.—"Veer the ship, and lay her head to the westward; let some of the best men be employed in refitting the rigging, and the carpenter getting crows and capstan-bars to prevent our wounded spars from coming down; and get the wine up for the people, with some bread, for it may be half an hour good before we are again in action." But when the French came up, their comrade made signals of distress, and they all hoisted out their boats to go to her assistance, leaving the *Agamemnon* unmolested.

Nelson found Commodore Linzee at Tunis, where he

had been sent to expostulate with the Dey upon the impolicy of his supporting the revolutionary Government of France. Nelson represented to him the atrocity of that Government. Such arguments were of little avail in Barbary; and when the Dey was told that the French had put their sovereign to death, he drily replied, that "nothing could be more heinous; and yet, if historians told the truth, the English had once done the same." This answer had doubtless been suggested by the French about him: they had completely gained the ascendancy, and all negotiations on our part proved fruitless. Shortly afterwards, Nelson was detached with a small squadron to co-operate with General Paoli and the Anti-Gallican party in Corsica.

Some thirty years before this time, the heroic patriotism of the Corsicans, and of their leader Paoli, had been the admiration of England. The history of these brave people is but a melancholy tale. The island which they inhabit has been abundantly blessed by nature: it has many excellent harbours; and though the *malaria*, or pestilential atmosphere, which is so deadly in many parts of Italy, and of the Italian islands, prevails on the eastern coast, the greater part of the country is mountainous and healthy. It is about 150 miles long, and from forty to fifty broad; in circumference, some 320: a country large enough, and sufficiently distant from the nearest shores, to have subsisted as an independent State, if the welfare and happiness of the human race had ever been considered as the end and aim of policy. The Moors, the Pisans, the Kings of Arragon, and the Genoese, successively attempted, and each for a time effected its conquest. The yoke of the Genoese continued longest, and was the heaviest. These petty tyrants ruled with an iron rod; and when at any time a patriot rose to resist their oppressions, if they failed to subdue him by force, they resorted to assassination. At the commencement of the last century, they quelled one revolt by the aid of German auxiliaries, whom the Emperor Charles VI. sent against a people

who had never offended him, and who were fighting for whatever is most dear to man. In 1734, the war was renewed; and Theodore, a Westphalian baron, then appeared upon the stage. In that age, men were not accustomed to see adventurers play for kingdoms, and Theodore became the common talk of Europe. He had served in the French armies; and having afterwards been noticed both by Ripperda and Alberoni, their example perhaps inflamed a spirit as ambitious and as unprincipled as their own. He employed the whole of his means in raising money and procuring arms; then wrote to the leaders of the Corsican patriots, to offer them considerable assistance, if they would erect Corsica into an independent kingdom, and elect him king. When he landed among them, they were struck with his stately person, his dignified manners, and imposing talents: they believed the magnificent promises of foreign assistance which he held out, and elected him king accordingly. Had his means been as he represented them, they could not have acted more wisely than in thus at once fixing the government of their country, and putting an end to those rivalries among the leading families which had so often proved pernicious to the public weal. He struck money, conferred titles, blocked up the fortified towns which were held by the Genoese, and amused the people with promises of assistance for about eight months; then perceiving that they cooled in their affections toward him in proportion as their expectations were disappointed, he left the island, under the plea of expediting himself the succours which he had so long awaited.* Such was his address, that he prevailed upon several rich merchants in Holland, particularly the Jews, to trust him with cannon and warlike stores to a great amount. They shipped these under the charge of a supercargo. Theodore returned with this supercargo to Corsica, and put him to death on his arrival, as the shortest way of settling the account. The remainder of his life was a series of deserved afflictions. He threw in the stores which he had thus fraudulently obtained,

out he did not dare to land, for Genoa had now called in the French to their assistance, and a price had been set upon his head. His dreams of royalty were now at an end . he took refuge in London, contracted debts, and was thrown into the King's Bench. After lingering there many years, he was released under an act of insolvency ; in consequence of which, he made over the kingdom of Corsica for the use of his creditors, and died shortly after his deliverance.

The French, who have never acted a generous part in the history of the world, readily entered into the views of the Genoese, which accorded with their own policy ; for such was their ascendancy at Genoa that, in subduing Corsica for their allies, they were in fact subduing it for themselves. They entered into the contest, therefore, with their usual vigour and their usual cruelty. It was in vain that the Corsicans addressed a most affecting memorial to the Court of Versailles , that remorseless Government persisted in its flagitious project. They poured in troops , dressed a part of them like the people of the country, by which means they deceived and destroyed many of the patriots ; cut down the standing corn, the vines. and the olives ; set fire to the villages, and hung all the most able and active men who fell into their hands A war of this kind may be carried on with success against a country so small and so thinly peopled as Corsica. Having reduced the island to perfect servitude, which they called peace, the French withdrew their forces. As soon as they were gone, men, women, and boys rose at once against their oppressors. The circumstances of the times were now favourable to them ; and some British ships, acting as allies of Sardinia, bombarded Bastia and St Fiorenzo, and delivered them into the hands of the patriots. This service was long remembered with gratitude. The impression made upon our own countrymen was less favourable. They had witnessed the heart-burning of rival chiefs, and the dissensions among the patriots ; and perceiving the state of bar-

barism to which continual oppression and habits of lawless turbulence had reduced the nation did not recollect that the vices of the people were owing to their unhappy circumstances, but that the virtues which they displayed arose from their own nature. This feeling, perhaps, influenced the British Court, when, in 1746, Corsica offered to put herself under the protection of Great Britain. An answer was returned expressing satisfaction at such a communication, hoping that the Corsicans would preserve the same sentiments, but signifying also that the present was not the time for such a measure.

These brave islanders then formed a government for themselves, under two leaders, Gaffori and Matra, who had the title of protectors. The latter is represented as a partisan of Genoa, favouring the views of the oppressors of his country by the most treasonable means. Gaffori was a hero worthy of old times. His eloquence was long remembered with admiration. A band of assassins was once advancing against him; he heard of their approach, went out to meet them, and, with a serene dignity which overawed them, requested them to hear him. He then spoke to them so forcibly of the distresses of their country, her intolerable wrongs, and the hopes and views of their brethren in arms, that the very men who had been hired to murder him fell at his feet, implored his forgiveness, and joined his banner. While he was besieging the Genoese in Corte, a part of the garrison perceiving the nurse with his eldest son, then an infant in arms, straying at a little distance from the camp, suddenly sallied out and seized them. The use they made of their persons was in conformity to their usual execrable conduct. When Gaffori advanced to batter the walls, they held up the child directly over that part of the wall at which the guns were pointed. The Corsicans stopped, but Gaffori stood at their head, and ordered them to continue the fire. Providentially, the child escaped, and lived to relate, with becoming feeling, a fact so honourable to his father. That father conducted the affairs of the island till 1753,

when he was assassinated by some wretches, set on, it is believed, by Genoa, but certainly pensioned by that abominable Government after the deed. He left the country in such a state that it was enabled to continue the war two years after his death without a leader; then they found one worthy of their cause in Pasquale de Paoli.

Paoli's father was one of the patriots who effected their escape from Corsica when the French reduced it to obedience. He retired to Naples, and brought up this his youngest son in the Neapolitan service. The Corsicans heard of young Paoli's abilities, and solicited him to come over to his native country, and take the command. He did not hesitate long; his father, who was too far advanced in years to take an active part himself, encouraged him to go; and when they separated, the old man fell on his neck, and kissed him, and gave him his blessing. "My son," said he, "perhaps I may never see you more; but in my mind I shall ever be present with you. Your design is great and noble, and I doubt not but God will bless you in it. I shall devote to your cause the little remainder of my life in offering up my prayers for your success." When Paoli assumed the command, he found all things in confusion: he formed a democratical government, of which he was chosen chief; restored the authority of the laws; established an university; and took such measures, both for repressing abuses and moulding the rising generation, that, if France had not interfered, upon its wicked and detestable principle of usurpation, Corsica might, at this day, have been as free, and flourishing, and happy a commonwealth as any of the Grecian States in the days of their prosperity. The Genoese were at this time driven out of their fortified towns, and must in a short time have been expelled. France was indebted some millions of livres to Genoa: it was not convenient to pay this money; so the French minister proposed to the Genoese that she should discharge the debt by sending six battalions to serve in Corsica for four years. The indignation which this conduct excited in all

generous hearts was forcibly expressed by Rousseau, who, with all his errors, was seldom deficient in feeling for the wrongs of humanity. "You Frenchmen," said he, writing to one of that people, "are a thoroughly servile nation, thoroughly sold to tyranny, thoroughly cruel, and relentless in persecuting the unhappy. If they knew of a freeman at the other end of the world, I believe they would go thither for the mere pleasure of extirpating him."

The immediate object of the French happened to be purely mercenary; they wanted to clear off their debt to Genoa; and as the presence of their troops in the island effected this, they aimed at doing the people no farther mischief. Would that the conduct of England had been at this time free from reproach! but a proclamation was issued by the English Government, after the peace of Paris, prohibiting any intercourse with the rebels of Corsica. Paoli said he did not expect this from Great Britain. This great man was deservedly proud of his country. "I defy Rome, Sparta, or Thebes," he would say, "to show me thirty years of such patriotism as Corsica can boast!" Availing himself of the respite which the inactivity of the French and the weakness of the Genoese allowed, he prosecuted his plans of civilising the people. He used to say, that though he had an unspeakable pride in the prospect of the fame to which he aspired, yet, if he could but render his countrymen happy, he could be content to be forgotten. His own importance he never affected to undervalue. "We are now to our country," said he, "like the prophet Elisha stretched over the dead child of the Shunamite—eye to eye, nose to nose, mouth to mouth. It begins to recover warmth, and to revive: I hope it will yet regain full health and vigour."

But when the four years were expired, France purchased the sovereignty of Corsica from the Genoese for forty millions of livres: as if the Genoese had been entitled to sell it; as if any bargain and sale could justify one country in taking possession of another against the will of the inhabitants, and butchering all who oppose the

usurpation! Among the enormities which France has committed, this action seems but as a speck; yet the foulest murderer that ever suffered by the hand of the executioner has infinitely less guilt upon his soul than the statesman who concluded this treaty, and the monarch who sanctioned and confirmed it. A desperate and glorious resistance was made; but it was in vain. No power interposed in behalf of these injured islanders, and the French poured in as many troops as were required. They offered to confirm Paoli in the supreme authority, only on condition that he would hold it under their Government. His answer was, that "the rocks which surrounded him should melt away before he would betray a cause which he held in common with the poorest Corsican." This people then set a price upon his head. During two campaigns he kept them at bay: they overpowered him at length; he was driven to the shore, and, having escaped on ship-board, took refuge in England. It is said that Lord Shelburne resigned his seat in the cabinet because the Ministry looked on without attempting to prevent France from succeeding in this abominable and important act of aggrandisement. In one respect, however, our country acted as became her. Paoli was welcomed with the honours which he deserved; a pension of £1200 was immediately granted him, and provision was liberally made for his elder brother and his nephew.

Above twenty years Paoli remained in England, enjoying the friendship of the wise and the admiration of the good. But when the French Revolution began, it seemed as if the restoration of Corsica was at hand. The whole country, as if animated by one spirit, rose and demanded liberty; and the national assembly passed a decree, recognising the island as a department of France, and therefore entitled to all the privileges of the new French constitution. This satisfied the Corsicans, which it ought not to have done; and Paoli, in whom the ardour of youth was past, seeing that his countrymen were contented, and believing that they were about to enjoy a state of freedom, naturally

wished to return to his native country. He resigned his pension in the year 1790, and appeared at the bar of the assembly with the Corsican deputies when they took the oath of fidelity to France. But the course of events in France soon dispelled those hopes of a new and better order of things, which Paoli, in common with so many of the friends of humankind, had indulged; and perceiving, after the execution of the king, that a civil war was about to ensue, of which no man could foresee the issue, he prepared to break the connexion between Corsica and the French republic. The Convention suspecting such a design, and perhaps occasioning it by their suspicions, ordered him to their bar. That way, he well knew, led to the guillotine; and, returning a respectful answer, he declared that he would never be found wanting in his duty, but pleaded age and infirmity as a reason for disobeying the summons. Their second order was more summary: and the French troops who were in Corsica, aided by those of the natives, who were either influenced by hereditary party-feelings, or who were sincere in jacobinism, took the field against him. But the people were with him. He repaired to Corte, the capital of the island, and was again invested with the authority which he had held in the noonday of his fame. The Convention upon this denounced him as a rebel, and set a price upon his head. It was not the first time that France had proscribed Paoli.

Paoli now opened a correspondence with Lord Hood, promising, if the English would make an attack upon St. Fiorenzo from the sea, he would at the same time attack it by land. This promise he was unable to perform; and Commodore Linzee, who, in reliance upon it, was sent upon this service, was repulsed with some loss. Lord Hood, who had now been compelled to evacuate Toulon, suspected Paoli of intentionally deceiving him. This was an injurious suspicion. Shortly afterwards, he despatched Lieutenant-Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Moore and Major Koehler to confer with him upon a plan of operations.

Sir Gilbert Elliott accompanied them; and it was agreed upon that, in consideration of the succours, both military and naval, which his Britannic Majesty should afford for the purpose of expelling the French, the island of Corsica should be delivered into the immediate possession of his Majesty, and bind itself to acquiesce in any settlement he might approve of concerning its government and its future relation with Great Britain. While this negotiation was going on, Nelson cruised off the island with a small squadron, to prevent the enemy from throwing in supplies. Close to St. Fiorenzo the French had a storehouse of flour, near their only mill: he watched an opportunity, and landed 120 men, who threw the flour into the sea, burnt the mill, and re-embarked before 1000 men, who were sent against him, could occasion them the loss of a single man. While he exerted himself thus, keeping out all supplies, intercepting despatches, attacking their outposts and forts, and cutting out vessels from the bay—a species of warfare which depresses the spirit of an enemy even more than it injures them, because of the sense of individual superiority which it indicates in the assailants—troops were landed, and St. Fiorenzo was besieged. The French, finding themselves unable to maintain that post, sunk one of their frigates, burnt another, and retreated to Bastia. Lord Hood submitted to General Dundas, who commanded the land-forces, a plan for the reduction of this place. The general declined co-operating, thinking the attempt impracticable, without a reinforcement of 2000 men, which he expected from Gibraltar. Upon this Lord Hood determined to reduce it with the naval force under his command, and leaving part of his fleet off Toulon, he came with the rest to Bastia.

He showed a proper sense of respect for Nelson's services, and of confidence in his talents, by taking care not to bring with him any older captain. A few days before their arrival, Nelson had had what he called a brush with the enemy. "If I had had with me five hundred troops,"

he said, "to a certainty I should have stormed the town; and I believe it might have been carried Armies go so slow, that seamen think they never mean to get forward; but I dare say they act on a surer principle, although we seldom fail" During this partial action, our army appeared upon the heights; and, having reconnoitred the place, returned to St. Fiorenzo. "What the general could have seen to make a retreat necessary," said Nelson, "I cannot comprehend. A thousand men would certainly take Bastia; with five hundred and *Agamemnon* I would attempt it. My seamen are now what British seamen ought to be—almost invincible. They really mind shot no more than peas" General Dundas had not the same confidence. "After mature consideration," said he in a letter to Lord Hood, "and a personal inspection for several days of all circumstances, local as well as others, I consider the siege of Bastia, with our present means and force, to be a most visionary and rash attempt, such as no officer would be justified in undertaking." Lord Hood replied, that nothing would be more gratifying to his feelings than to have the whole responsibility upon himself; and that he was ready and willing to undertake the reduction of the place at his own risk, with the force and means at present there. General d'Aubant, who succeeded at this time to the command of the army, coincided in opinion with his predecessor, and did not think it right to furnish his lordship with a single soldier, cannon, or any stores Lord Hood could only obtain a few artillerymen, and ordering on board that part of the troops, who, having been embarked as marines, were borne on the ships' books as part of their respective complements, he began the siege with 1,183 soldiers, artillerymen, and marines, and 250 sailors "We are but few," said Nelson, "but of the right sort, our general at St Fiorenzo not giving us one of the five regiments he has there lying idle."

These men were landed on the 4th of April, under Lieutenant-Colonel Villettes and Nelson, who had now

acquired from the army the title of brigadier. Guns were dragged by the sailors up heights where it appeared almost impossible to convey them; a work of the greatest difficulty, and which Nelson said could never, in his opinion, have been accomplished by any but British seamen. The soldiers, though less dexterous in such service, because not accustomed, like sailors, to habitual dexterity, behaved with equal spirit. "Their zeal," said the brigadier, "is almost unexampled. There is not a man but considers himself as personally interested in the event, and deserted by the general. It has, I am persuaded, made them equal to double their numbers." This is one proof of many that, for our soldiers to equal our seamen, it is only necessary for them to be equally well commanded. They have the same heart and soul, as well as the same flesh and blood. Too much may, indeed, be exacted from them in a retreat; but set their face towards a foe, and there is nothing within the reach of human achievement which they cannot perform. The French had improved the leisure which our military commander had allowed them, and before Lord Hood commenced his operations, he had the mortification of seeing that the enemy were every day erecting new works, strengthening old ones, and rendering the attempt more difficult. La Combe St. Michel, the commissioner from the National Convention, who was in the city, replied in these terms to the summons of the British admiral: "I have hot shot for your ships and bayonets for your troops. When two-thirds of our men are killed, I will then trust to the generosity of the English.' The siege, however, was not sustained with the firmness which such a reply seemed to augur. On the 19th of May a treaty of capitulation was begun: that same evening the troops from St. Fiorenzo made their appearance on the hills; and, on the following morning, General D'Aubant arrived with the whole army to take possession of Bastia.

The event of the siege had justified the confidence of the sailors; but they themselves excused the opinion of

the generals, when they saw what they had done. "I am all astonishment," said Nelson, "when I reflect on what we have achieved: 1000 regulars, 1500 national guards, and a large party of Corsican troops, 4000 in all, laying down their arms to 1200 soldiers, marines, and seamen! I always was of opinion, have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it, that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen. Had this been an English town, I am sure it would not have been taken by them." When it had been resolved to attack the place, the enemy were supposed to be far inferior in number; and it was not till the whole had been arranged, and the siege publicly undertaken, that Nelson received certain information of the great superiority of the garrison. This intelligence he kept secret, fearing lest, if so fair a pretext were afforded, the attempt would be abandoned. "My own honour," said he to his wife, "Lord Hood's honour, and the honour of our country, must have been sacrificed, had I mentioned what I knew; therefore you will believe what must have been my feelings during the whole siege, when I had often proposals made to me to write to Lord Hood to raise it." Those very persons who thus advised him were rewarded for their conduct at the siege of Bastia: Nelson, by whom it may truly be affirmed that Bastia was taken, received no reward. Lord Hood's thanks to him, both public and private, were, as he himself said, the handsomest which man could give: but his signal merits were not so mentioned in the despatches as to make them sufficiently known to the nation, nor to obtain for him from Government those honours to which they so amply entitled him. This could only have arisen from the haste in which the despatches were written; certainly not from any deliberate purpose, for Lord Hood was uniformly his steady and sincere friend.

One of the cartel's ships, which carried the garrison of Bastia to Toulon, brought back intelligence that the French were about to sail from that port; such exertions

had they made to repair the damage done at the evacuation, and to fit out a fleet. The intelligence was speedily verified. Lord Hood sailed in quest of them toward the islands of Hieres. The *Agamemnon* was with him. "I pray God," said Nelson, writing to his wife, "that we may meet their fleet. If any accident should happen to me, I am sure my conduct will be such as will entitle you to the royal favour—not that I have the least idea but I shall return to you, and full of honour; if not, the Lord's will be done. My name shall never be a disgrace to those who may belong to me. The little I have, I have given to you, except a small annuity. I wish it was more; but I have never got a farthing dishonestly—it descends from clean hands. Whatever fate awaits me, I pray God to bless you, and preserve you, for your son's sake." With a mind thus prepared, and thus confident, his hopes and wishes seemed on the point of being gratified, when the enemy were discovered close under the land, near St. Tropez. The wind fell, and prevented Lord Hood from getting between them and the shore, as he designed. Boats came out from Antibes, and other places, to their assistance, and towed them within the shoals in Gourjean roads, where they were protected by the batteries on isles St. Honore and St. Marguerite, and on Cape Garousse. Here the English admiral planned a new mode of attack, meaning to double on five of the nearest ships; but the wind again died away, and it was found that they had anchored in compact order, guarding the only passage for large ships. There was no way of effecting this passage, except by towing or warping the vessels; and this rendered the attempt impracticable. For this time the enemy escaped; but Nelson bore in mind the admirable plan of attack which Lord Hood had devised, and there came a day when they felt its tremendous effects.

The *Agamemnon* was now despatched to co-operate at the siege of Calvi with General Sir Charles Stuart, an officer who, unfortunately for his country, never had an adequate

field allotted him for the display of those eminent talents which were, to all who knew him, so conspicuous.* Nelson had less responsibility here than at Bastia, and was acting with a man after his own heart, who was never sparing of himself, and slept every night in the advanced battery. But the service was not less hard than that of the former siege. "We will fag ourselves to death," said he to Lord Hood, "before any blame shall lie at our doors. I trust it will not be forgotten that twenty-five pieces of heavy ordnance have been dragged to the different batteries, mounted, and, all but three, fought by seamen, except one artillery-man to point the guns." The climate proved more destructive than the service; for this was during the lion-sun, as they there call our season of the dog-days. Of 2000 men, above half were sick, and the rest like so many phantoms. Nelson described himself as the reed among the oaks, bowing before the storm when they were laid low by it. "All the prevailing disorders have attacked me," said he, "but I have not strength enough for them to fasten on." The loss from the enemy was not great, but Nelson received a serious injury: a shot struck the ground near him, and drove the sand and small gravel into one of his eyes. He spoke of it slightly at the time. Writing the same day to Lord Hood, he only said that he got a little hurt that morning, not much; and the next day, he said, he should be able to attend his duty in the evening. In fact, he suffered it to confine him only one day; but the sight was lost.

After the fall of Calvi, his services were, by a strange omission, altogether overlooked, and his name was not even mentioned in the list of wounded. This was no ways imputable to the admiral, for he sent home to Government Nelson's journal of the siege, that they might fully understand the nature of his indefatigable and unequalled exertions. If those exertions were not rewarded in the conspicuous manner which they deserved,

* Lord Melville was fully sensible of these talents, and bore testimony to them in the handsomest manner after Sir Charles's death.

the fault was in the Administration of the day, not in Lord Hood. Nelson felt himself neglected. "One hundred and ten days," said he, "I have been actually engaged, at sea and on shore, against the enemy; three actions against ships, two against Bastia in my ship, four boat-actions, and two villages taken, and twelve sail of vessels burnt. I do not know that anyone has done more. I have had the comfort to be always applauded by my commander-in-chief, but never to be rewarded; and, what is more mortifying, for services in which I have been wounded, others have been praised who, at the same time, were actually in bed, far from the scene of action! They have not done me justice. But never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own." How amply was this second-sight of glory realised!

The health of his ship's company had now, in his own words, been miserably torn to pieces by as hard service as a ship's crew ever performed. One hundred and fifty were in their beds when he left Calvi; of them he lost fifty, and believed that the constitutions of the rest were entirely destroyed. He was now sent with despatches to Mr Drake, at Genoa, and had his first interview with the Doge. The French had at this time taken possession of Vado Bay, in the Genoese territory, and Nelson foresaw that, if their thoughts were bent on the invasion of Italy, they would accomplish it the ensuing spring. "The allied powers," he said, "were jealous of each other, and none but England was hearty in the cause. His wish was for peace on fair terms, because England, he thought, was draining herself to maintain allies who would not fight for themselves. Lord Hood had now returned to England, and the command devolved on Admiral Hotham The affairs of the Mediterranean wore at this time a gloomy aspect. The arts, as well as the arms of the enemy, were gaining the ascendency there. Tuscany concluded peace, relying upon the faith of France, which was, in fact, placing itself at her mercy. Corsica was in danger. We had taken that island for

ourselves, annexed it formally to the crown of Great Britain, and given it a constitution as free as our own. This was done with the consent of the majority of the inhabitants, and no transaction between two countries was ever more fairly or legitimately conducted. Yet our conduct was unwise: the island is large enough to form an independent State, and such we should have made it, under our protection, as long as protection might be needed. The Corsicans would then have felt as a nation; but when one party had given up the country to England, the natural consequence was that the other looked to France. The question proposed to the people was, to which would they belong? Our language and our religion were against us; our unaccommodating manners, it is to be feared, still more so. The French were better politicians. In intrigue they have ever been unrivalled; and it now became apparent that, in spite of old wrongs, which ought never to have been forgotten or forgiven, their partisans were daily acquiring strength. It is part of the policy of France—and a wise policy it is—to impress upon other powers the opinion of its strength by lofty language, and by threatening before it strikes; a system which, while it keeps up the spirit of its allies, and perpetually stimulates their hopes, tends also to dismay its enemies. Corsica was now loudly threatened. The French, who had not yet been taught to feel their own inferiority upon the seas, braved us, in contempt, upon that element. They had a superior fleet in the Mediterranean, and they sent it out with express orders to seek the English and engage them. Accordingly, the Toulon fleet, consisting of seventeen ships of the line and five smaller vessels, put to sea. Admiral Hotham received this information at Leghorn, and sailed immediately in search of them. He had with him fourteen sail of the line, and one Neapolitan seventy-four; but his ships were only half manned, containing but 7,650 men, whereas the enemy had 16,900. He soon came in sight of them; a general action was expected; and Nelson, as

was his custom on such occasions, wrote a hasty letter to his wife, as that which might possibly contain his last farewell. "The lives of all," said he, "are in the hand of Him who knows best whether to preserve mine or not: my character and good name are in my own keeping."

But, however confident the French Government might be of their naval superiority, the officers had no such feeling; and after manœuvring for a day, in sight of the English fleet, they suffered themselves to be chased. One of their ships, the *Ca Ira*, of eighty-four guns, carried away her main and foretop masts. The *Inconstant* frigate fired at the disabled ship, but received so many shot that she was obliged to leave her. Soon afterwards a French frigate took the *Ca Ira* in tow; and the *Sans-Culottes*, 120, and the *Jean Barras*, 74, kept about gun-shot distance on her weather-bow. The *Agamemnon* stood towards her, having no ship of the line to support her within several miles. As she drew near, the *Ca Ira* fired her stern-guns so truly, that not a shot missed some part of the ship, and latterly the masts were struck by every shot.

It had been Nelson's intention not to fire before he touched her stern; but seeing how impossible it was that he should be supported, and how certainly the *Agamemnon* must be severely cut up if her masts were disabled, he altered his plan according to the occasion. As soon, therefore, as he was within a hundred yards of her stern, he ordered the helm to be put a-starboard, and the driver and after-sails to be brailed up and shivered, and, as the ship fell off, gave the enemy her whole broadside. They instantly braced up the after-yards, put the helm a-port, and stood after her again. This manœuvre he practised for two hours and a quarter, never allowing the *Ca Ira* to get a single gun from either side to bear on him; and when the French fired their after-guns now, it was no longer with coolness and precision, for every shot went far a-head. By this time her sails were hanging in tatters, her mizen top-mast, mizen top-sail, and cross

jack-yards, shot away. But the frigate which had her in tow hove in stays, and got her round. Both these French ships now brought their guns to bear, and opened their fire. The *Agamemnon* passed them within half-pistol shot: almost every shot passed over her; for the French had elevated their guns for the rigging and for distant firing, and did not think of altering the elevation. As soon as the *Agamemnon's* after-guns ceased to bear, she hove in stays, keeping a constant fire as she came round, and being worked, said Nelson, with as much exactness as if she had been turning into Spithead. On getting round, he saw that the *Sans-Culottes*, which had wore, with many of the enemy's ships, was under his lee-bow, and standing to leeward. The admiral, at the same time, made the signal for the van ships to join him. Upon this, Nelson bore away and prepared to set all sail; and the enemy, having saved their ship, hauled close to the wind, and opened upon him a distant and ineffectual fire. Only seven of the *Agamemnon's* men were hurt—a thing which Nelson himself remarked as wonderful: her sails and rigging were very much cut, and she had many shots in her hull, and some between wind and water. The *Ca Ira* lost 110 men that day, and was so cut up that she could not get a top-mast aloft during the night.

At daylight on the following morning, the English ships were taken aback with a fine breeze at N.W., while the enemy's fleet kept the southerly wind. The body of their fleet was about five miles distant; the *Ca Ira*, and the *Censeur*, 74, which had her in tow, about three and a half. All sail was made to cut these ships off; and, as the French attempted to save them, a partial action was brought on. The *Agamemnon* was again engaged with her yesterday's antagonist; but she had to fight on both sides the ship at the same time. The *Ca Ira* and the *Censeur* fought most gallantly: the first lost nearly 300 men, in addition to her former loss; the last, 350. Both at last struck; and Lieutenant Andrews of the *Agamemnon*,

brother to the lady to whom Nelson had become attached in France, and, in Nelson's own words, "as gallant an officer as ever stepped a quarter-deck," hoisted English colours on board them both. The rest of the enemy's ships behaved very ill. As soon as these vessels had struck, Nelson went to Admiral Hotham, and proposed that the two prizes should be left with the *Illustrious* and *Courageux*, which had been crippled in the action, and with four frigates; and that the rest of the fleet should pursue the enemy, and follow up the advantage to the utmost. But his reply was, "We must be contented; we have done very well." "Now," said Nelson, "had we taken ten sail, and allowed the eleventh to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodall backed me. I got him to write to the admiral; but it would not do. We should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced." In this letter the character of Nelson fully manifests itself. "I wish," said he, "to be an admiral, and in the command of the English fleet; I should very soon either do much or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have graced my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape." What the event would have been, he knew from his prophetic feelings and his own consciousness of power; and we also know it now, for Aboukir and Trafalgar have told it us.

The *Ca Ira* and *Censeur* probably defended themselves with more obstinacy in this action, from a persuasion that, if they struck, no quarter would be given; because they had fired red-hot shot, and had also a preparation sent, as they said, by the Convention from Paris, which seems to have been of the nature of the Greek fire; for it became liquid when it was discharged, and water would not extinguish its flames. This combustible was concealed with great care in the captured ships: like the red-hot shot, it had been found useless in battle. Admiral Hotham's action

saved Corsica for the time; but the victory had been incomplete, and the arrival at Toulon of six sail of the line, two frigates, and two cutters, from Brest, gave the French a superiority which, had they known how to use it, would materially have endangered the British Mediterranean fleet. That fleet had been greatly neglected during Lord Chatham's administration at the Admiralty, and it did not, for some time, feel the beneficial effect of his removal. Lord Hood had gone home to represent the real state of affairs, and solicit reinforcements adequate to the exigencies of the time, and the importance of the scene of action. But that fatal error of under-proportioning the force to the service, that ruinous economy which, by sparing a little, renders all that is spent useless, infected the British councils; and Lord Hood, not being able to obtain such reinforcements as he knew were necessary, resigned the command. "Surely," said Nelson, "the people at home have forgotten us." Another Neapolitan seventy-four joined Admiral Hotham; and Nelson observed with sorrow that this was matter of exultation to an English fleet. When the store-ships and victuallers from Gibraltar arrived, their escape from the enemy was thought wonderful; and yet, had they not escaped, "the game," said Nelson, "was up here. At this moment our operations are at a stand for want of ships to support the Austrians in getting possession of the sea-coast of the King of Sardinia; and, behold, our admiral does not feel himself equal to show himself, much less to give assistance in their operations." It was reported that the French were again out with eighteen or twenty sail. The combined British and Neapolitan were but sixteen. Should the enemy be only eighteen, Nelson made no doubt of a complete victory; but if they were twenty, he said, it was not to be expected; and a battle, without complete victory, would have been destruction, because another mast was not to be got on that side Gibraltar. At length Admiral Man arrived with a squadron from England. "What they can mean by sending him with only five sail of the line," said Nelson, "is truly astonish-

ing. But all men are alike, and we, in this country, do not find any amendment or alteration from the old Board of Admiralty. They should know that half the ships in the fleet require to go to England, and that long ago they ought to have reinforced us."

About this time Nelson was made Colonel of Marines—a mark of approbation which he had long wished for rather than expected. It came in good season, for his spirits were oppressed by the thought that his services had not been acknowledged as they deserved, and it abated the resentful feeling which would else have been excited by the answer to an application to the War-office. During his four months' land-service in Corsica, he had lost all his ship-furniture, owing to the movements of a camp. Upon this he wrote to the Secretary at War, briefly stating what his services on shore had been, and saying he trusted it was not asking an improper thing to request that the same allowance might be made to him which would be made to a land-officer of his rank, which, situated as he was, would be that of a brigadier-general; if this could not be accorded, he hoped that his additional expenses would be paid him. The answer which he received was, that "no pay had ever been issued under the direction of the War-office to officers of the navy serving with the army on shore."

He now entered upon a new line of service. The Austrian and Sardinian armies, under General de Vins, required a British squadron to co-operate with them in driving the French from the Riviera di Genoa; and as Nelson had been so much in the habit of soldiering, it was immediately fixed that the brigadier should go. He sailed from St. Fiorenzo on this destination; but fell in, off Cape del Mele, with the enemy's fleet, who immediately gave his squadron chase. The chase lasted four-and-twenty hours, and, owing to the fickleness of the wind, the British ships were sometimes hard pressed, but the want of skill on the part of the French gave them many advantages. Nelson bent his way back to St.

Fiorenzo, where the fleet, which was in the midst of watering and refitting, had for seven hours the mortification of seeing him almost in possession of the enemy, before the wind would allow them to put out to his assistance. The French, however, at evening, went off, not choosing to approach nearer the shore. During the night, Admiral Hotham, by great exertions, got under weigh, and, having sought the enemy four days, came in sight of them on the 5th. Baffling winds, and vexatious calms, so common in the Mediterranean, rendered it impossible to close with them. Only a partial action could be brought on; and then the firing made a perfect calm. The French being to windward, drew in shore, and the English fleet was becalmed six or seven miles to the westward. *L'Alcide*, of seventy-four guns, struck; but, before she could be taken possession of, a box of combustibles in her fore-top took fire, and the unhappy crew experienced how far more perilous their inventions were to themselves than to their enemies. So rapid was the conflagration that the French, in their official account, say the hull, the masts, and sails, all seemed to take fire at the same moment; and though the English boats were put out to the assistance of the poor wretches on board, not more than two hundred could be saved. The *Agamemnon*, and Captain Rowley, in the *Cumberland*, were just getting into close action a second time, when the admiral called them off, the wind now being directly into the Gulf of Frejus, where the enemy anchored after the evening closed.

Nelson now proceeded to his station with eight sail of frigates under his command. Arriving at Genoa, he had a conference with Mr. Drake, the British envoy to that State, the result of which was, that the object of the British must be to put an entire stop to all trade between Genoa, France, and the places occupied by the French troops; for, unless this trade were stopped, it would be scarcely possible for the allied armies to hold their situation, and impossible for them to make any progress in

driving the enemy out of the Riviera di Genoa. Mr. Drake was of opinion that even Nice might fall for want of supplies, if the trade with Genoa were cut off. This sort of blockade Nelson could not carry on without great risk to himself. A captain in the navy, as he represented to the envoy, is liable to prosecution for detention and damages. This danger was increased by an order which had then lately been issued; by which, when a neutral ship was detained, a complete specification of her cargo was directed to be sent to the Secretary of the Admiralty, and no legal process instituted against her till the pleasure of that board should be communicated. This was requiring an impossibility. The cargoes of ships detained upon this station, consisting chiefly of corn, would be spoiled long before the orders of the Admiralty could be known; and then, if they should happen to release the vessel, the owners would look to the captain for damages. Even the only precaution which could be taken against this danger involved another danger not less to be apprehended; for, if the captain should direct the cargo to be taken out, the freight paid for, and the vessel released, the agent employed might prove fraudulent, and become bankrupt; and in that case the captain became responsible. Such things had happened. Nelson therefore required, as the only means for carrying on that service, which was judged essential to the common cause, without exposing the officers to ruin, that the British envoy should appoint agents to pay the freight, release the vessels, sell the cargo, and hold the amount till process was had upon it; Government thus securing its officers. "I am acting," said Nelson, "not only without the orders of my commander-in-chief, but, in some measure, contrary to him. However, I have not only the support of his Majesty's Ministers, both at Turin and Genoa, but a consciousness that I am doing what is right and proper for the service of our king and country. Political courage, in an officer abroad, is as highly necessary as military courage."

This quality, which is as much rarer than military

courage as it is more valuable, and without which the soldier's bravery is often of little avail, Nelson possessed in an eminent degree. His representations were attended to as they deserved. Admiral Hotham commended him for what he had done; and the attention of Government was awakened to the injury which the cause of the allies continually suffered from the frauds of neutral vessels. "What changes in my life of activity!" said this indefatigable man. "Here I am, having commenced a co-operation with an old Austrian general, almost fancying myself charging at the head of a troop of horse! I do not write less than from ten to twenty letters every day, which, with the Austrian general and aides-de-camps, and my own little squadron, fully employ my time. This I like—active service, or none." It was Nelson's mind which supported his feeble body through these exertions. He was at this time almost blind, and wrote with very great pain. "Poor *Agamemnon*," he sometimes said, "was as nearly worn out as her captain; and both must soon be laid up to repair."

When Nelson first saw General de Vins, he thought him an able man, who was willing to act with vigour. The General charged his inactivity upon the Piedmontese and Neapolitans, whom, he said, nothing could induce to act; and he concerted a plan with Nelson, for embarking a part of the Austrian army, and landing it in the rear of the French. But the English commodore soon began to suspect that the Austrian general was little disposed to any active operations. In the hope of spurring him on, he wrote to him, telling him that he had surveyed the coast to the westward as far as Nice, and would undertake to embark 4000 or 5000 men, with their arms and a few days' provisions, on board the squadron, and land them within two miles of St Remo, with their field-pieces. Respecting farther provisions for the Austrian army, he would provide convoys, that they should arrive in safety; and if a re-embarkation should be found neces-

sary, he would cover it with the squadron. The possession of St. Remo, as head-quarters for magazines of every kind, would enable the Austrian general to turn his army to the eastward or westward. The enemy at Oneglia would be cut off from provisions, and men could be landed to attack that place whenever it was judged necessary. St. Remo was the only place between Vado and Ville Franche where the squadron could lie in safety, and anchor in almost all winds. The bay was not as good as Vado for large ships; but it had a mole which Vado had not, where all small vessels could lie, and load and unload their cargoes. This bay being in possession of the allies, Nice could be completely blockaded by sea. General de Vins, affecting, in his reply, to consider that Nelson's proposal had no other end than that of obtaining the bay of St. Remo as a station for the ships, told him, what he well knew, and had expressed before, that Vado Bay was a better anchorage; nevertheless, if *Monsieur le Commandant Nelson* was well assured that part of the fleet could winter there, there was no risk to which he would not expose himself with pleasure, for the sake of procuring a safe station for the vessels of his Britannic Majesty. Nelson soon assured the Austrian commander that this was not the object of his memorial. He now began to suspect that both the Austrian court and the general had other ends in view than the cause of the allies. "This army," said he, "is slow beyond all description; and I begin to think that the Emperor is anxious to touch another four millions of English money. As for the German generals, war is their trade, and peace is ruin to them; therefore we cannot expect that they should have any wish to finish the war. The politics of courts are so mean that private people would be ashamed to act in the same way; all is trick and *finesse*, to which the common cause is sacrificed. The general wants a loophole. It has for some time appeared to me that he means to go no farther than his present position, and to lay the miscarriage of the enter-

prise against Nice, which has always been held out as the great object of his army, to the non-co-operation of the British fleet, and of the Sardinians."

To prevent this plea, Nelson again addressed De Vins, requesting only to know the time, and the number of troops ready to embark; then he would, he said, despatch a ship to Admiral Hotham, requesting transports, having no doubt of obtaining them, and trusting that the plan would be successful to its fullest extent. Nelson thought at the time that, if the whole fleet were offered him for transports, he would find some other excuse; and Mr. Drake, who was now appointed to reside at the Austrian head-quarters, entertained the same idea of the general's sincerity. It was not, however, put so clearly to the proof as it ought to have been. He replied that as soon as Nelson could declare himself ready with the vessels necessary for conveying 10,000 men, with their artillery and baggage, he would put the army in motion But Nelson was not enabled to do this. Admiral Hotham, who was highly meritorious in leaving such a man so much at his own discretion, pursued a cautious system, ill-according with the bold and comprehensive views of Nelson, who continually regretted Lord Hood, saying that the nation had suffered much by his resignation of the Mediterranean command. The plan which had been concerted, he said, would astonish the French, and perhaps the English.

There was no unity in the views of the allied powers, no cordiality in their co-operation, no energy in their councils. The neutral powers assisted France more effectually than the allies assisted each other. The Genoese ports were at this time filled with French privateers, which swarmed out every night, and covered the gulf; and French vessels were allowed to tow out of the port of Genoa itself, board vessels which were coming in, and then return into the mole. This was allowed without a remonstrance; while, though Nelson abstained most carefully from offering any offence to the Genoese terri-

tory or flag, complaints were so repeatedly made against his squadron that, he says, it seemed a trial who should be tired first; they of complaining or he of answering their complaints. But the question of neutrality was soon at an end. An Austrian commissary was travelling from Genoa towards Vado; it was known that he was to sleep at Voltri, and that he had £10,000 with him—a booty which the French minister in that city, and the captain of a French frigate in that port, considered as far more important than the word of honour of the one, the duties of the other, and the laws of neutrality. The boats of the frigates went out with some privateers, landed, robbed the commissary, and brought back the money to Genoa. The next day men were publicly enlisted in that city for the French army; 700 men were embarked, with 7000 stand of arms, on board the frigates and other vessels, who were to land between Voltri and Savona; there a detachment from the French army was to join them, and the Genoese peasantry were to be invited to insurrection—a measure for which everything had been prepared. The night of the 13th was fixed for the sailing of this expedition. The Austrians called loudly for Nelson to prevent it; and he, on the evening of the 13th, arrived at Genoa. His presence checked the plan; the frigate, knowing her deserts, got within the merchant-ships, in the inner mole, and the Genoese Government did not now even demand of Nelson respect to the neutral port, knowing that they had allowed, if not connived at, a flagrant breach of neutrality, and expecting the answer which he was prepared to return, that it was useless and impossible for him to respect it longer.

But though this movement produced the immediate effect which was designed, it led to ill consequences, which Nelson foresaw, but for want of sufficient force was unable to prevent. His squadron was too small for the service which it had to perform. He required two seventy-fours, and eight or ten frigates and sloops; but when he demanded this reinforcement, Admiral Hotham had left the

command. Sir Hyde Parker succeeded till the new commander should arrive; and he immediately reduced it almost to nothing, leaving him only one frigate and a brig. This was a fatal error. While the Austrian and Sardinian troops, whether from the imbecility or the treachery of their leaders, remained inactive, the French were preparing for the invasion of Italy. Not many days before Nelson was thus summoned to Genoa, he chased a large convoy into Alassio. Twelve vessels he had formerly destroyed in that port, though 2000 French troops occupied the town; this former attack had made them take new measures of defence, and there were now above 100 sail of victuallers, gun-boats, and ships of war. Nelson represented to the admiral how important it was to destroy these vessels, and offered, with his squadron of frigates, and the *Culloden* and *Courageux*, to lead himself in the *Agamemnon*, and take or destroy the whole. The attempt was not permitted; but it was Nelson's belief that, if it had been made, it would have prevented the attack upon the Austrian army which took place almost immediately afterwards.

General de Vins demanded satisfaction of the Genoese Government for the seizure of his commissary; and then, without waiting for their reply, took possession of some empty magazines of the French, and pushed his sentinels to the very gates of Genoa. Had he done so at first, he would have found the magazines full; but, timed as the measure was, and useless as it was to the cause of the allies, it was in character with the whole of the Austrian general's conduct; and it is no small proof of the dexterity with which he served the enemy, that in such circumstances he could so act with Genoa as to contrive to put himself in the wrong. Nelson was at this time, according to his own expression, "placed in a cleft stick." Mr. Drake, the Austrian minister, and the Austrian general, all joined in requiring him not to leave Genoa. If he left that port unguarded, they said, not only the imperial troops at St. Pier d'Arena and Voltri would be lost, but

the French plan for taking post between Voltri and Savona would certainly succeed; if the Austrians should be worsted in the advanced posts, the retreat by the Bocchetta would be cut off; and if this happened, the loss of the army would be imputed to him, for having left Genoa. On the other hand, he knew that, if he were not at Pietra, the enemy's gun-boats would harass the left flank of the Austrians, who, if they were defeated, as was to be expected from the spirit of all their operations, would very probably lay their defeat to the want of assistance from the *Agamemnon*. Had the force for which Nelson applied been given him, he could have attended to both objects; and had he been permitted to attack the convoy in Alassio, he would have disconcerted the plans of the French, in spite of the Austrian general. He had foreseen the danger, and pointed out how it might be prevented; but the means of preventing it were withheld. The attack was made, as he foresaw; and the gun-boats brought their fire to bear upon the Austrians. It so happened, however, that the left flank, which was exposed to them, was the only part of the army that behaved well; this division stood its ground till the centre and the right wing fled, and then retreated in a soldierlike manner. General de Vins gave up the command in the middle of the battle, pleading ill-health.

"From that moment," says Nelson, "not a soldier stayed at his post—it was the devil take the hindmost. Many thousands ran away who had never seen the enemy; some of them thirty miles from the advanced posts. Had I not, though, I own, against my inclination, been kept at Genoa, from 8000 to 10,000 men would have been taken prisoners, and, amongst the number, General de Vins himself; but, by this means, the pass of the Bocchetta was kept open. The purser of the ship, who was at Vado, ran with the Austrians eighteen miles without stopping; the men without arms, officers without soldiers, women without assistance. The oldest officer, say they, never heard of so complete a defeat; and certainly without any

reason. Thus has ended my campaign. We have established the French Republic, which, but for us, I verily believe, would never have been settled by such a volatile, changeable people. I hate a Frenchman; they are equally objects of my detestation, whether royalists or republicans; in some points, I believe, the latter are the best." Nelson had a lieutenant and two midshipmen taken at Vado. They told him, in their letter, that few of the French soldiers were more than three or four and twenty years old, a great many not more than fourteen, and all were nearly naked. They were sure, they said, his barge's crew could have beat a hundred of them; and that, had he himself seen them, he would not have thought, if the world had been covered with such people, that they could have beaten the Austrian army.

The defeat of General de Vins gave the enemy possession of the Genoese coast from Savona to Voltri; and it deprived the Austrians of their direct communication with the English fleet. The *Agamemnon*, therefore, could no longer be useful on this station; and Nelson sailed for Leghorn to refit. When his ship went into dock, there was not a mast, yard, sail, or any part of the rigging, but what stood in need of repair, having been cut to pieces with shot. The hull was so damaged that it had for some time been secured by cables, which were served or wrapped round it.

CHAPTER IV.

Sir J. Jervis takes the Command—Genoa joins the French—Bonaparte begins his Career—Evacuation of Corsica—Nelson hoists his Broad Pendant in the *Minerve*—Action with the *Sabina*—Battle of Cape St. Vincent—Nelson commands the Inner Squadron at the Blockade of Cadiz—Boat-action in the Bay of Cadiz—Expedition against Teneriffe—Nelson loses an arm—His sufferings in England, and recovery.

Sir John Jervis had now arrived to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet. The *Agamemnon* having, as her captain said, been made as fit for sea as a rotten ship could be, Nelson sailed from Leghorn, and joined the admiral in Fiorenzo Bay. "I found him," said he, "anxious to know many things, which I was a good deal surprised to find had not been communicated to him by others in the fleet; and it would appear that he was so well satisfied with my opinion of what is likely to happen, and the means of prevention to be taken, that he had no reserve with me respecting his information and ideas of what is likely to be done." The manner in which Nelson was received is said to have excited some envy. One captain observed to him, "You did just as you pleased in Lord Hood's time, the same in Admiral Hotham's, and now again with Sir John Jervis; it makes no difference to you who is commander-in-chief." A higher compliment could not have been paid to any commander-in-chief than to say of him that he understood the merits of Nelson, and left him, as far as possible, to act upon his own judgment.

Sir John Jervis offered him the *St. George*, 90 guns, or the *Zealous*, 74 guns, and asked if he should have any objection to serve under him with his flag. He replied that, if the *Agamemnon* were ordered home, and his flag were not arrived, he should, on many accounts, wish to return to England; still, if the war continued, he should be very proud of hoisting his flag under Sir

John's command. "We cannot spare you," said Sir John, "either as captain or admiral." Accordingly, he resumed his station in the Gulf of Genoa. The French had not followed up their success in that quarter with their usual celerity. Scherer, who commanded there, owed his advancement to any other cause than his merit. He was a favourite of the Directory; but, for the present, through the influence of Barras, he was removed from a command for which his incapacity was afterwards clearly proved, and Bonaparte was appointed to succeed him. Bonaparte had given indications of his military talents at Toulon, and of his remorseless nature at Paris; but the extent either of his ability or his wickedness was at this time known to none, and perhaps not even suspected by himself.

Nelson supposed, from the information which he had obtained, that one column of the French army would take possession of Port Especia, either penetrating through the Genoese territory, or proceeding coast-ways in light vessels—our ships of war not being able to approach the coast, because of the shallowness of the water. To prevent this, he said, two things were necessary: the possession of Vado Bay, and the taking of Port Especia; if either of these points were secured, Italy would be safe from any attack of the French by sea. General Beaulieu, who had now superseded De Vins in the command of the allied Austrian and Sardinian army, sent his nephew and aide-de-camp to communicate with Nelson, and inquire whether he could anchor in any other place than Vado Bay. Nelson replied that Vado was the only place where the British fleet could lie in safety, but all places would suit his squadron; and wherever the general came down to the sea-coast, there he should find it. The Austrian repeatedly asked if there was not a risk of losing the squadron, and was constantly answered that, if these ships should be lost, the admiral would find others. But all plans of co-operation with the Austrians were soon frustrated by the battle of Montenotte. Beaulieu

ordered an attack to be made upon the post of Voltri. It was made twelve hours before the time which he had fixed, and before he arrived to direct it. In consequence, the French were enabled to effect their retreat, and fall back to Montenotte, thus giving the troops there a decisive superiority in number over the division which attacked them. This drew on the defeat of the Austrians. Bonaparte, with a celerity which had never before been witnessed in modern war, pursued his advantages, and, in the course of a fortnight, dictated to the Court of Turin terms of peace, or rather of submission, by which all the strongest places of Piedmont were put into his hands.

On one occasion, and only on one, Nelson was able to impede the progress of this new conqueror. Six vessels, laden with cannon and ordnance-stores for the siege of Mantua, sailed from Toulon for St. Pier d'Arena. Assisted by Captain Cockburn, in the *Meleager*, he drove them under a battery, pursued them, silenced the batteries and captured the whole. Military books, plans, and maps of Italy, with the different points marked upon them where former battles had been fought, sent by the Directory for Bonaparte's use, were found in the convoy. The loss of this artillery was one of the chief causes which compelled the French to raise the siege of Mantua; but there was too much treachery, and too much imbecility, both in the councils and armies of the allied powers, for Austria to improve this momentary success. Bonaparte perceived that the conquest of all Italy was within his reach. Treaties, and the rights of neutral or of friendly powers, were as little regarded by him as by the Government for which he acted: in open contempt of both he entered Tuscany and took possession of Leghorn. In consequence of this movement, Nelson blockaded that port, and landed a British force in the isle of Elba, to secure Porto Ferrajo. Soon afterwards he took the island of Capraja, which had formerly belonged to Corsica, being less than forty miles distant from it—a distance, however, short as

it was, which enabled the Genoese to retain it, after their infamous sale of Corsica to France. Genoa had now taken part with France; its Government had long covertly assisted the French, and now willingly yielded to the first compulsory menace which required them to exclude the English from their ports. Capraja was seized in consequence; but this act of vigour was not followed up as it ought to have been. England at that time depended too much upon the feeble Governments of the Continent, and too little upon itself. It was determined by the British Cabinet to evacuate Corsica as soon as Spain should form an offensive alliance with France. This event, which, from the moment that Spain had been compelled to make peace, was clearly foreseen, had now taken place; and orders for the evacuation of the island were immediately sent out. It was impolitic to annex this island to the British dominions; but, having done so, it was disgraceful thus to abandon it. The disgrace would have been spared, and every advantage which could have been derived from the possession of the island secured, if the people had at first been left to form a government for themselves, and protected by us in the enjoyment of their independence.

The viceroy, Sir Gilbert Elliott, deeply felt the impolicy and ignominy of this evacuation. The fleet also was ordered to leave the Mediterranean. This resolution was so contrary to the last instructions which had been received that Nelson exclaimed, "Do his Majesty's Ministers know their own minds? They at home," said he, "do not know what this fleet is capable of performing—anything and everything. Much as I shall rejoice to see England, I lament our present orders in sackcloth and ashes, so dishonourable to the dignity of England, whose fleets are equal to meet the world in arms; and of all the fleets I ever saw, I never beheld one, in point of officers and men, equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander-in-chief able to lead them to glory." Sir Gilbert Elliott believed that the great body of the Corsicans were per-

fectly satisfied, as they had good reason to be, with the British Government, sensible of its advantages, and attached to it. However this may have been, when they found that the English intended to evacuate the island, they naturally and necessarily sent to make their peace with the French. The partisans of France found none to oppose them. A committee of thirty took upon them the government of Bastia, and sequestered all the British property; armed Corsicans mounted guard at every place, and a plan was laid for seizing the viceroy. Nelson, who was appointed to superintend the evacuation, frustrated these projects. At a time when everyone else despaired of saving stores, cannon, provisions, or property of any kind, and a privateer was moored across the mole-head to prevent all boats from passing, he sent word to the committee that if the slightest opposition were made to the embarkment and removal of British property he would batter the town down. The privateer pointed her guns at the officer who carried this message, and muskets were levelled against his boats from the mole-head. Upon this Captain Sutton, of the *Egmont*, pulling out his watch, gave them a quarter of an hour to deliberate upon their answer. In five minutes after the expiration of that time, the ships, he said, would open their fire. Upon this the very sentinels scampered off, and every vessel came out of the mole. A shipowner complained to the commodore that the municipality refused to let him take his goods out of the custom-house. Nelson directed him to say that, unless they were instantly delivered, he would open his fire. The committee turned pale; and, without answering a word, gave him the keys. Their last attempt was to levy a duty upon the things that were re-embarked. He sent them word that he would pay them a disagreeable visit if there were any more complaints. The committee then finding that they had to deal with a man who knew his own power, and was determined to make the British name respected, desisted from the insolent conduct which they had assumed; and it was acknowledged that Bastia

never had been so quiet and orderly since the English were in possession of it. This was on the 14th of October. During the five following days the work of embarkation was carried on, the private property was saved, and public stores to the amount of £200,000. The French, favoured by the Spanish fleet, which was at that time within twelve leagues of Bastia, pushed over troops from Leghorn, who landed near Cape Corse on the 18th; and on the 20th, at one in the morning, entered the citadel an hour only after the British had spiked the guns and evacuated it. Nelson embarked at daybreak, being the last person who left the shore; having thus, as he said, seen the first and the last of Corsica. Provoked at the conduct of the municipality, and the disposition which the populace had shown to profit by the confusion, he turned toward the shore, as he stepped into his boat, and exclaimed, "Now, John Corse, follow the natural bent of your detestable character—plunder and revenge!" This, however, was not Nelson's deliberate opinion of the people of Corsica. He knew that their vices were the natural consequences of internal anarchy and foreign oppression, such as the same causes would produce in any people; and when he saw that of all those who took leave of the viceroy there was not one who parted from him without tears, he acknowledged that they manifestly acted not from dislike of the English but from fear of the French. England, then, might with more reason reproach her own rulers for pusillanimity than the Corsicans for ingratitude.

Having thus ably effected this humiliating service, Nelson was ordered to hoist his broad pendant on board the *Minerve* frigate, Captain George Cockburn, and, with the *Blanche* under his command, proceed to Porto Ferrajo, and superintend the evacuation of that place also. On his way, he fell in with two Spanish frigates, the *Sabina* and the *Ceres*. The *Minerve* engaged the former, which was commanded by Don Jacobo Stuart, a descendant of the Duke of Berwick. After an action of three hours,

during which the Spaniards lost 164 men, the *Sabina* struck. The Spanish captain, who was the only surviving officer, had hardly been conveyed on board the *Minerve*, when another enemy's frigate came up, compelled her to cast off the prize, and brought her a second time to action. After half an hour's trial of strength, this new antagonist wore and hauled off; but a Spanish squadron of two ships of the line and two frigates came in sight. The *Blanche*, from which the *Ceres* had got off, was far to windward, and the *Minerve* escaped only by the anxiety of the enemy to recover their own ship. As soon as Nelson reached Porto Ferrajo, he sent his prisoner, with a flag of truce, to Carthagena, having returned him his sword; this he did in honour of the gallantry which Don Jacobo had displayed, and not without some feeling of respect for his ancestry. "I felt it," said he, "consonant to the dignity of my country, and I always act as I feel right, without regard to custom: he was reputed the best officer in Spain, and his men were worthy of such a commander." By the same flag of truce he sent back all the Spanish prisoners at Porto Ferrajo; in exchange for whom he received his own men who had been taken in the prize.

General de Burgh, who commanded at the isle of Elba, did not think himself authorised to abandon the place, till he had received specific instructions from England to that effect; professing that he was unable to decide between the contradictory orders of Government, or to guess at what their present intentions might be; but he said his only motive for urging delay in this measure arose from a desire that his own conduct might be properly sanctioned, not from any opinion that Porto Ferrajo ought to be retained. But Naples having made peace, Sir John Jervis considered his business with Italy as concluded; and the protection of Portugal was the point to which he was now instructed to attend. Nelson, therefore, whose orders were perfectly clear and explicit, withdrew the whole naval establishment from that station, leaving

the transports victualled and so arranged that all the troops and stores could be embarked in three days. He was now about to leave the Mediterranean. Mr. Drake, who had been our minister at Genoa, expressed to him, on this occasion, the very high opinion which the allies entertained of his conspicuous merit; adding that it was impossible for anyone who had the honour of co-operating with him not to admire the activity, talents, and zeal which he had so eminently and constantly displayed. In fact, during this long course of services in the Mediterranean, the whole of his conduct had exhibited the same zeal, the same indefatigable energy, the same intuitive judgment, the same prompt and unerring decision, which characterised his after-career of glory. His name was as yet hardly known to the English public; but it was feared and respected throughout Italy. A letter came to him, directed "Horatio Nelson, Genoa;" and the writer, when he was asked how he could direct it so vaguely, replied, "Sir, there is but one Horatio Nelson in the world." At Genoa, in particular, where he had so long been stationed, and where the nature of his duty first led him to continual disputes with the Government, and afterwards compelled him to stop the trade of the port, he was equally respected by the Doge and by the people; for, while he maintained the rights and interests of Great Britain with becoming firmness, he tempered the exercise of power with courtesy and humanity, wherever duty would permit. "Had all my actions," said he, writing at this time to his wife, "been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed, during the whole war, without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself. I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight; wherever there is anything to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps."

These hopes and anticipations were soon to be fulfilled. Nelson's mind had long been irritated and depressed by the fear that a general action would take place before he

could join the fleet. At length he sailed from Porto Ferrajo with a convoy for Gibraltar, and, having reached that place, proceeded to the westward in search of the admiral. Off the mouth of the Straits he fell in with the Spanish fleet; and on the 13th of February, reaching the station off Cape St. Vincent's, communicated this intelligence to Sir John Jervis. He was now directed to shift his broad pendant on board the *Captain*, 74 guns, Captain R. W. Miller; and before sunset the signal was made to prepare for action, and to keep, during the night, in close order. At daybreak the enemy were in sight. The British force consisted of two ships of 100 guns, two of 98, two of 90, eight of 74, and one 64—fifteen of the line in all, with four frigates, a sloop, and a cutter. The Spaniards had one four-decker, of 136 guns; six three-deckers, of 112; two eighty-fours; eighteen seventy-fours—in all, twenty-seven ships of the line, with ten frigates and a brig. Their admiral, Don Joseph de Cordova, had learnt from an American, on the 5th, that the English had only nine ships, which was indeed the case when his informer had seen them; for a reinforcement of five ships from England, under Admiral Parker, had not then joined, and the *Culloden* had parted company. Upon this information, the Spanish commander, instead of going into Cadiz, as was his intention when he sailed from Carthagena, determined to seek an enemy so inferior in force; and relying, with fatal confidence, upon the American account, he suffered his ships to remain too far dispersed, and in some disorder. When the morning of the 14th broke, and discovered the English fleet, a fog for some time concealed their number. The look-out ship of the Spaniards, fancying that her signal was disregarded, because so little notice seemed to be taken of it, made another signal that the English force consisted of forty sail of the line. The captain afterwards said he did this to rouse the admiral; it had the effect of perplexing him, and alarming the whole fleet. The absurdity of such an act shows what was the state of the Spanish navy under that miserable

Government by which Spain was so long oppressed and degraded, and finally betrayed. In reality, the general incapacity of the naval officers was so well known that in a pasquinade which about this time appeared at Madrid, wherein the different orders of the State were advertised for sale, the greater part of the sea-officers, with all their equipments, were offered as a gift; and it was added that any person who would please to take them should receive a handsome gratuity.

Before the enemy could form a regular order of battle, Sir John Jervis, by carrying a press of sail, came up with them, passed through their fleet, then tacked, and thus cut off nine of their ships from the main body. These ships attempted to form on the larboard tack, either with a design of passing through the British line, or to leeward of it, and thus rejoining their friends. Only one of them succeeded in this attempt, and that only because she was so covered with smoke that her intention was not discovered till she reached the rear; the others were so warmly received that they put about, took to flight, and did not appear again in the action till its close. The admiral was now able to direct his attention to the enemy's main body, which was still superior in number to his whole fleet, and more so in weight of metal. He made signal to tack in succession. Nelson, whose station was in the rear of the British line, perceived that the Spaniards were bearing up before the wind, with an intention of forming their line, going large, and joining their separated ships, or else of getting off without an engagement. To prevent either of these schemes, he disobeyed the signal without a moment's hesitation, and ordered his ship to be wore. This at once brought him into action with the *Santissima Trinidad*, 136 guns, the *San Joseph*, 112 guns, the *Salvador del Mundo*, 112 guns, the *San Nicolas*, 80 guns, the *San Isidro*, 74 guns, another of 74 guns, and another first-rate. Troubridge, in the *Culloden*, immediately joined, and most nobly supported him; and for nearly an hour did the *Culloden* and *Captain* maintain what Nelson

called "this apparently but not really unequal contest'—such was the advantage of skill and discipline, and the confidence which brave men derive from them. The *Blenheim*, then passing between them and the enemy, gave them a respite, and poured in her fire upon the Spaniards. The *Salvador del Mundo* and *San Isidro* dropped astern, and were fired into, in a masterly style, by the *Excellent*, Captain Collingwood. The *San Isidro* struck; and Nelson thought that the *Salvador* struck also. "But, Collingwood," says he, "disdaining the parade of taking possession of beaten enemies, most gallantly pushed up, with every sail set, to save his old friend and messmate, who was, to appearance, in a critical situation;" for the *Captain* was at this time actually fired upon by three first rates, by the *San Nicolas*, and by a seventy-four, within about pistol shot of that vessel. The *Blenheim* was ahead, the *Culloden* crippled and astern. Collingwood ranged up, and hauling up his mainsail just astern, passed within ten feet of the *San Nicolas*, giving her a most tremendous fire, then passed on for the *Santissima Trinidad*. The *San Nicolas* luffing up, the *San Joseph* fell on board her, and Nelson resumed his station abreast of them close alongside. The *Captain* was now incapable of further service, either in the line or in chase; she had lost her fore topmast, not a sail, shroud, or rope was left, and her wheel was shot away. Nelson, therefore, directed Captain Miller to put the helm a-starboard, and, calling for the boarders, ordered them to board.

Captain Berry, who had lately been Nelson's first-lieutenant, was the first man who leaped into the enemy's mizen chains. Miller, when in the very act of going, was ordered by Nelson to remain. Berry was supported from the spritsail-yard, which locked in the *San Nicolas's* main-rigging. A soldier of the 69th broke the upper quarter-gallery window, and jumped in, followed by the commodore himself, and by others as fast as possible. The cabin doors were fastened, and the Spanish officers fired their pistols at them through the window. The doors were soon

forced, and the Spanish brigadier fell while retreating to the quarter-deck. Nelson pushed on, and found Berry in possession of the poop, and the Spanish ensign hauling down. He passed on to the forecastle, where he met two or three Spanish officers, and received their swords. The English were now in full possession of every part of the ship; and a fire of pistols and musquetry opened upon them from the admiral's stern gallery of the *San Joseph*. Nelson having placed sentinels at the different ladders, and ordered Captain Miller to send more men into the prize, gave orders for boarding that ship from the *San Nicolas*. It was done in an instant, he himself leading the way, and exclaiming, "Westminster Abbey, or victory!" Berry assisted him into the main-chains; and at that moment a Spanish officer looked over the quarter-deck-rail, and said they surrendered. It was not long before he was on the quarter-deck, where the Spanish captain presented his sword, and told him the admiral was below, dying of his wounds. There, on the quarter deck of an enemy's first-rate, he received the swords of the officers; giving them, as they were delivered, one by one, to William Fearney, one of his old *Agamemnon's*, who, with the utmost coolness, put them under his arm. One of his sailors came up, and, with an Englishman's feeling, took him by the hand, saying he might not soon have such another place to do it in, and he was heartily glad to see him there. Twenty-four of the *Captain's* men were killed, and fifty-six wounded—a fourth part of the loss sustained by the whole squadron falling upon this ship. Nelson received only a few bruises.

The Spaniards had still eighteen or nineteen ships, which had suffered little or no injury. That part of the fleet which had been separated from the main body in the morning was now coming up, and Sir John Jervis made a signal to bring to. His ships could not have formed without abandoning those which they had captured, and running to leeward: the *Captain* was lying a perfect wreck on board her two prizes; and many of the other

vessels were so shattered in their masts and rigging as to be wholly unmanageable. The Spanish admiral meantime, according to his official account, being altogether undecided in his own opinion respecting the state of the fleet, inquired of his captains whether it was proper to renew the action: nine of them answered explicitly that it was not; others replied that it was expedient to delay the business. The *Pelayo* and the *Principe Conquistador* were the only ships that were for fighting.

As soon as the action was discontinued, Nelson went on board the admiral's ship. Sir John Jervis received him on the quarter-deck, took him in his arms, and said he could not sufficiently thank him. For this victory the commander-in-chief was rewarded with the title of Earl St Vincent.* Nelson, who, before the action was known in England, had been advanced to

* In the official letter of Sir John Jervis, Nelson was not mentioned. It is said that the admiral had seen an instance of the ill consequence of such selection in Lord Howe's victory, and therefore would not name any individual, thinking it proper to speak to the public only in terms of general approbation. His private letter to the First Lord of the Admiralty was, with his consent, published for the first time, in a Life of Nelson by Mr Harrison. Here it is said that "Commodore Nelson, who was in the rear, on the starboard tack, took the lead on the larboard, and contributed very much to the fortune of the day." It is also said that he boarded the two Spanish ships successively; but the fact that Nelson wore without orders, and thus planned as well as accomplished the victory, is not explicitly stated. Perhaps it was thought proper to pass over this part of his conduct in silence, as a splendid fault; but such an example is not dangerous. The author of the work in which this letter was first made public protests against those over-zealous friends "who would make the action rather appear as Nelson's battle than that of the illustrious commander-in-chief, who derives from it so deservedly his title. No man," he says, "ever less needed, or less desired, to strip a single leaf from the honoured wreath of any other hero, with the vain hope of augmenting his own, than the immortal Nelson; no man ever more merited the whole of that which a generous nation unanimously presented to Sir John Jervis, than the Earl of St Vincent." Certainly, Earl St Vincent well deserved the reward which he received; but it is not detracting from his merit to say that Nelson is fully entitled to as much fame from this action as the commander-in-chief. Not because the brunt of the action fell upon him; not because he was engaged with all the four ships which were taken, and took two of them, it may almost be said, with his own hand; but because the decisive movement which enabled him to perform all this, and by which the action became a victory, was executed in neglect of orders, upon his own judgment, and at his peril. Earl St Vincent deserved his earldom; but it is not to the honour of those by whom titles were distributed in those days that Nelson never obtained the rank of earl for either of those victories which he lived to enjoy, though the one was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history, and the other the most important in its consequences of any which was achieved during the whole war.

the rank of rear-admiral, had the Order of the Bath given him. The sword of the Spanish rear-admiral, which Sir John Jervis insisted upon his keeping, he presented to the Mayor and Corporation of Norwich, saying that he knew no place where it could give him or his family more pleasure to have it kept than in the capital city of the county where he was born. The freedom of that city was voted him on this occasion. But of all the numerous congratulations which he received, none could have affected him with deeper delight than that which came from his venerable father. "I thank my God," said this excellent man, "with all the power of a grateful soul, for the mercies he has most graciously bestowed on me in preserving you. Not only my few acquaintance here, but the people in general, met me at every corner with such handsome words that I was obliged to retire from the public eye. The height of glory to which your professional judgment, united with a proper degree of bravery, guarded by Providence, has raised you, few sons, my dear child, attain to, and fewer fathers live to see. Tears of joy have involuntarily trickled down my furrowed cheeks. Who could stand the force of such general congratulation? The name and services of Nelson have sounded throughout this city of Bath—from the common ballad-singer to the public theatre." The good old man concluded by telling him that the field of glory in which he had so long been conspicuous was still open, and by giving him his blessing.

Sir Horatio, who had now hoisted his flag as rear-admiral of the blue, was sent to bring away the troops from Porto Ferrajo; having performed this, he shifted his flag to the *Theseus*. That ship had taken part in the mutiny in England, and, being just arrived from home, some danger was apprehended from the temper of the men. This was one reason why Nelson was removed to her. He had not been on board many weeks before a paper, signed in the name of all the ship's company, was dropped

on the quarter-deck, containing these words, "Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless Captain Miller! We thank them for the officers they have placed over us. We are happy and comfortable, and will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them; and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as her captain's." Wherever Nelson commanded, the men soon became attached to him; in ten days' time he would have restored the most mutinous ship in the navy to order. Whenever an officer fails to win the affections of those who are under his command, he may be assured that the fault is chiefly in himself.

While Sir Horatio was in the *Theseus*, he was employed in the command of the inner squadron at the blockade of Cadiz. During this service, the most perilous action occurred in which he was ever engaged. Making a night-attack upon the Spanish gun-boats, his barge was attacked by an armed launch, under their commander, Don Miguel Tregoyen, carrying twenty-six men. Nelson had with him only ten of his bargemen, Captain Freemantle, and his coxswain, John Sykes, an old and faithful follower, who twice saved the life of his admiral, by parrying the blows that were aimed at him, and, at last, actually interposed his own head to receive the blow of a Spanish sabre, which he could not by any other means avert; thus dearly was Nelson beloved. This was a desperate service—hand to hand with swords; and Nelson always considered that his personal courage was more conspicuous on this occasion than on any other during his whole life. Notwithstanding the great disproportion of numbers, eighteen of the enemy were killed, all the rest wounded, and their launch taken. Nelson would have asked for a lieutenancy for Sykes if he had served long enough. His manner and conduct, he observed, were so entirely above his situation that nature certainly intended him for a gentleman; but though he recovered from the dangerous wound which he received in this act of heroic attachment, he did not live to profit by the gratitude and friendship of his commander.

Twelve days after this *rencontre*, Nelson sailed at the head of an expedition against Teneriffe. A report had prevailed a few months before that the Viceroy of Mexico, with the treasure-ships, had put into that island. This had led Nelson to meditate the plan of an attack upon it, which he communicated to Earl St. Vincent. He was perfectly aware of the difficulties of the attempt. "I do not," said he, "reckon myself equal to Blake; but, if I recollect right, he was more obliged to the wind coming off the land than to any exertions of his own. The approach by sea to the anchoring-place is under very high land, passing three valleys; therefore the wind is either in from the sea, or squally with calms from the mountains;" and he perceived that, if the Spanish ships were won, the object would still be frustrated, if the wind did not come off shore. The land-force, he thought, would render success certain; and there were the troops from Elba, with all necessary stores and artillery, already embarked. "But here," said he, "soldiers must be consulted; and I know, from experience, they have not the same boldness in undertaking a political measure that we have. We look to the benefit of our country, and risk our own fame every day to serve her; a soldier obeys his orders, and no more." Nelson's experience at Corsica justified him in this harsh opinion; he did not live to see the glorious days of the British army under Wellington. The army from Elba, consisting of 3,700 men, would do the business, he said, in three days, probably in much less time; and he would undertake, with a very small squadron, to perform the naval part; for, though the shore was not easy of access, the transports might run in and land the troops in one day.

The report concerning the viceroy was unfounded; but a homeward-bound Manilla ship put into Santa Cruz at this time, and the expedition was determined upon. It was not fitted out upon the scale which Nelson had proposed. Four ships of the line, three frigates, and the *Fox* cutter, formed the squadron; and he was allowed to

choose such ships and officers as he thought proper. No troops were embarked; the seamen and marines of the squadron being thought sufficient. His orders were to make a vigorous attack; but on no account to land in person, unless his presence should be absolutely necessary. The plan was, that the boats should land in the night between the fort on the N.E. side of Santa Cruz Bay and the town, make themselves masters of that fort, and then send a summons to the governor. By midnight, the three frigates, having the force on board which was intended for this debarkation, approached within three miles of the place; but owing to a strong gale of wind in the offing, and a strong current against them in shore, they were not able to get within a mile of the landing-place before daybreak; and then they were seen, and their intention discovered. Troubridge and Bowen, with Captain Oldfield, of the marines, went upon this to consult with the admiral what was to be done; and it was resolved that they should attempt to get possession of the heights above the fort. The frigates accordingly landed their men; and Nelson stood in with the line-of-battle ships, meaning to batter the fort, for the purpose of distracting the attention of the garrison. A calm and contrary current hindered him from getting within a league of the shore; and the heights were by this time so secured, and manned with such a force, as to be judged impracticable. Thus foiled in his plans by circumstances of wind and tide, he still considered it a point of honour that some attempt should be made. This was on the 22nd of July: he re-embarked his men that night, got the ships on the 24th to anchor about two miles north of the town, and made show as if he intended to attack the heights. At six in the evening, signal was made for the boats to prepare to proceed on the service as previously ordered.

When this was done, Nelson addressed a letter to the commander-in-chief—the last which was ever written with his right hand. "I shall not," said he, "enter on the subject why we are not in possession of Santa Cruz.

Your partiality will give credit that all has hitherto been done which was possible, but without effect. This night I, humble as I am, command the whole, destined to land under the batteries of the town; and to-morrow my head will probably be crowned either with laurel or cypress. I have only to recommend Josiah Nisbet to you and my country. The Duke of Clarence, should I fall, will, I am confident, take a lively interest for my son-in-law, on his name being mentioned." Perfectly aware how desperate a service this was likely to prove, before he left the *Theseus* he called Lieutenant Nisbet, who had the watch on deck, into the cabin, that he might assist in arranging and burning his mother's letters. Perceiving that the young man was armed, he earnestly begged him to remain behind. "Should we both fall, Josiah," said he, "what would become of your poor mother? The care of the *Theseus* falls to you; stay, therefore, and take charge of her." Nisbet replied, "Sir, the ship must take care of herself; I will go with you to-night, if I never go again."

He met his captains at supper on board the *Seahorse*, Captain Freemantle, whose wife, whom he had lately married in the Mediterranean, presided at table. At eleven o'clock the boats, containing between 600 and 700 men, with 180 on board the *Fox* cutter, and from seventy to eighty in a boat which had been taken the day before, proceeded in six divisions toward the town, conducted by all the captains of the squadron except Freemantle and Bowen, who attended with Nelson to regulate and lead the way to the attack. They were to land on the mole, and thence hasten, as fast as possible, into the great square; then form, and proceed as should be found expedient. They were not discovered till about half-past one o'clock, when, being within half gun-shot of the landing-place, Nelson directed the boats to cast off from each other, give a huzzah, and push for the shore. But the Spaniards were excellently well prepared; the alarm-bells answered the huzzah, and a fire of thirty or forty pieces of cannon, with musketry from one end of the town to the other, opened

upon the invaders. Nothing, however, could check the intrepidity with which they advanced. The night was exceedingly dark, most of the boats missed the mole, and went on shore through a raging surf, which stove all to the left of it. The admiral, Freemantle, Thompson, Bowen, and four or five other boats, found the mole; they stormed it instantly, and carried it, though it was defended, as they imagined, by four or five hundred men. Its guns, which were six-and-twenty pounders, were spiked; but such a heavy fire of musketry and grape was kept up from the citadel and the houses at the head of the mole, that the assailants could not advance, and nearly all of them were killed or wounded.

In the act of stepping out of the boat, Nelson received a shot through the right elbow, and fell; but, as he fell, he caught the sword, which he had just drawn, in his left hand, determined never to part with it while he lived, for it had belonged to his uncle, Captain Suckling, and he valued it like a relic. Nisbet, who was close to him, placed him at the bottom of the boat, and laid his hat over the shattered arm, lest the sight of the blood, which gushed out in great abundance, should increase his faintness. He then examined the wound, and, taking some silk handkerchiefs from his neck, bound them round tight above the lacerated vessels. Had it not been for this presence of mind in his son-in-law, Nelson must have perished. One of his bargemen, by name Lovel, tore his shirt into shreds, and made a sling with them for the broken limb. They then collected five other seamen, by whose assistance they succeeded, at length, in getting the boat afloat; for it had grounded with the falling tide. Nisbet took one of the oars, and ordered the steersman to go close under the guns of the battery, that they might be safe from its tremendous fire. Hearing his voice, Nelson roused himself, and desired to be lifted up in the boat, that he might look about him. Nisbet raised him up; but nothing could be seen except the firing of the guns on shore, and what could be discerned by their

flashes upon the stormy sea. In a few minutes a general shriek was heard from the crew of the *Fox*, which had received a shot under water, and went down. Ninety-seven men were lost in her; eighty-three were saved, many by Nelson himself, whose exertions on this occasion greatly increased the pain and danger of his wound. The first ship which the boat could reach happened to be the *Seahorse;* but nothing could induce him to go on board, though he was assured that, if they attempted to row to another ship, it might be at the risk of his life. "I had rather suffer death," he replied, "than alarm Mrs. Freemantle, by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband." They pushed on for the *Theseus.* When they came alongside, he peremptorily refused all assistance in getting on board, so impatient was he that the boat should return, in hopes that it might save a few more from the *Fox.* He desired to have only a single rope thrown over the side, which he twisted round his left hand, saying, "Let me alone; I have yet my legs left, and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm; so the sooner it is off the better."* The spirit which he displayed in jumping up the ship's side astonished everybody.

Freemantle had been severely wounded in the right arm, soon after the admiral. He was fortunate enough to find a boat at the beach, and got instantly to his ship. Thompson was wounded; Bowen killed, to the great regret of Nelson; as was also one of his own officers, Lieutenant Weatherhead, who had followed him from the *Agamemnon*, and whom he greatly and deservedly esteemed. Troubridge, meantime, fortunately for his party, missed

* During the Peace of Amiens, when Nelson was passing through Salisbury, and received there with those acclamations which followed him everywhere, he recognised, amid the crowd, a man who had assisted at the amputation, and attended him afterwards. He beckoned him up the stairs of the Council House, shook hands with him, and made him a present, in remembrance of his services at that time. The man took from his bosom a piece of lace, which he had torn from the sleeve of the amputated limb, saying he had preserved, and would preserve it to the last moment, in memory of his old commander.

the mole in the darkness, but pushed on shore under the batteries, close to the south end of the citadel. Captain Waller, of the *Emerald*, and two or three other boats, landed at the same time. The surf was so high that many others put back. The boats were instantly filled with water and stove against the rocks; and most of the ammunition in the men's pouches was wetted. Having collected a few men, they pushed on to the great square, hoping there to find the admiral and the rest of the force. The ladders were all lost, so that they could make no immediate attempt on the citadel; but they sent a sergeant, with two of the town's people, to summon it. This messenger never returned; and Troubridge, having waited about an hour in painful expectation of his friends, marched to join Captains Hood and Miller, who had effected their landing to the south-west. They then endeavoured to procure some intelligence of the admiral and the rest of the officers, but without success. By daybreak they had gathered together about eighty marines, eighty pikemen, and 180 small-arm seamen—all the survivors of those who had made good their landing. They obtained some ammunition from the prisoners whom they had taken, and marched on to try what could be done at the citadel without ladders. They found all the streets commanded by field-pieces and several thousand Spaniards, with about a hundred French, under arms, approaching by every avenue. Finding himself without provisions, the powder wet, and no possibility of obtaining either stores or reinforcements from the ships, the boats being lost, Troubridge, with great presence of mind, sent Captain Samuel Hood with a flag of truce to the governor, to say he was prepared to burn the town, and would instantly set fire to it if the Spaniards approached one inch nearer. This, however, if he were compelled to do it, he should do with regret, for he had no wish to injure the inhabitants; and he was ready to treat upon these terms—that the British troops should re-embark, with all their arms of every kind, and take their own boats, if they were saved,

or be provided with such others as might be wanting; they, on their part, engaging that the squadron should not molest the town, nor any of the Canary Islands; all prisoners on both sides to be given up. When these terms were proposed, the governor made answer that the English ought to surrender as prisoners of war; but Captain Hood replied he was instructed to say that, if the terms were not accepted in five minutes, Captain Troubridge would set the town on fire, and attack the Spaniards at the point of the bayonet. Satisfied with his success, which was, indeed, sufficiently complete, and respecting, like a brave and honourable man, the gallantry of his enemy, the Spaniard acceded to the proposal. "And here," says Nelson in his journal, "it is right we should notice the noble and generous conduct of Don Juan Antonio Gutierrez, the Spanish governor. The moment the terms were agreed to, he directed our wounded men to be received into the hospitals, and all our people to be supplied with the best provisions that could be procured; and made it known that the ships were at liberty to send on shore, and purchase whatever refreshments they were in want of during the time they might be off the island." A youth, by name Don Bernardo Collagon, stripped himself of his shirt to make bandages for one of those Englishmen against whom, not an hour before, he had been engaged in battle. Nelson wrote to thank the governor for the humanity which he had displayed. Presents were interchanged between them. Sir Horatio offered to take charge of his despatches for the Spanish Government; and thus actually became the first messenger to Spain of his own defeat.

The total loss of the English, in killed, wounded, and drowned, amounted to two hundred and fifty. Nelson made no mention of his own wound in his official despatches; but in a private letter to Lord St. Vincent, the first which he wrote with his left hand, he shows himself to have been deeply affected by the failure of this enterprise. "I am become," he said, "a burden to

my friends, and useless to my country; but by my last letter you will perceive my anxiety for the promotion of my son-in-law, Josiah Nisbet. When I leave your command, I become dead to the world; 'I go hence, and am no more seen.' If from poor Bowen's loss you think it proper to oblige me, I rest confident you will do it. The boy is under obligations to me; but he repaid me, by bringing me from the mole of Santa Cruz. I hope you will be able to give me a frigate, to convey the remains of my carcase to England." "A left-handed admiral," he said, in a subsequent letter, "will never again be considered as useful; therefore the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a sounder man to serve the State." His first letter to Lady Nelson was written under the same opinion, but in a more cheerful strain. "It was the chance of war," said he, "and I have great reason to be thankful; and I know it will add much to your pleasure to find that Josiah, under God's providence, was principally instrumental in saving my life. I shall not be surprised if I am neglected and forgotten: probably, I shall no longer be considered as useful; however, I shall feel rich if I continue to enjoy your affection. I beg neither you nor my father will think much of this mishap; my mind has long been made up to such an event."

His son-in-law, according to his wish, was immediately promoted; and honours enough to heal his wounded spirit awaited him in England. Letters were addressed to him by the First Lord of the Admiralty, and by his steady friend the Duke of Clarence, to congratulate him on his return, covered as he was with glory. He assured the Duke, in his reply, that not a scrap of that ardour with which he had hitherto served his king had been shot away. The freedom of the cities of Bristol and London were transmitted to him; he was invested with the order of the Bath, and received a pension of £1000 a-year. The memorial which, as a matter of form, he was called upon to present on this occasion, exhibited an

extraordinary catalogue of services performed during the war. It stated that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns; he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant-vessels; and actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of an hundred and twenty times; in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.

His sufferings from the lost limb were long and painful. A nerve had been taken up in one of the ligatures at the time of the operation; and the ligature, according to the practice of the French surgeons, was of silk, instead of waxed thread: this produced a constant irritation and discharge; and the ends of the ligature being pulled every day, in hopes of bringing it away, occasioned fresh agony. He had scarcely any intermission of pain, day or night, for three months after his return to England. Lady Nelson, at his earnest request, attended the dressing his arm, till she had acquired sufficient resolution and skill to dress it herself. One night, during this state of suffering, after a day of constant pain, Nelson retired early to bed, in hope of enjoying some respite by means of laudanum. He was at that time lodging in Bond-street; and the family was soon disturbed by a mob knocking loudly and violently at the door. The news of Duncan's victory had been made public, and the house was not illuminated. But when the mob were told that Admiral Nelson lay there in bed, badly wounded, the foremost of them made answer, "You shall hear no more from us to-night;" and, in fact, the feeling of respect and sympathy was communicated from one to another with such effect that, under the confusion of such a night, the house was not molested again.

About the end of November, after a night of sound sleep, he found the arm nearly free from pain; the surgeon was immediately sent for to examine it, and the ligature came away with the slightest touch. From that time it began to heal. As soon as he thought his health established, he sent the following form of thanksgiving to the minister of St. George's, Hanover-square:—"An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him."

Not having been in England till now, since he lost his eye, he went to receive a year's pay, as smart money, but could not obtain payment, because he had neglected to bring a certificate from a surgeon, that the sight was actually destroyed. A little irritated that this form should be insisted upon, because, though the fact was not apparent, he thought it was sufficiently notorious, he procured a certificate, at the same time, for the loss of his arm, saying, "they might just as well doubt one as the other." This put him in good humour with himself, and with the clerk who had offended him. On his return to the office, the clerk, finding it was only the annual pay of a captain, observed he thought it had been more. "Oh," replied Nelson, "this is only for an eye! In a few days I shall come for an arm; and in a little time longer, God knows, most probably for a leg!" Accordingly, he soon afterwards went, and, with perfect good humour, exhibited the certificate of the loss of his arm.

CHAPTER V.

Nelson rejoins Earl St. Vincent in the *Vanguard*—Sails in pursuit of the French to Egypt—Returns to Sicily, and sails again to Egypt—Battle of the Nile.

EARLY in the year 1798, Sir Horatio Nelson hoisted his flag in the *Vanguard*, and was ordered to rejoin Earl St. Vincent. Upon his departure, his father addressed him with that affectionate solemnity by which all his letters were distinguished. "I trust in the Lord," said he, "that he will prosper your going out and your coming in. I earnestly desired once more to see you, and that wish has been heard. If I should presume to say I hope to see you again, the question would be readily asked, How old art thou? *Vale! vale! Domine, vale!*" It is said that a gloomy foreboding hung on the spirits of Lady Nelson at their parting. This could have arisen only from the dread of losing him by the chance of war. Any apprehension of losing his affections could hardly have existed; for all his correspondence to this time shows that he thought himself happy in his marriage; and his private character had hitherto been as spotless as his public conduct. One of the last things he said to her was that his own ambition was satisfied; but that he went to raise her to that rank in which he had long wished to see her.

Immediately on his rejoining the fleet, he was despatched to the Mediterranean with a small squadron, in order to ascertain, if possible, the object of the great expedition which at that time was fitting out under Bonaparte, at Toulon. The defeat of this armament, whatever might be its destination, was deemed by the British Government an object paramount to every other; and Earl St. Vincent was directed, if he thought it necessary, to take his whole force into the Mediterranean,

to relinquish, for that purpose, the blockade of the Spanish fleet, as a thing of inferior moment; but, if he should deem a detachment sufficient, "I think it almost unnecessary," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, in his secret instructions, "to suggest to you the propriety of putting it under Sir Horatio Nelson." It is to the honour of Earl St. Vincent that he had already made the same choice. The British Government at this time, with a becoming spirit, gave orders that any port in the Mediterranean should be considered as hostile, where the governor, or chief magistrate, should refuse to let our ships of war procure supplies of provisions, or of any article which they might require.

The armament at Toulon consisted of thirteen ships of the line, seven 40-gun frigates, with twenty-four smaller vessels of war, and nearly 200 transports. Mr. Udney, our consul at Leghorn, was the first person who procured certain intelligence of the enemy's design against Malta; and, from his own sagacity, foresaw that Egypt must be their after-object. Nelson sailed from Gibraltar on the 9th of May, with the *Vanguard*, *Orion*, and *Alexander*, seventy-fours; the *Caroline*, *Flora*, *Emerald*, and *Terpsichore*, frigates; and the *Bonne Citoyenne*, sloop of war, to watch this formidable armament. On the 19th, when they were in the Gulf of Lyons, a gale came on from the N.W. It moderated so much on the 20th, as to enable them to get their top-gallant-masts and yards aloft. After dark, it again began to blow strong; but the ships had been prepared for a gale, and therefore Nelson's mind was easy. Shortly after midnight, however, his main-top-mast went over the side, and the mizen-topmast soon afterward. The night was so tempestuous that it was impossible for any signal either to be seen or heard; and Nelson determined, as soon as it should be daybreak, to wear, and scud before the gale; but at half-past three the foremast went in three pieces, and the bowsprit was found to be sprung in three places. When day broke, they succeeded in wearing the ship with a remnant of the

spritsail. This was hardly to have been expected; the *Vanguard* was at that time twenty-five leagues south of the islands of Hieres, with her head lying to the N.E., and, if she had not wore, the ship must have drifted to Corsica. Captain Ball, in the *Alexander*, took her in tow to carry her into the Sardinian harbour of St. Pietro. Nelson, apprehensive that this attempt might endanger both vessels, ordered him to cast off; but that excellent officer, with a spirit like his commander's, replied he was confident he could save the *Vanguard*, and, by God's help, he would do it. There had been a previous coolness between these great men; but, from this time, Nelson became fully sensible of the extraordinary talents of Captain Ball, and a sincere friendship subsisted between them during the remainder of their lives. "I ought not," said the Admiral, writing to his wife, "I ought not to call what has happened to the *Vanguard* by the cold name of accident; I believe firmly it was the Almighty's goodness, to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel confident it has made me a better man. Figure to yourself, on Sunday evening, at sunset, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance that the proudest ships of equal numbers belonging to France would have lowered their flags; figure to yourself, on Monday morning, when the sun rose, this proud man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest." Nelson had, indeed, more reason to refuse the cold name of accident to this tempest than he was then aware of; for, on that very day, the French fleet sailed from Toulon, and must have passed within a few leagues of his little squadron, which was thus preserved by the thick weather that came on.

In the orders of the British Government to consider all ports as hostile where the British ships should be refused supplies, the ports of Sardinia were excepted. The con-

tinental possessions of the King of Sardinia were at this time completely at the mercy of the French; and that Prince was now discovering, when too late, that the terms to which he had consented for the purpose of escaping immediate danger necessarily involved the loss of the dominions which they were intended to preserve. The citadel of Turin was now occupied by French troops; and his wretched court feared to afford the common rights of humanity to British ships, lest it should give the French occasion to seize on the remainder of his dominions—a measure for which it was certain they would soon make a pretext, if they did not find one. Nelson was informed that he could not be permitted to enter the port of St. Pietro. Regardless of this interdict, which, under his circumstances, it would have been an act of suicidal folly to have regarded, he anchored in the harbour, and, by the exertions of Sir James Saumarez, Captain Ball, and Captain Berry, the *Vanguard* was refitted in four days; months would have been employed in refitting her in England. Nelson, with that proper sense of merit wherever it was found, which proved at once the goodness and the greatness of his character, especially recommended to Earl St. Vincent the carpenter of the *Alexander*, under whose directions the ship had been repaired; stating that he was an old and faithful servant of the Crown, who had been nearly thirty years a warrant carpenter; and begging most earnestly that the commander-in-chief would recommend him to the particular notice of the Board of Admiralty. He did not leave the harbour without expressing his sense of the treatment which he had received there, in a letter to the Viceroy of Sardinia. "Sir," it said, "having, by a gale of wind, sustained some trifling damages, I anchored a small part of his Majesty's fleet under my orders off this island, and was surprised to hear, by an officer sent by the governor, that admittance was to be refused to the flag of his Britannic Majesty into this port. When I reflect that my most gracious Sovereign is the oldest, I believe, and certainly the most faith-

ful ally which the King of Sardinia ever had, I could feel the sorrow which it must have been to his Majesty to have given such an order; and also for your Excellency, who had to direct its execution. I cannot but look at the African shore, where the followers of Mahomet are performing the part of the good Samaritan, which I look for in vain at St. Peter's, where it is said the Christian religion is professed."

The delay which was thus occasioned was useful to him in many respects; it enabled him to complete his supply of water, and to receive a reinforcement, which Earl St. Vincent, being himself reinforced from England, was enabled to send him. It consisted of the best ships of his fleet: the *Culloden*, 74 guns, Captain T. Troubridge; *Goliath*, 74 guns, Captain T. Foley; *Minotaur*, 74 guns, Captain T. Louis; *Defence*, 74 guns, Captain John Peyton; *Bellerophon*, 74 guns, Captain H. D. E. Darby, *Majestic*, 74 guns, Captain G. B. Westcott; *Zealous*, 74 guns, Captain S. Hood; *Swiftsure*, 74 guns, Captain B. Hallowell; *Theseus*, 74 guns, Captain R. W. Miller; *Audacious*, 74 guns, Captain Davidge Gould. The *Leander*, 50 guns, Captain T. B. Thompson, was afterwards added. These ships were made ready for the service as soon as Earl St. Vincent received advice from England that he was to be reinforced. As soon as the reinforcement was seen from the mast-head of the admiral's ship, off Cadiz Bay, signal was immediately made to Captain Troubridge to put to sea; and he was out of sight before the ships from home cast anchor in the British station. Troubridge took with him no instructions to Nelson as to the course he was to steer, nor any certain account of the enemy's destination; everything was left to his own judgment. Unfortunately, the frigates had been separated from him in the tempest, and had not been able to rejoin. They sought him unsuccessfully in the Bay of Naples, where they obtained no tidings of his course; and he sailed without them.

The first news of the enemy's armament was that it had surprised Malta. Nelson formed a plan for attacking

it while at anchor at Gozo; but on the 22nd of June intelligence reached him that the French had left that island on the 16th, the day after their arrival. It was clear that their destination was eastward—he thought for Egypt; and for Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Had the frigates been with him, he could scarcely have failed to gain information of the enemy; for want of them he only spoke three vessels on the way: two came from Alexandria, one from the Archipelago, and neither of them had seen anything of the French. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th, and the enemy were not there, neither was there any account of them; but the governor was endeavouring to put the city in a state of defence, having received advice from Leghorn that the French expedition was intended against Egypt after it had taken Malta. Nelson then shaped his course to the northward, for Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail, both night and day, with a contrary wind. It would have been his delight, he said, to have tried Bonaparte on a wind. It would have been the delight of Europe, too, and the blessing of the world, if that fleet had been overtaken with its general on board. But of the myriads and millions of human beings who would have been preserved by that day's victory there is not one to whom such essential benefit would have resulted as to Bonaparte himself. It would have spared him his defeat at Acre—his only disgrace; for to have been defeated by Nelson upon the seas would not have been disgraceful; it would have spared him all his after-enormities. Hitherto his career had been glorious; the baneful principles of his heart had never yet passed his lips; history would have represented him as a soldier of fortune, who had faithfully served the cause in which he engaged, and whose career had been distinguished by a series of successes unexampled in modern times. A romantic obscurity would have hung over the expedition to Egypt, and he would have escaped the perpetration of those crimes which have incarnadined

his soul with a deeper dye than that of the purple for which he committed them—those acts of perfidy, midnight murder, usurpation, and remorseless tyranny, which have consigned his name to universal execration now and for ever.

Conceiving that when an officer is not successful in his plans it is absolutely necessary that he should explain the motives upon which they were founded, Nelson wrote at this time an account and vindication of his conduct for having carried the fleet to Egypt. The objection which he anticipated was, that he ought not to have made so long a voyage without more certain information. "My answer," said he, "is ready—Who was I to get it from? The Governments of Naples and Sicily either knew not, or chose to keep me in ignorance. Was I to wait patiently until I heard certain accounts? If Egypt were their object, before I could hear of them they would have been in India. To do nothing was disgraceful; therefore I made use of my understanding. I am before your lordships' judgment; and if, under all circumstances, it is decided that I am wrong, I ought, for the sake of our country, to be superseded; for at this moment, when I know the French are not in Alexandria, I hold the same opinion as off Cape Passaro—that, under all circumstances, I was right in steering for Alexandria; and by that opinion I must stand or fall." Captain Ball, to whom he showed this paper, told him he should recommend a friend never to begin a defence of his conduct before he was accused of error. He might give the fullest reasons for what he had done, expressed in such terms as would evince that he had acted from the strongest conviction of being right; and of course he must expect that the public would view it in the same light. Captain Ball judged rightly of the public, whose first impulses, though from want of sufficient information they must frequently be erroneous, are generally founded upon just feelings. But the public are easily misled, and there are always persons ready to mislead them. Nelson had not yet

attained that fame which compels envy to be silent; and when it was known in England that he had returned after an unsuccessful pursuit, it was said that he deserved impeachment; and Earl St. Vincent was severely censured for having sent so young an officer upon so important a service.

Baffled in his pursuit, he returned to Sicily. The Neapolitan Ministry had determined to give his squadron no assistance, being resolved to do nothing which could possibly endanger their peace with the French Directory. By means, however, of Lady Hamilton's influence at court, he procured secret orders to the Sicilian governors; and, under those orders, obtained everything which he wanted at Syracuse—a timely supply; without which, he always said, he could not have recommenced his pursuit with any hope of success. "It is an old saying," said he in his letter, "that 'the devil's children have the devil's luck.' I cannot to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone to; and having gone a round of six hundred leagues at this season of the year, with an expedition incredible, here I am, as ignorant of the situation of the enemy as I was twenty-seven days ago. Every moment I have to regret the frigates having left me; had one-half of them been with me, I could not have wanted information. Should the French be so strongly secured in port that I cannot get at them, I shall immediately shift my flag into some other ship, and send the *Vanguard* to Naples to be refitted; for hardly any person but myself would have continued on service so long in such a wretched state." Vexed, however, and disappointed as he was, Nelson, with the true spirit of a hero, was still full of hope. "Thanks to your exertions," said he, writing to Sir W. and Lady Hamilton, "we have victualled and watered; and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze; and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress." Earl St. Vincent he assured

that if the French were above water he would find them out. He still held his opinion that they were bound for Egypt; "but," said he to the First Lord of the Admiralty, "be they bound to the antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

On the 25th of July he sailed from Syracuse for the Morea. Anxious beyond measure, and irritated that the enemy should so long have eluded him, the tediousness of the nights made him impatient; and the officer of the watch was repeatedly called on to let him know the hour, and convince him, who measured time by his own eagerness, that it was not yet daybreak. The squadron made the Gulf of Coron on the 28th. Troubridge entered the port, and returned with intelligence that the French had been seen about four weeks before steering to the S.E. from Candia. Nelson then determined immediately to return to Alexandria; and the British fleet accordingly, with every sail set, stood once more for the coast of Egypt. On the 1st of August, about ten in the morning, they came in sight of Alexandria; the port had been vacant and solitary when they saw it last. It was now crowded with ships; and they perceived, with exultation, that the tri-colour flag was flying upon the walls. At four in the afternoon, Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, made the signal for the enemy's fleet. For many preceding days Nelson had hardly taken either sleep or food. He now ordered his dinner to be served, while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from table, and went to their separate stations, he said to them, "Before this time to-morrow I shall have gained a peerage or Westminster Abbey."

The French, steering direct for Candia, had made an angular passage for Alexandria; whereas Nelson, in pursuit of them, made straight for that place, and thus materially shortened the distance. The comparative smallness of his force made it necessary to sail in close order, and it covered a less space than it would have

done if the frigates had been with him; the weather also was constantly hazy. These circumstances prevented the English from discovering the enemy on the way to Egypt, though it appeared, upon examining the journals of the French officers taken in the action, that the two fleets must actually have crossed on the night of the 22nd of June. During the return to Syracuse, the chances of falling in with them were fewer.

Why Bonaparte, having effected his landing, should not have suffered the fleet to return, has never yet been explained. Thus much is certain, that it was detained by his command; though, with his accustomed falsehood, he accused Admiral Brueys, after that officer's death, of having lingered on the coast, contrary to orders. The French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July; and Brueys, not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored his ships in Aboukir Bay in a strong and compact line of battle; the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the N.W., and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the S.W. By Bonaparte's desire, he had offered a reward of 10,000 livres to any pilot of the country who would carry the squadron in; but none could be found who would venture to take charge of a single vessel drawing more than twenty feet. He had therefore made the best of his situation, and chosen the strongest position which he could possibly take in an open road. The commissary of the fleet said they were moored in such a manner as to bid defiance to a force more than double their own. This presumption could not then be thought unreasonable. Admiral Barrington, when moored in a similar manner off St. Lucia, in the year 1778, beat off the Comte d'Estaign in three several attacks, though his force was inferior by almost one-third to that which assailed it. Here, the advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships

of the line and four frigates, carrying 1,196 guns, and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one 50-gun ship, carrying 1,012 guns, and 8,068 men. The English ships were all seventy-fours: the French had three 80-gun ships, and one three-decker of 120 guns.

During the whole pursuit, it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the *Vanguard*, and explain to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute, on falling in with the enemy, whatever their situation might be. There is no possible position, it is said, which he did not take into calculation. His officers were thus fully acquainted with his principles of tactics; and such was his confidence in their abilities that the only thing determined upon, in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain the victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed displayed itself; and it instantly struck him that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of the enemy's. This plan of doubling on the enemy's ships was projected by Lord Hood, when he designed to attack the French fleet at their anchorage in Gourjean road. Lord Hood found it impossible to make the attempt; but the thought was not lost upon Nelson, who acknowledged himself, on this occasion, indebted for it to his old and excellent commander. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case,"

replied the admiral; "that we shall succeed is certain: who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, they were assailed by a shower of shot and shells from the batteries on the island, and the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, within half-gunshot distance, full into the bows of our van-ships. It was received in silence; the men on board every ship were employed aloft in furling sails, and below in tending the braces and making ready for anchoring—a miserable sight for the French, who, with all their skill and all their courage, and all their advantages of numbers and situation, were upon that element on which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion that the English had missed him because, not being superior in force, they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him. The moment was now come in which he was to be undeceived.

A French brig was instructed to decoy the English by manœuvring so as to tempt them toward a shoal lying off the island of Bequières; but Nelson either knew the danger or suspected some deceit, and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, out-sailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived that, if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore, to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and, having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquérant*, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her mast. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the

station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir James Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then passing inside the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round toward the French line, and anchoring inside, between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The *Audacious*, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and the *Conquérant*, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter; and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Miller, followed, brought down the *Guerrier's* remaining main and mizen masts, then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half-pistol-shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away; that they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. He veered half a cable, and instantly opened a tremendous fire; under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the admiral. In a few minutes, every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore-part of the *Vanguard's* deck was killed or wounded; these guns were three times cleared. Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, passed ahead, and dropped her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Brueys' own ship, of 120 guns, whose difference of force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball, from the lower

deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in the line; by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The *Majestic*, Captain Westcott, got entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient*, and suffered dreadfully from that three-decker's fire; but she swung clear, and, closely engaging the *Heureux*, the ninth ship on the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous to the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began. It commenced at half-past six; about seven night closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Troubridge, in the *Culloden*, then foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding, as the others had done; as he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation; and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground; nor could all his own exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and the *Mutine* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which would else, from the course which they were holding, have gone considerably farther on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost. These ships entered the bay, and took their stations, in the darkness, in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remembered it. Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, as he was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail; Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen-peak, as soon as it became dark; and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire. "If she was an enemy," he said, "she was in too disabled

a state to escape; but, from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship." It was the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *Orient*; her lights had gone overboard, nearly two hundred of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away, and she was drifting out of the line, toward the lee side of the bay. Her station, at this important time, was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin* and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant, Captain Ball, with the *Alexander*, passed under his stern, and anchored within side on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musketry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the *Leander*. Captain Thompson, finding that nothing could be done that night to get off the *Culloden*, advanced with the intention of anchoring athwart-hawse of the *Orient*. The *Franklin* was so near her ahead, that there was not room for him to pass clear of the two; he therefore took his station athwart-hawse of the latter, in such a position as to rake both.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others had in that time suffered so severely that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime, Nelson received a severe wound on the head, from a piece of langridge shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned an apprehension that the wound was mortal: Nelson himself thought so. A large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye; and, the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon—in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors—with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted

the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. "No!" said Nelson, "I will take my turn with my brave fellows." Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to.

Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson. He then sent for Captain Louis on board from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance which he had rendered to the *Vanguard*; and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine his wound (for it was in vain to intreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet; but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and was so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but, before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone, when suddenly a cry was heard on the deck that the *Orient* was on fire. In the confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed, and, to the astonishment of everyone, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave orders that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Brueys was dead; he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post; a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted, and the oil-jars and paint-bucket were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up, with a shock which was felt to the very bottom of every vessel. Many of her officers and men jumped overboard, some clinging to the spars and pieces of wreck with which the sea was strewn, others swimming to escape from the destruction which they momentarily dreaded. Some were picked up by our boats, and some, even in the heat and fury of the action, were dragged into the lower ports of the nearest British ships by the British sailors. The greater part of her crew, however, withstood the danger till the last, and continued to fire from the lower deck.

This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful; the firing immediately ceased on both sides, and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water, from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake. Such an event would be felt like a miracle; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the Commodore Casabianca and his son, a brave boy, only ten years old. They were seen floating on a shattered mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board (the plunder of Malta) to the amount of £600,000 sterling. The masses of burning wreck, which were scattered by the explosion, excited for some moments appre-

hensions in the English which they had never felt from any other danger. Two large pieces fell into the main and fore-tops of the *Swiftsure*, without injuring any person. A port fire also fell into the main-royal of the *Alexander*; the fire which it occasioned was speedily extinguished. Captain Ball had provided, as far as human foresight could provide, against any such danger. All the shrouds and sails of his ship, not absolutely necessary for its immediate management, were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Genereux*, the two rear-ships of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying; they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The *Zealous* pursued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers that, if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped; the four certainly could not, if the *Culloden* had got into action; and if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene;" he called it a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt; of the four frigates, one was sunk, another, the *Artemise*, was burnt in a villanous manner by her captain, M. Estandlet, who, having fired a broadside at the *Theseus*, struck his colours, then set fire to the ship, and escaped with most of his crew to shore. The British loss, in killed and wounded, amounted to 895. Westcott was the only captain who fell; 3,105 of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel, and 5,225 perished.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson sent orders through the fleet to return thanksgiving in every ship for the victory with which Almighty God had blessed his Majesty's arms. The French at Rosetta, who with miserable fear beheld the engagement, were at a loss to understand the stillness of the fleet during the performance of this solemn duty, but it seemed to affect many of the prisoners, officers as well as men; and, graceless and godless as the officers were, some of them remarked that it was no wonder such order was preserved in the British navy, when the minds of our men could be impressed with such sentiments after so great a victory, and at a moment of such confusion. The French at Rosetta, seeing their four ships sail out of the bay unmolested, endeavoured to persuade themselves that they were in possession of the place of battle. But it was in vain thus to attempt, against their own secret and certain conviction, to deceive themselves; and even if they could have succeeded in this, the bonfires which the Arabs kindled along the whole coast and over the country, for three following nights, would soon have undeceived them. Thousands of Arabs and Egyptians lined the shore and covered the house-tops during the action, rejoicing in the destruction which had overtaken their invaders. Long after the battle, innumerable bodies were seen floating about the bay, in spite of all the exertions which were made to sink them, as well from fear of pestilence as from the loathing and horror which the sight occasioned. The shore, for an extent of four leagues, was covered with wreck; and the Arabs found employment for many days in burning on the beach the fragments which were cast up, for the sake of the iron. Part of the *Orient's* mainmast was picked up by the *Swiftsure*. Captain Hallowell ordered his carpenter to make a coffin of it; the iron as well as wood was taken from the wreck of the same ship. It was finished as well and handsomely as the workman's skill and materials would permit; and Hallowell then sent it to the admiral with the following letter:—"Sir, I

have taken the liberty of presenting you a coffin made from the main-mast of the *Orient*, that, when you have finished your military career in this world, you may be buried in one of your trophies. But that that period may be far distant is the earnest wish of your sincere friend, Benjamin Hallowell." An offering so strange, and yet so suited to the occasion, was received by Nelson in the spirit with which it was sent. As if he felt it good for him, now that he was at the summit of his wishes, to have death before his eyes, he ordered the coffin to be placed upright in his cabin. Such a piece of furniture, however, was more suitable to his own feelings than to those of his guests and attendants; and an old favourite servant intreated him so earnestly to let it be removed that at length he consented to have the coffin carried below. But he gave strict orders that it should be safely stowed, and reserved for the purpose for which its brave and worthy donor had designed it.

The victory was complete; but Nelson could not pursue it as he would have done for want of means. Had he been provided with small craft, nothing could have prevented the destruction of the storeships and transports in the port of Alexandria; four bomb-vessels would at that time have burnt the whole in a few hours. "Were I to die this moment," said he, in his despatches to the Admiralty, "*want of frigates* would be found stamped on my heart! No words of mine can express what I have suffered, and am suffering, for want of them." He had also to bear up against great bodily suffering; the blow had so shaken his head that, from its constant and violent aching, and the perpetual sickness which accompanied the pain, he could scarcely persuade himself that the skull was not fractured. Had it not been for Troubridge, Ball, Hood, and Hallowell, he declared that he should have sunk under the fatigue of refitting the squadron. "All," he said, "had done well; but these officers were his supporters." But, amidst his sufferings and exertions, Nelson could yet think of all the consequences of his victory; and

that no advantage of it might be lost, he despatched an officer overland to India, with letters to the Governor of Bombay, informing him of the arrival of the French in Egypt, the total destruction of their fleet, and the consequent preservation of India from any attempt against it on the part of this formidable armament. "He knew that Bombay," he said, "was their first object, if they could get there; but he trusted that Almighty God would overthrow in Egypt these pests of the human race. Bonaparte had never yet had to contend with an English officer, and he would endeavour to make him respect us." This despatch he sent upon his own responsibility, with letters of credit upon the East India Company, addressed to the British consuls, vice-consuls, and merchants on his route; Nelson saying "that, if he had done wrong, he hoped the bills would be paid, and he would repay the Company; for, as an Englishman, he should be proud that it had been in his power to put our settlements on their guard." The information which by this means reached India was of great importance. Orders had just been received for defensive preparations, upon a scale proportionate to the apprehended danger, and the extraordinary expenses which would otherwise have been incurred were thus prevented.

Nelson was now at the summit of glory. Congratulations, rewards, and honours were showered upon him by all the states, and princes, and powers, to whom his victory gave a respite. The first communication of this nature which he received was from the Turkish Sultan, who, as soon as the invasion of Egypt was known, had called upon "all true believers to take arms against those swinish infidels the French, that they might deliver these blessed habitations from their accursed hands;" and who had ordered his "pashas to turn night into day in their efforts to take vengeance." The present of "his Imperial Majesty, the powerful, formidable, and most magnificent Grand Seignior," was a pelisse of sables, with broad sleeves, valued at five thousand dollars, and a diamond aigrette,

valued at eighteen thousand—the most honourable badge among the Turks; and in this instance more especially honourable, because it was taken from one of the royal turbans. "If it were worth a million," said Nelson to his wife, "my pleasure would be to see it in your possession." The Sultan also sent, in a spirit worthy of imitation, a purse of two thousand sequins, to be distributed among the wounded. The mother of the Sultan sent him a box set with diamonds, valued at one thousand pounds. The Czar Paul, in whom the better part of his strangely-compounded nature at this time predominated, presented him with his portrait, set in diamonds, in a gold box, accompanied with a letter of congratulation, written by his own hand. The King of Sardinia also wrote to him, and sent a gold box, set with diamonds. Honours in profusion were awaiting him at Naples. In his own country, the King granted these honourable augmentations to his armorial ensign: a chief undulated, *argent*, thereon waves of the sea; from which a palm-tree issuant, between a disabled ship on the dexter, and a ruinous battery on the sinister, all proper; and for his crest, on a naval crown, *or*, the chelengk or plume presented to him by the Turk, with the motto, *Palmam qui meruit ferat.** And to his supporters, being a sailor on the dexter, and a lion on the sinister, were given these honourable augmentations: a palm-branch in the sailor's hand, and another in the paw of a lion, both proper; with a tri-coloured flag and staff in the lion's mouth. He was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham Thorpe, with a pension of £2000 for his own life, and those of his two immediate successors. When the grant was moved in the House of Commons, General Walpole expressed an opinion that a higher degree of rank ought to be con-

* It has been erroneously said that the motto was selected by the King: it was fixed on by Lord Grenville, and taken from an ode of Jortin's. The application was singularly fortunate; and the ode itself breathes a spirit in which no man ever more truly sympathised than Nelson:—

Concurrant paribus cum ratibus rates,
Spectent numina ponti, et
Palmam qui meruit ferat.

ferred. Mr. Pitt made answer, that he thought it needless to enter into that question. "Admiral Nelson's fame," he said, "would be co-equal with the British name; and it would be remembered that he had obtained the greatest naval victory on record, when no man would think of asking whether he had been created a baron, a viscount, or an earl." It was strange that, in the very act of conferring a title, the Minister should have excused himself for not having conferred a higher one, by representing all titles, on such an occasion, as nugatory and superfluous. True, indeed, whatever title had been bestowed, whether viscount, earl, marquis, duke, or prince, if our laws had so permitted, he who received it would have been Nelson still. That name he had ennobled beyond all addition of nobility: it was the name by which England loved him, France feared him, Italy, Egypt, and Turkey celebrated him; and by which he will continue to be known while the present kingdoms and languages of the world endure, and as long as their history after them shall be held in remembrance. It depended upon the degree of rank what should be the fashion of his coronet, in what page of the red book his name was to be inserted, and what precedency should be allowed his lady in the drawing-room and at the ball That Nelson's honours were affected thus far, and no farther, might be conceded to Mr. Pitt and his colleagues in administration, but the degree of rank which they thought proper to allot was the measure of their gratitude,* though not of his services. This Nelson felt; and this he expressed with indignation among his friends.

* Mr Windham must be excepted from this well-deserved censure. He, whose fate it seems to have been almost always to think and feel more generously than those with whom he acted, declared, when he contended against his own party for Lord Wellington's peerage, that he always thought Lord Nelson had been inadequately rewarded The case was the more flagrant, because an earldom had so lately been granted for the battle of St Vincent's—an action which could never be compared with the battle of the Nile, if the very different manner in which it was rewarded did not necessarily force a comparison, especially when the part which Nelson bore in it was considered Lords Duncan and St Vincent had each a pension of £1000 from the Irish Government. This was not granted to Nelson, in consequence of the Union, though, surely, it would be more becoming to increase the British grant than to save a thousand a year by the Union in such cases.

Whatever may have been the motives of the Ministry, and whatever the formalities with which they excused their conduct to themselves, the importance and magnitude of the victory were universally acknowledged. A grant of £10,000 was voted to Nelson by the East India Company; the Turkish Company presented him with a piece of plate; the City of London presented a sword to him, and to each of his captains; gold medals were distributed to the captains and the first lieutenants of all the ships that were promoted, as had been done after Lord Howe's victory. Nelson was exceedingly anxious that the captain and first-lieutenant of the *Culloden* should not be passed over because of their misfortune. To Troubridge himself he said, "Let us rejoice that the ship which got on shore was commanded by an officer whose character is so thoroughly established." To the Admiralty he stated that Captain Troubridge's conduct was as fully entitled to praise as that of any one officer in the squadron, and as highly deserving of reward. "It was Troubridge," said he, "who equipped the squadron so soon at Syracuse; it was Troubridge who exerted himself for me after the action; it was Troubridge who saved the *Culloden*, when none that I know in the service would have attempted it." The gold medal, therefore, by the King's express desire, was given to Captain Troubridge "for his services both before and since, and for the great and wonderful exertion which he made at the time of the action in saving and getting off his ship." The private letter from the Admiralty to Nelson informed him that the first-lieutenants of all the ships *engaged* were to be promoted. Nelson instantly wrote to the commander-in-chief. "I sincerely hope," said he, "this is not intended to exclude the first-lieutenant of the *Culloden*. For heaven's sake! for my sake! if it be so, get it altered. Our dear friend Troubridge has endured enough. His sufferings were, in every respect, more than any of us." To the Admiralty he wrote in terms equally warm. "I hope, and believe, the word *engaged* is not intended to exclude the

Culloden. The merit of that ship, and her gallant captain, are too well known to benefit by anything I could say. Her misfortune was great in getting aground, while her more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness. No; I am confident that my good Lord Spencer will never add misery to misfortune. Captain Troubridge on shore is superior to captains afloat: in the midst of his great misfortunes he made those signals which prevented certainly the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure* from running on the shoals. I beg your pardon for writing on a subject which, I verily believe, has never entered your lordship's head; but my heart, as it ought to be, is warm to my gallant friends." Thus feelingly alive was Nelson to the claims, and interests, and feelings of others. The Admiralty replied that the exception was necessary, as the ship had not been in action; but they desired the commander-in-chief to promote the lieutenant upon the first vacancy which should occur.

Nelson, in remembrance of an old and uninterrupted friendship, appointed Alexander Davison sole prize agent for the captured ships; upon which Davison ordered medals to be struck in gold for the captains, in silver for the lieutenants and warrant-officers, in gilt metal for the petty officers, and in copper for the seamen and marines. The cost of this act of liberality amounted nearly to £2000. It is worthy of record on another account; for some of the gallant men, who received no other honorary badge of their conduct on that memorable day than this copper medal from a private individual, years afterwards, when they died upon a foreign station, made it their last request that the medals might carefully be sent home to their respective friends. So sensible are brave men of honour, in whatever rank they may be placed.

Three of the frigates, whose presence would have been so essential a few weeks sooner, joined the squadron on the twelfth day after the action. The fourth joined a few days after them. Nelson thus received despatches, which rendered it necessary for him to return to Naples. Before

he left Egypt he burned three of the prizes; they could not have been fitted for a passage to Gibraltar in less than a month, and that at a great expense, and with the loss of the service of at least two sail of the line. "I rest assured," he said to the Admiralty, "that they will be paid for, and have held out that assurance to the squadron. For if an admiral, after a victory, is to look after the captured ships, and not to the distressing of the enemy, very dearly indeed must the nation pay for the prizes. I trust that £60,000 will be deemed a very moderate sum for them; and when the services, time, and men, with the expense of fitting the three ships for a voyage to England, are considered, Government will save nearly as much as they are valued at. Paying for prizes," he continued, "is no new idea of mine, and would often prove an amazing saving to the State, even without taking into calculation what the nation loses by the attention of admirals to the property of the captors—an attention absolutely necessary as a recompense for the exertions of the officers and men. An admiral may be amply rewarded by his own feelings, and by the approbation of his superiors; but what reward have the inferior officers and men but the value of the prizes? If an admiral takes that from them, on any consideration, he cannot expect to be well supported." To Earl St. Vincent he said, "If he could have been sure that Government would have paid a reasonable value for them, he would have ordered two of the other prizes to be burnt, for they would cost more in refitting, and by the loss of ships attending them, than they were worth."

Having sent the six remaining prizes forward, under Sir James Saumarez, Nelson left Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, off Alexandria, with the *Swiftsure*, *Goliath*, *Alcmene*, *Zealous*, and *Emerald*, and stood out to sea himself on the seventeenth day after the battle.

CHAPTER VI.

Nelson returns to Naples—State of that Court and Kingdom—General Mack—The French approach Naples—Flight of the Royal Family—Successes of the Allies in Italy—Transactions in the Bay of Naples—Expulsion of the French from the Neapolitan and Roman States—Nelson is made Duke of Bronte—He leaves the Mediterranean and returns to England.

NELSON'S health had suffered greatly while he was in the *Agamemnon.* "My complaint," he said, "is as if a girth were buckled taut over my breast; and my endeavour in the night is to get it loose." After the battle of Cape St. Vincent he felt a little rest to be so essential to his recovery that he declared he would not continue to serve longer than the ensuing summer, unless it should be absolutely necessary; for, in his own strong language, he had then been four years and nine months without one moment's repose for body or mind. A few months' intermission of labour he had obtained—not of rest, for it was purchased with the loss of a limb; and the greater part of the time had been a season of constant pain. As soon as his shattered frame had sufficiently recovered for him to resume his duties, he was called to services of greater importance than any on which he had hitherto been employed, and they brought with them commensurate fatigue and care. The anxiety which he endured during his long pursuit of the enemy was rather changed in its direction than abated by their defeat; and this constant wakefulness of thought, added to the effect of his wound, and the exertions from which it was not possible for one of so ardent and wide-reaching a mind to spare himself, nearly proved fatal. On his way back to Italy he was seized with fever. For eighteen hours his life was despaired of; and even when the disorder took a favourable turn, and he was so far recovered as again to appear on deck, he himself thought that his end was approaching

—such was the weakness to which the fever and cough had reduced him. Writing to Earl St. Vincent, on the passage, he said to him, "I never expect, my dear lord, to see your face again. It may please God that this will be the finish to that fever of anxiety which I have endured from the middle of June; but be that as it pleases His goodness. I am resigned to His will."

The kindest attentions of the warmest friendship were awaiting him at Naples. "Come here," said Sir William Hamilton, "for God's sake, my dear friend, as soon as the service will permit you. A pleasant apartment is ready for you in my house, and Emma is looking out for the softest pillows, to repose the few wearied limbs you have left." Happy would it have been for Nelson if warm and careful friendship had been all that awaited him there! He himself saw at that time the character of the Neapolitan court, as it first struck an Englishman, in its true light; and, when he was on the way, he declared that he detested the voyage to Naples, and that nothing but necessity could have forced him to it. But never was any hero, on his return from victory, welcomed with more heartfelt joy. Before the battle of Aboukir the court of Naples had been trembling for its existence. The language which the Directory held towards it was well described by Sir William Hamilton as being exactly the language of a highwayman. The Neapolitans were told that Benevento might be added to their dominions, provided they would pay a large sum sufficient to satisfy the Directory; and they were warned that if the proposal were refused, or even if there were any delay in accepting it, the French would revolutionise all Italy. The joy, therefore, of the court, at Nelson's success, was in proportion to the dismay from which that success relieved them. The Queen was a daughter of Maria Theresa, and sister of Marie Antoinette. Had she been the wisest and gentlest of her sex, it would not have been possible for her to have regarded the French without hatred and horror; and the progress of revolutionary opinions, while

it perpetually reminded her of her sister's fate, excited no unreasonable apprehensions for her own. Her feelings, naturally ardent, and little accustomed to restraint, were excited to the highest pitch when the news of the victory arrived. Lady Hamilton, her constant friend and favourite, who was present, says, "It is not possible to describe her transports: she wept, she kissed her husband, her children, walked frantically about the room, burst into tears again, and again kissed and embraced every person near her, exclaiming, 'O brave Nelson! O God! bless and protect our brave deliverer! O Nelson, Nelson! what do we not owe you! O conqueror—saviour of Italy! Oh that my swollen heart could now tell him personally what we owe to him!'" She herself wrote to the Neapolitan ambassador at London upon the occasion, in terms which show the fulness of her joy, and the height of the hopes which it had excited. "I wish I could give wings," said she, "to the bearer of the news, and, at the same time, to our most sincere gratitude. The whole of the sea-coast of Italy is saved; and this is owing alone to the generous English. This battle, or, to speak more correctly, this total defeat of the regicide squadron, was obtained by the valour of this brave admiral, seconded by a navy which is the terror of its enemies. The victory is so complete that I can still scarcely believe it; and if it were not the brave English nation, which is accustomed to perform prodigies by sea, I could not persuade myself that it had happened. It would have moved you to have seen all my children, boys and girls, hanging on my neck, and crying for joy at the happy news. Recommend the hero to his master; he has filled the whole of Italy with admiration of the English. Great hopes were entertained of some advantages being gained by his bravery, but no one could look for so total a destruction. All here are drunk with joy."

Such being the feelings of the royal family, it may well be supposed with what delight, and with what honours, Nelson would be welcomed. Early on the 22nd of Sep-

tember the poor, wretched *Vanguard*, as he called his shattered vessel, appeared in sight of Naples. The *Culloden* and *Alexander* had preceded her by some days, and given notice of her approach. Many hundred boats and barges were ready to go forth and meet him, with music and streamers, and every demonstration of joy and triumph. Sir William and Lady Hamilton led the way in their state barge. They had seen Nelson only for a few days four years ago: but they then perceived in him that heroic spirit which was now so fully and gloriously manifested to the world. Emma Lady Hamilton, who from this time so greatly influenced his future life, was a woman whose personal accomplishments have seldom been equalled, and whose powers of mind were not less fascinating than her person. She was passionately attached to the Queen, and by her influence, the British fleet had obtained those supplies at Syracuse without which, Nelson always asserted, the battle of Aboukir could not have been fought. During the long interval which passed before any tidings were received, her anxiety had been hardly less than that of Nelson himself, while pursuing an enemy of whom he could obtain no information; and when the tidings were brought her by a joyful bearer open-mouthed, its effect was such that she fell like one who had been shot. She and Sir William had literally been made ill by their hopes and fears, and joy at a catastrophe so far exceeding all that they had dared to hope for. Their admiration for the hero necessarily produced a degree of proportionate gratitude and affection; and when their barge came alongside the *Vanguard*, at the sight of Nelson Lady Hamilton sprang up the ship's side, and exclaiming, "O God! is it possible?" fell into his arms, more, he says, like one dead than alive. He described the meeting as "terribly affecting." These friends had scarcely recovered from their tears when the King, who went out to meet him three leagues in the royal barge, came on board and took him by the hand, calling him his deliverer and preserver; from all the boats around

he was saluted with the same appellations. The multitude who surrounded him when he landed repeated the same enthusiastic cries; and the *lazzaroni* displayed their joy by holding up birds in cages, and giving them their liberty as he passed.

His birthday, which occurred a week after his arrival, was celebrated with one of the most splendid *fêtes* ever beheld at Naples. But, notwithstanding the splendour with which he was encircled and the flattering honours with which all ranks welcomed him, Nelson was fully sensible of the depravity, as well as weakness, of those by whom he was surrounded. "What precious moments," said he, "the courts of Naples and Vienna are losing! Three months would liberate Italy; but this court is so enervated that the happy moment will be lost. I am very unwell; and their miserable conduct is not likely to cool my irritable temper. It is a country of fiddlers and poets, whores and scoundrels." This sense of their ruinous weakness he always retained; nor was he ever blind to the mingled folly and treachery of the Neapolitan Ministers, and the complication of iniquities under which the country groaned; but he insensibly, under the influence of Lady Hamilton, formed an affection for the court, to whose misgovernment the miserable condition of the country was so greatly to be imputed.

The state of Naples may be described in few words. The King was one of the Spanish Bourbons. As the Cæsars have shown us to what wickedness the moral nature of princes may be perverted, so in this family the degradation to which their intellectual nature can be reduced has been not less conspicuously evinced. Ferdinand, like the rest of his race, was passionately fond of field-sports, and cared for nothing else. His Queen had all the vices of the House of Austria, with little to mitigate, and nothing to ennoble them; provided she could have her pleasures, and the King his sports, they cared not in what manner the revenue was raised or administered. Of course, a system of favouritism exercid at court;

and the vilest and most impudent corruption prevailed in every department of state, and in every branch of administration, from the highest to the lowest. It is only the institutions of Christianity and the vicinity of better-regulated states which prevent kingdoms, under such circumstances of misrule, from sinking into a barbarism like that of Turkey. A sense of better things was kept alive in some of the Neapolitans by literature, and by their intercourse with happier countries. These persons naturally looked to France at the commencement of the Revolution; and, during all the horrors of that Revolution, still cherished a hope that, by the aid of France, they might be enabled to establish a new order of things in Naples. They were grievously mistaken in supposing that the principles of liberty would ever be supported by France, but they were not mistaken in believing that no government could be worse than their own; and therefore they considered any change as desirable. In this opinion men of the most different characters agreed. Many of the nobles who were not in favour wished for a revolution that they might obtain the ascendancy to which they thought themselves entitled; men of desperate fortunes desired it, in the hope of enriching themselves, knaves and intriguers sold themselves to the French to promote it; and a few enlightened men and true lovers of their country joined in the same cause from the purest and noblest motives. All these were confounded under the common name of Jacobins; and the Jacobins of the continental kingdoms were regarded by the English with more hatred than they deserved. They were classed with Philippe Egalité, Marat, and Hebert; whereas they deserved rather to be ranked, if not with Locke, and Sidney, and Russell, at least with Argyle and Monmouth, and those who, having the same object as the prime movers of our own revolution, failed in their premature but not unworthy attempt.

No circumstances could be more unfavourable to the best interests of Europe than those which placed England

in strict alliance with the superannuated and abominable Governments of the Continent. The subjects of those Governments who wished for freedom thus became enemies to England and dupes and agents of France. They looked to their own grinding grievances, and did not see the danger with which the liberties of the world were threatened. England, on the other hand, saw the danger in its true magnitude, but was blind to these grievances; and found herself compelled to support systems which had formerly been equally the object of her abhorrence and her contempt. This was the state of Nelson's mind. He knew that there could be no peace for Europe till the pride of France was humbled and her strength broken; and he regarded all those who were the friends of France as traitors to the common cause, as well as to their own individual sovereigns. There are situations in which the most opposite and hostile parties may mean equally well, and yet act equally wrong. The court of Naples, unconscious of committing any crime by continuing the system of misrule to which they had succeeded, conceived that, in maintaining things as they were, they were maintaining their own rights, and preserving the people from such horrors as had been perpetrated in France. The Neapolitan revolutionists thought that, without a total change of system, any relief from the present evils was impossible; and they believed themselves justified in bringing about that change by any means. Both parties knew that it was the fixed intention of the French to revolutionise Naples. The revolutionists supposed that it was for the purpose of establishing a free government; the court and all disinterested persons were perfectly aware that the enemy had no other object than conquest and plunder.

The battle of the Nile shook the power of France. Her most successful general, and her finest army, were blocked up in Egypt—hopeless, as it appeared, of return; and the government was in the hands of men without talents, without character, and divided among themselves. Austria, whom Bonaparte had terrified into a peace at a

time when constancy on her part would probably have led to his destruction, took advantage of the crisis to renew the war. Russia also was preparing to enter the field with unbroken forces—led by a general whose extraordinary military genius would have entitled him to a high and honourable rank in history, if it had not been sullied by all the ferocity of a barbarian. Naples, seeing its destruction at hand, and thinking that the only means of averting it was by meeting the danger, after long vacillations, which were produced by the fears and weakness and treachery of its council, agreed at last to join this new coalition with a numerical force of 80,000 men. Nelson told the King, in plain terms, that he had his choice—either to advance, trusting to God for His blessing on a just cause, and prepared to die sword in hand, or to remain quiet, and be kicked out of his kingdom: one of these things must happen. The King made answer, he would go on and trust in God and Nelson; and Nelson, who would else have returned to Egypt, for the purpose of destroying the French shipping in Alexandria, gave up his intention at the desire of the Neapolitan court, and resolved to remain on that station, in the hope that he might be useful to the movements of the army. He suspected also, with reason, that the continuance of his fleet was so earnestly requested because the royal family thought their persons would be safer, in case of any mishap, under the British flag than under their own.

His first object was the recovery of Malta—an island which the King of Naples pretended to claim. The Maltese, whom the villanous knights of their order had betrayed to France, had taken up arms against their rapacious invaders, with a spirit and unanimity worthy the highest praise. They blockaded the French garrison by land; and a small squadron, under Captain Ball, began to blockade them by sea on the 12th of October. Twelve days afterwards Nelson arrived, and the little island of Gozo, dependent upon Malta, which had also been seized

and garrisoned by the French, capitulated soon after his arrival, and was taken possession of by the British in the name of his Sicilian Majesty—a power who had no better claim to it than France. Having seen this effected, and reinforced Captain Ball, he left that able officer to perform a most arduous and important part, and returned himself to co-operate with the intended movements of the Neapolitans.

General Mack was at the head of the Neapolitan troops. All that is now doubtful concerning this man is whether he was a coward or a traitor. At that time he was assiduously extolled as a most consummate commander, to whom Europe might look for deliverance; and when he was introduced by the King and Queen to the British admiral, the Queen said to him, "Be to us by land, general, what my hero Nelson has been by sea." Mack, on his part, did not fail to praise the force which he was appointed to command. "It was," he said, "the finest army in Europe." Nelson agreed with him that there could not be finer men; but when the general, at a review, so directed the operations of a mock fight that, by an unhappy blunder, his own troops were surrounded instead of those of the enemy, he turned to his friends and exclaimed, with bitterness, that the fellow did not understand his business. Another circumstance, not less characteristic, confirmed Nelson in his judgment. "General Mack," said he, in one of his letters, "cannot move without five carriages. I have formed my opinion; I heartily pray I may be mistaken."

While Mack, at the head of 32,000 men, marched into the Roman state, 5000 Neapolitans were embarked on board the British and Portuguese squadron, to take possession of Leghorn. This was effected without opposition; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, whose neutrality had been so outrageously violated by the French, was better satisfied with the measure than some of the Neapolitans themselves. Naselli, their general, refused to seize the French vessels at Leghorn, because he and the Duke di

Sangro, who was ambassador at the Tuscan court maintained that the King of Naples was not at war with France. "What!" said Nelson, "has not the King received, as a conquest made by him, the republican flag taken at Gozo? Is not his own flag flying there, and at Malta, not only by his permission, but by his order? Is not his flag shot at every day by the French, and their shot returned from batteries which bear that flag? Are not two frigates and a corvette placed under my orders ready to fight the French, meet them where they may? Has not the King sent publicly from Naples guns, mortars, &c., with officers and artillery, against the French in Malta? If these acts are not tantamount to any written paper, I give up all knowledge of what is war." This reasoning was of less avail than argument addressed to the general's fears. Nelson told him that if he permitted the many hundred French who were then in the mole to remain neutral, till they had a fair opportunity of being active, they had one sure resource, if all other schemes failed, which was to set one vessel on fire; the mole would be destroyed, probably the town also, and the port ruined for twenty years. This representation made Naselli agree to the half measure of laying an embargo on the vessels. Among them were a great number of French privateers, some of which were of such force as to threaten the greatest mischief to our commerce; and about seventy sail of vessels belonging to the Ligurian Republic, as Genoa was now called, laden with corn, and ready to sail for Genoa and France, where their arrival would have expedited the entrance of more French troops into Italy. "The general," said Nelson, "saw, I believe, the consequence of permitting these vessels to depart in the same light as myself; but there is this difference between us—he prudently, and certainly safely, awaits the orders of his court, taking no responsibility upon himself; I act from the circumstances of the moment, as I feel may be most advantageous for the cause which I serve, taking all responsibility on myself." It was in vain to hope for

anything vigorous or manly from such men as Nelson was compelled to act with. The crews of the French ships and their allies were ordered to depart in two days. Four days elapsed, and nobody obeyed the order; nor, in spite of the representations of the British Minister, Mr. Wyndham, were any means taken to enforce it—the true Neapolitan shuffle, as Nelson called it, took place on all occasions. After an absence of ten days he returned to Naples, and, receiving intelligence there, from Mr. Wyndham, that the privateers were at last to be disarmed, the corn landed, and the crews sent away, he expressed his satisfaction at the news in characteristic language, saying, "So far I am content. The enemy will be distressed, and, thank God! I shall get no money. The world, I know, think that money is our God; and now they will be undeceived as far as relates to us. 'Down, down with the French!' is my constant prayer."

Odes, sonnets, and congratulatory poems of every description were poured in upon Nelson on his arrival at Naples. An Irish Franciscan, who was one of the poets, not being content with panegyric upon this occasion, ventured upon a flight of prophecy, and predicted that Lord Nelson would take Rome with his ships. His lordship reminded Father M'Cormick that ships could not ascend the Tiber; but the father, who had probably forgotten this circumstance, met the objection with a bold front, and declared he saw that it would come to pass notwithstanding. Rejoicings of this kind were of short duration. The King of Naples was with the army which had entered Rome; but the castle of St. Angelo was held by the French, and 13,000 French were strongly posted in the Roman states at Castellana. Mack had marched against them with 20,000 men. Nelson saw that the event was doubtful, or rather that there could be very little hope of the result. But the immediate fate of Naples, as he well knew, hung upon the issue. "If Mack is defeated," said he, "in fourteen days this country is lost; for the Emperor has not yet moved his army, and

Naples has not the power of resisting the enemy. It was not a case for choice, but of necessity, which induced the King to march out of his kingdom, and not wait till the French had collected a force sufficient to drive him out of it in a week." He had no reliance upon the Neapolitan officers, who, as he described them, seemed frightened at a drawn sword or a loaded gun; and he was perfectly aware of the consequences which the sluggish movements and deceitful policy of the Austrians were likely to bring down upon themselves, and all their continental allies. "A delayed war, on the part of the Emperor," said he, writing to the British Minister at Vienna, "will be destructive to this monarchy of Naples; and, of course, to the newly-acquired dominions of the Emperor in Italy. Had the war commenced in September or October, all Italy would, at this moment, have been liberated. This month is worse than the last: the next will render the contest doubtful; and in six months, when the Neapolitan Republic will be organised, armed, and with its numerous resources called forth, the Emperor will not only be defeated in Italy, but will totter on his throne at Vienna. *Down, down with the French!* ought to be written in the council-room of every country in the world; and may Almighty God give right thoughts to every sovereign is my constant prayer!" His perfect foresight of the immediate event was clearly shown in this letter, when he desired the ambassador to assure the Empress (who was a daughter of the House of Naples) that, notwithstanding the councils which had shaken the throne of her father and mother, he would remain there, ready to save their persons, and her brothers and sisters; and that he had also left ships at Leghorn, to save the lives of the Grand Duke and her sister. "For all," said he, "must be a republic, if the Emperor does not act with expedition and vigour."

His fears were soon verified. "The Neapolitan officers," said Nelson, "did not lose much honour, for, God knows, they had not much to lose; but they lost all they had."

General St. Philip commanded the right wing of 10,000 men. He fell in with 3000 of the enemy, and, as soon as he came near enough, deserted to them. One of his men had virtue enough to level a musket at him, and shot him through the arm; but the wound was not sufficient to prevent him from joining the French in pursuit of his own countrymen. Cannon, tents, baggage, and military chest were all forsaken by the runaways, though they lost only forty men; for the French, having put them to flight, and got possession of everything, did not pursue an army of more than three times their own number. The main body of the Neapolitans under Mack, did not behave better. The King returned to Naples, where every day brought with it the tidings of some new disgrace from the army, and the discovery of some new treachery at home; till, four days after his return, the general sent him advice that there was no prospect of stopping the progress of the enemy, and that the royal family must look to their own personal safety. The state of the public mind at Naples was such, at this time, that neither the British Minister, nor the British admiral, thought it prudent to appear at court. Their motions were watched, and the revolutionists had even formed a plan for seizing and detaining them as hostages, to prevent any attack on the city after the French should have taken possession of it. A letter, which Nelson addressed at this time to the First Lord of the Admiralty, shows in what manner he contemplated the possible issue of the storm. It was in these words:—"My dear lord, there is an old saying 'that when things are at the worst they must mend.' Now, the mind of man cannot fancy things worse than they are here. But, thank God! my health is better, my mind never firmer, and my heart in the right trim to comfort, relieve, and protect those whom it is my duty to afford assistance to. Pray, my lord, assure our gracious Sovereign, that, while I live, I will support his glory; and that, if I fall, it shall be in a manner worthy of your lordship's faithful and obliged Nelson. I must not write more. Every word may be a text for a long letter."

Meantime Lady Hamilton arranged everything for the removal of the royal family. This was conducted, on her part, with the greatest address, and without suspicion, because she had been in habits of constant correspondence with the Queen. It was known that the removal could not be effected without danger; for the mob, and especially the *lazzaroni*, were attached to the King; and as, at this time, they felt a natural presumption in their own numbers and strength, they insisted that he should not leave Naples. Several persons fell victims to their fury; among others was a messenger from Vienna, whose body was dragged under the windows of the palace in the King's sight. The King and Queen spoke to the mob, and pacified them; but it would not have been safe, while they were in this agitated state, to have embarked the effects of the royal family openly. Lady Hamilton, like a heroine of modern romance, explored, with no little danger, a subterraneous passage, leading from the palace to the sea-side; through this passage the royal treasures, the choicest pieces of painting and sculpture, and other property, to the amount of two millions and a half, were conveyed to the shore, and stowed safely on board the English ships. On the night of the 21st, at half-past eight, Nelson landed, brought out the whole royal family, embarked them in three barges, and carried them safely, through a tremendous sea, to the *Vanguard*. Notice was then immediately given to the British merchants that they would be received on board any ship in the squadron. Their property had previously been embarked in transports. Two days were passed in the bay, for the purpose of taking such persons on board as required an asylum; and, on the night of the 23rd, the fleet sailed. The next day a more violent storm arose than Nelson had ever before encountered. On the 25th, the youngest of the princes was taken ill, and died in Lady Hamilton's arms. During this whole trying season, Lady Hamilton waited upon the royal family with the zeal of the most devoted servant, at a time when, except one man, no person belonging to the court assisted them.

On the morning of the 26th the royal family were landed at Palermo. It was soon seen that their flight had not been premature. Prince Pignatelli, who had been left as vicar-general and viceroy, with orders to defend the kingdom to the last rock in Calabria, sent plenipotentiaries to the French camp before Capua; and they, for the sake of saving the capital, signed an armistice, by which the greater part of the kingdom was given up to the enemy—a cession that necessarily led to the loss of the whole. This was on the 10th of January. The French advanced towards Naples. Mack, under pretext of taking shelter from the fury of the *lazzaroni*, fled to the French General Championet, who sent him under an escort to Milan; but as France hoped for farther services from this wretched traitor, it was thought prudent to treat him apparently as a prisoner of war. The Neapolitan army disappeared in a few days; of the men, some, following their officers, deserted to the enemy; the greater part took the opportunity of disbanding themselves. The *lazzaroni* proved true to their country; they attacked the enemy's advanced posts, drove them in, and were not dispirited by the murderous defeat which they suffered from the main body. Flying into the city, they continued to defend it, even after the French had planted their artillery in the principal streets. Had there been a man of genius to have directed their enthusiasm, or had there been any correspondent feelings in the higher ranks, Naples might have set a glorious example to Europe, and have proved the grave of every Frenchman who entered it. But the vices of the Government had extinguished all other patriotism than that of a rabble, who had no other virtue than that sort of loyalty which was like the fidelity of a dog to its master. This fidelity the French and their adherents counteracted by another kind of devotion; the priests affirmed that St. Januarius had declared in favour of the revolution. The miracle of his blood was performed with the usual success and more than usual effect, on the very evening when, after two days of

desperate fighting, the French obtained possession of Naples. A French guard of honour was stationed at his church. Championet gave, "Respect for St. Januarius!" as the word for the army; and the next day *Te Deum* was sung by the archbishop in the cathedral; and the inhabitants were invited to attend the ceremony and join in thanksgiving for the glorious entry of the French, who, it was said, being under the peculiar protection of Providence, had regenerated the Neapolitans, and were come to establish and consolidate their happiness.

It seems to have been Nelson's opinion that the Austrian Cabinet regarded the conquest of Naples with complacency, and that its measures were directed so as designedly not to prevent the French from overrunning it. That Cabinet was assuredly capable of any folly and of any baseness; and it is not improbable that, at this time, calculating upon the success of the new coalition, it indulged a dream of adding extensively to its former Italian possessions; and therefore left the few remaining powers of Italy to be overthrown, as a means which would facilitate its own ambitious views. The King of Sardinia, finding it impossible longer to endure the exactions of France, and the insults of the French commissary, went to Leghorn, embarked on board a Danish frigate, and sailed under British protection to Sardinia, that part of his dominions which the maritime supremacy of England rendered a secure asylum. On his arrival he published a protest against the conduct of France, declaring, upon the faith and word of a king, that he had never infringed, even in the slightest degree, the treaties which he had made with the French Republic. Tuscany was soon occupied by French troops—a fate which bolder policy might, perhaps, have failed to avert, but which its weak and timid neutrality rendered inevitable. Nelson began to fear even for Sicily. "Oh, my dear sir," said he, writing to Commodore Duckworth, "one thousand English troops would save Messina; and I fear General Stuart cannot give me men to save this most important island!" But

his representations were not lost upon Sir Charles Stuart. This officer hastened immediately from Minorca with a thousand men, assisted in the measures of defence which were taken, and did not return before he had satisfied himself that, if the Neapolitans were excluded from the management of affairs, and the spirit of the peasantry properly directed, Sicily was safe. Before his coming, Nelson had offered the King, if no resources should arrive, to defend Messina with the ship's company of an English man-of-war.

Russia had now entered into the war. Corfu surrendered to a Russian and Turkish fleet, acting now, for the first time, in strange confederacy, yet against a power which was certainly the common and worst enemy of both. Troubridge, having given up the blockade of Alexandria to Sir Sidney Smith, joined Nelson, bringing with him a considerable addition of strength, and in himself, what Nelson valued more, a man upon whose sagacity, indefatigable zeal, and inexhaustible resources, he could place full reliance. Troubridge was intrusted to commence the operations against the French in the Bay of Naples. Meantime Cardinal Ruffo, a man of questionable character, but of a temper fitted for such times, having landed in Calabria, raised what he called a Christian army, composed of the best and the vilest materials—loyal peasants, enthusiastic priests and friars, galley slaves, the emptying of the jails, and banditti. The islands in the Bay of Naples were joyfully delivered up by the inhabitants, who were in a state of famine already, from the effect of this baleful revolution. Troubridge distributed among them all his flour, and Nelson pressed the Sicilian court incessantly for supplies; telling them that £10,000 given away in provisions would, at this time, purchase a kingdom. Money, he was told, they had not to give; and the wisdom and integrity which might have supplied its want were not to be found. "There is nothing," said he, "which I propose, that is not, as far as orders go, implicitly complied with; but the execution is dreadful, and

almost makes me mad. My desire to serve their majesties faithfully, as is my duty, has been such that I am almost blind and worn out; and cannot, in my present state, hold much longer."

Before any government can be overthrown by the consent of the people, the government must be intolerably oppressive, or the people thoroughly corrupted. Bad as the misrule at Naples had been, its consequences had been felt far less there than in Sicily; and the peasantry had that attachment to the soil which gives birth to so many of the noblest, as well as of the happiest feelings. In all the islands the people were perfectly frantic with joy when they saw the Neapolitan colours hoisted. At Procida, Troubridge could not procure even a rag of the tri-coloured flag to lay at the King's feet; it was rent into ten thousand pieces by the inhabitants, and entirely destroyed. "The horrid treatment of the French," he said, "had made them mad." It exasperated the ferocity of a character which neither the laws nor the religion under which they lived tended to mitigate. Their hatred was especially directed against the Neapolitan revolutionists; and the fishermen, in concert among themselves, chose each his own victim, whom he would stiletto when the day of vengeance should arrive. The head of one was sent off one morning to Troubridge, with his basket of grapes for breakfast; and a note from the Italian, who had what he called the glory of presenting it, saying he had killed the man as he was running away, and begging his Excellency to accept the head, and consider it as a proof of the writer's attachment to the Crown. With the first successes of the court the work of punishment began. The judge at Ischia said it was necessary to have a bishop to degrade the traitorous priests before he could execute them; upon which Troubridge advised him to hang them first, and send them to him afterwards, if he did not think that degradation sufficient. This was said with the straightforward feeling of a sailor, who cared as little for canon law as he knew about it; but when he discovered

that the judge's orders were to go through the business in a summary manner, under his sanction, he told him at once that could not be, for the prisoners were not British subjects; and he declined having anything to do with it. There were manifestly persons about the court who, while they thirsted for the pleasure of vengeance, were devising how to throw the odium of it upon the English. They wanted to employ an English man-of-war to carry the priests to Palermo for degradation, and then bring them back for execution; and they applied to Troubridge for a hangman, which he indignantly refused. He, meantime, was almost heart-broken by the situation in which he found himself. He had promised relief to the islanders, relying upon the Queen's promise to him. He had distributed the whole of his private stock; there was plenty of grain at Palermo and in its neighbourhood, and yet none was sent him. The enemy, he complained, had more interest there than the King; and the distress for bread which he witnessed was such, he said, that it would move even a Frenchman to pity.

Nelson's mind was not in a happier state respecting public affairs. "As to politics," said he, "at this time they are my abomination; the ministers of kings and princes are as great scoundrels as ever lived. The brother of the Emperor is just going to marry the great Something of Russia, and it is more than expected that a kingdom is to be found for him in Italy, and that the King of Naples will be sacrificed." Had there been a wise and manly spirit in the Italian states, or had the conduct of Austria been directed by anything like a principle of honour, a more favourable opportunity could not have been desired for restoring order and prosperity in Europe, than the misconduct of the French Directory at this time afforded. But Nelson saw selfishness and knavery wherever he looked; and even the pleasure of seeing a cause prosper, in which he was so zealously engaged, was poisoned by his sense of the rascality of those with whom he was compelled to act. At this junc-

ture intelligence arrived that the French fleet had escaped from Brest, under cover of a fog, passed Cadiz unseen by Lord Keith's squadron, in hazy weather, and entered the Mediterranean. It was said to consist of twenty-four sail of the line, six frigates, and three sloops. The object of the French was to liberate the Spanish fleet, form a junction with them, act against Minorca and Sicily, and overpower our naval force in the Mediterranean, by falling in with detached squadrons, and thus destroying it in detail. When they arrived off Carthagena, they requested the Spanish ships to make sail and join; but the Spaniards replied they had not men to man them. To this it was answered that the French had men enough on board for that purpose. But the Spaniards seem to have been apprehensive of delivering up their ships thus entirely into the power of such allies, and refused to come out. The fleet from Cadiz, however, consisting of from seventeen to twenty sail of the line, got out under Masaredo, a man who then bore an honourable name, which he has since rendered infamous by betraying his country. They met with a violent storm off the coast of Oran, which dismasted many of their ships, and so effectually disabled them as to prevent the junction, and frustrate a well-planned expedition.

Before this occurred, and while the junction was as probable as it would have been formidable, Nelson was in a state of the greatest anxiety. "What a state am I in!" said he to Earl St. Vincent. "If I go, I risk, and more than risk, Sicily; for we know, from experience, that more depends upon opinion than upon acts themselves; and as I stay, my heart is breaking." His first business was to summon Troubridge to join him, with all the ships of the line under his command, and a frigate, if possible. Then hearing that the French had entered the Mediterranean, and expecting them at Palermo, where he had only his own ship, with that single ship he prepared to make all the resistance possible. Troubridge having joined him, he left Captain E. J. Foote, of the

Seahorse, to command the smaller vessels in the Bay of Naples, and sailed with six ships—one a Portuguese, and a Portuguese corvette; telling Earl St. Vincent that the squadron should never fall into the hands of the enemy. "And before we are destroyed," said he, "I have little doubt but they will have their wings so completely clipped that they may be easily overtaken." It was just at this time that he received from Captain Hallowell the present of the coffin. Such a present was regarded by the men with natural astonishment. One of his old shipmates in the *Agamemnon* said, "We shall have hot work of it, indeed! You see, the admiral intends to fight till he is killed; and there he is to be buried." Nelson placed it upright against the bulkhead of his cabin, behind his chair, where he sat at dinner. The gift suited him at this time. It is said that he was disappointed in the son-in-law whom he had loved so dearly from his childhood, and who had saved his life at Teneriffe; and it is certain that he had now formed an infatuated attachment for Lady Hamilton, which totally weaned his affections from his wife. Farther than this, there is no reason to believe that this most unfortunate attachment was criminal; but this was criminality enough, and brought with it its punishment. Nelson was dissatisfied with himself, and therefore weary of the world. This feeling he now frequently expressed. "There is no true happiness in this life," said he; "and in my present state I could quit it with a smile." And in a letter to his old friend Davison, he said, "Believe me, my only wish is to sink with honour into the grave; and when that shall please God, I shall meet death with a smile. Not that I am insensible to the honours and riches my king and country have heaped upon me—so much more than any officer could deserve; yet am I ready to quit this world of trouble, and envy none but those of the estate six feet by two."

Well had it been for Nelson if he had made no other sacrifices to this unhappy attachment than his peace of

mind; but it led to the only blot upon his public character. While he sailed from Palermo, with the intention of collecting his whole force, and keeping off Maretimo, either to receive reinforcements there, if the French were bound upwards, or to hasten to Minorca, if that should be their destination, Captain Foote, in the *Seahorse*, with the Neapolitan frigates, and some small vessels, under his command, was left to act with a land-force consisting of a few regular troops, of four different nations, and with the armed rabble which Cardinal Ruffo called the Christian army. His directions were to co-operate to the utmost of his power with the royalists, at whose head Ruffo had been placed, and he had no other instructions whatever. Ruffo advancing, without any plan, but relying upon the enemy's want of numbers, which prevented them from attempting to act upon the offensive, and ready to take advantage of any accident which might occur, approached Naples. Fort St. Elmo, which commands the town, was wholly garrisoned by the French troops; the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, which commanded the anchorage, were chiefly defended by Neapolitan revolutionists, the powerful men among them having taken shelter there. If these castles were taken, the reduction of Fort St. Elmo would be greatly expedited. They were strong places, and there was reason to apprehend that the French fleet might arrive to relieve them. Ruffo proposed to the garrison to capitulate, on condition that their persons and property should be guaranteed, and that they should, at their own option, either be sent to Toulon or remain at Naples, without being molested, either in their persons or families. This capitulation was accepted: it was signed by the cardinal and the Russian and Turkish commanders, and, lastly, by Captain Foote, as commander of the British force. About six and thirty hours afterwards, Nelson arrived in the bay, with a force which had joined him during his cruise, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, with 1700 troops on board, and the Prince Royal of Naples in the admiral's ship. A

flag of truce was flying on the castles, and on board the *Seahorse*. Nelson made a signal to annul the treaty; declaring that he would grant rebels no other terms than those of unconditional submission. The cardinal objected to this: nor could all the arguments of Nelson, Sir W. Hamilton, and Lady Hamilton, who took an active part in the conference, convince him that a treaty of such a nature, solemnly concluded, could honourably be set aside. He retired at last, silenced by Nelson's authority, but not convinced. Captain Foote was sent out of the bay; and the garrisons, taken out of the castles under pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian court: a deplorable transaction—a stain upon the memory of Nelson and the honour of England! To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked: there is no alternative, for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame.

Prince Francesco Caraccioli, a younger branch of one of the noblest Neapolitan families, escaped from one of these castles before it capitulated. He was at the head of the marine, and was nearly seventy years of age, bearing a high character, both for professional and personal merit. He had accompanied the court to Sicily; but when the revolutionary government, or Parthenopæan Republic, as it was called, issued an edict ordering all absent Neapolitans to return, on pain of confiscation of their property, he solicited and obtained permission of the King to return, his estates being very great. It is said that the King, when he granted him this permission, warned him not to take any part in politics; expressing, at the same time, his own persuasion that he should recover his kingdom. But neither the King nor he himself ought to have imagined that, in such times, a man of such reputation would be permitted to remain inactive; and it soon appeared that Caraccioli was again in command of the navy, and serving under the republic against his late sovereign.

The sailors reported that he was forced to act thus; and this was believed, till it was seen that he directed ably the offensive operations of the revolutionists, and did not avail himself of opportunities for escaping when they offered. When the recovery of Naples was evidently near, he applied to Cardinal Ruffo, and to the Duke of Calvirrano, for protection; expressing his hope that the few days during which he had been forced to obey the French would not outweigh forty years of faithful services; but, perhaps, not receiving such assurances as he wished, and knowing too well the temper of the Sicilian court, he endeavoured to secrete himself, and a price was set upon his head. More unfortunately for others than for himself, he was brought in alive, having been discovered in the disguise of a peasant, and carried one morning on board Lord Nelson's ship, with his hands tied behind him.

Caraccioli was well known to the British officers, and had been ever highly-esteemed by all who knew him. Captain Hardy ordered him immediately to be unbound, and to be treated with all those attentions which he felt due to a man who, when last on board the *Foudroyant*, had been received as an admiral and a prince. Sir William and Lady Hamilton were in the ship; but Nelson, it is affirmed, saw no one, except his own officers, during the tragedy which ensued. His own determination was made; and he issued an order to the Neapolitan Commodore, Count Thurn, to assemble a court-martial of Neapolitan officers, on board the British flag-ship, proceed immediately to try the prisoner, and report to him, if the charges were proved, what punishment he ought to suffer. These proceedings were as rapid as possible. Caraccioli was brought on board at nine in the forenoon, and the trial began at ten; it lasted two hours. He averred in his defence that he acted under compulsion, having been compelled to serve as a common soldier till he consented to take command of the fleet. This, the apologists of Lord Nelson say, he failed in proving. They

forget that the possibility of proving it was not allowed him; for he was brought to trial within an hour after he was legally in arrest; and how in that time was he to collect his witnesses? He was found guilty, and sentenced to death; and Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect that evening at five o'clock, on board the Sicilian frigate *La Minerva,* by hanging him at the fore-yardarm till sunset; when the body was to be cut down, and thrown into the sea. Caraccioli requested Lieutenant Parkinson, under whose custody he was placed, to intercede with Nelson for a second trial; for this, among other reasons, that Count Thurn, who presided at the court-martial, was notoriously his personal enemy. Nelson made answer that the prisoner had been fairly tried by the officers of his own country, and he could not interfere; forgetting that, if he felt himself justified in ordering the trial and the execution, no human being could ever have questioned the propriety of his interfering on the side of mercy. Caraccioli then intreated that he might be shot. "I am an old man, sir," said he: "I leave no family to lament me, and therefore cannot be supposed to be very anxious about prolonging my life; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me." When this was repeated to Nelson, he only told the lieutenant, with much agitation, to go and attend to his duty. As a last hope, Caraccioli asked the lieutenant if he thought an application to Lady Hamilton would be beneficial? Parkinson went to seek her. She was not to be seen on this occasion; but she was present at the execution. She had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan court; and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies made her, at this time, forget what was due to the character of her sex as well as of her country. Here also a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson's conduct. Had he the authority of his Sicilian Majesty for proceeding as he did? If so, why was not that authority produced? If not, why were the proceed-

ings hurried on without it? Why was the trial precipitated, so that it was impossible for the prisoner, if he had been innocent, to provide the witnesses who might have proved him so? Why was a second trial refused, when the known animosity of the president of the court against the prisoner was considered? Why was the execution hastened so as to preclude any appeal for mercy, and render the prerogative of mercy useless? Doubtless, the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice; but to all other persons it was obvious that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment, a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character.

The body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterward, when the King was on board the *Foudroyant*, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship and solemnly declared that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the King, stood out to sea; but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognised to be indeed the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like that of a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the King, and perhaps excited some feeling of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive Christian burial. It produced no better effect. Naples exhibited more dreadful scenes than it had witnessed in the days of Massaniello. After the mob had had their fill of blood and plunder, the reins were given to justice—if that can be called justice which annuls its own stipulations, looks to the naked

facts alone, disregarding all motives and all circumstances; and, without considering character, or science, or sex, or youth, sacrifices its victims, not for the public weal, but for the gratification of greedy vengeance.

The castles of St. Elmo, Gaieta, and Capua remained to be subdued. On the land side, there was no danger that the French in these garrisons should be relieved, for Suvorof was now beginning to drive the enemy before him; but Nelson thought his presence necessary in the Bay of Naples; and when Lord Keith, having received intelligence that the French and Spanish fleets had formed a junction, and sailed for Carthagena, ordered him to repair to Minorca with the whole or the greater part of his force, he sent Admiral Duckworth with a small part only. This was a dilemma which he had foreseen. "Should such an order come at this moment," he said, in a letter previously written to the Admiralty, "it would be a case for some consideration, whether Minorca is to be risked, or the two kingdoms of Naples and Sicily: I rather think my decision would be to risk the former." And, after he had acted upon this opinion, he wrote in these terms to the Duke of Clarence, with whose high notions of obedience he was well acquainted: "I am well aware of the consequences of disobeying my orders; but as I have often before risked my life for the good cause, so I, with cheerfulness, did my commission; for, although a military tribunal may think me criminal, the world will approve of my conduct; and I regard not my own safety when the honour of my King is at stake."

Nelson was right in his judgment. No attempt was made upon Minorca; and the expulsion of the French from Naples may rather be said to have been effected than accelerated by the English and Portuguese of the allied fleet, acting upon shore, under Troubridge. The French commandant at St. Elmo, relying upon the strength of the place, and the nature of the force which attacked it, had insulted Captain Foote in the grossest terms; but *Citoyen* Mejan was soon taught better manners, when Troubridge,

in spite of every obstacle, opened five batteries upon the fort. He was informed that none of his letters, with the insolent printed words at the top, "Liberté, Egalité, Guerre aux tyrans," &c., would be received; but that, if he wrote like a soldier and a gentleman, he should be answered in the same style. The Frenchman then began to flatter his antagonist upon the *bienfaisance* and *humanité* which, he said, were the least of the many virtues which distinguished Monsieur Troubridge. Monsieur Troubridge's *bienfaisance* was, at this time, thinking of mining the fort. "If we can accomplish that," said he, "I am a strong advocate to send them, hostages and all, to Old Nick, and surprise him with a group of nobility and republicans. Meantime," he added, "it was some satisfaction to perceive that the shells fell well, and broke some of their shins." Finally, to complete his character, Mejan offered to surrender for 150,000 ducats. Great Britain, perhaps, has made but too little use of this kind of artillery, which France has found so effectual towards subjugating the Continent; but Troubridge had his prey within his reach; and, in the course of a few days, his last battery, "after much trouble and palaver," as he said, "brought the vagabonds to their senses."*

Troubridge had more difficulties to overcome in this siege from the character of the Neapolitans who pretended to assist him, and whom he made useful, than even from the strength of the place and the skill of the French. "Such damned cowards and villains," he declared, "he had never seen before." The men at the advanced posts carried on, what he called, "a diabolical good understanding" with the enemy, and the workmen would sometimes take fright and run away. "I make the best I can," said he, "of the degenerate race I have to deal with; the whole means of guns, ammunition, pioneers, &c., with all materials, rest with them. With fair promises to the men, and threats of instant death if I find anyone erring, a little spur has been given." Nelson said of him, with truth, upon this occasion, that he was a first-rate general.

"I find, sir," said he afterwards, in a letter to the Duke of Clarence, "that General Koehler does not approve of such irregular proceedings as naval officers attacking and defending fortifications. We have but one idea—to get close alongside. None but a sailor would have placed a battery only 180 yards from the Castle of St. Elmo; a soldier must have gone according to art, and the —— way. My brave Troubridge went straight on, for we had no time to spare."

Troubridge then proceeded to Capua, and took the command of the motley besieging force. One thousand of the best men in the fleet were sent to assist in the siege. Just at this time Nelson received a peremptory order from Lord Keith to sail with the whole of his force for the protection of Minorca; or, at least, to retain no more than was absolutely necessary at Sicily. "You will easily conceive my feelings," said he, in communicating this to Earl St. Vincent; "but my mind, as your lordship knows, was perfectly prepared for this order; and it is now, more than ever, made up. At this moment I will not part with a single ship; as I cannot do that without drawing a hundred and twenty men from each ship, now at the siege of Capua. I am fully aware of the act I have committed; but I am prepared for any fate which may await my disobedience. Capua and Gaieta will soon fall; and the moment the scoundrels of French are out of this kingdom I shall send eight or nine ships of the line to Minorca. I have done what I thought right; others may think differently; but it will be my consolation that I have gained a kingdom, seated a faithful ally of his Majesty firmly on his throne, and restored happiness to millions."

At Capua, Troubridge had the same difficulties as at St. Elmo, and, being farther from Naples and from the fleet, was less able to overcome them. The powder was so bad that he suspected treachery; and when he asked Nelson to spare him forty casks from the ships, he told him it would be necessary that some Englishmen should

accompany it, or they would steal one half and change the other. "Every man you see," said he, "gentle and simple, are such notorious villains that it is misery to be with them." Capua, however, soon fell; Gaieta immediately afterwards surrendered to Captain Louis, of the *Minotaur*. Here the commanding officer acted more unlike a Frenchman, Captain Louis said, than anyone he had ever met; meaning that he acted like a man of honour. He required, however, that the garrison should carry away their horses and other pillaged property; to which Nelson replied, "That no property which they did not bring with them into the country could be theirs; and that the greatest care should be taken to prevent them from carrying it away." "I am sorry," said he to Captain Louis, "that you have entered into any altercation. There is no way of dealing with a Frenchman but to knock him down; to be civil to them is only to be laughed at, when they are enemies."

The whole kingdom of Naples was thus delivered by Nelson from the French. The Admiralty, however, thought it expedient to censure him for disobeying Lord Keith's orders, and thus hazarding Minorca, without, as it appeared to them, any sufficient reason; and also from having landed seamen for the siege of Capua, to form part of an army employed in operations at a distance from the coast, where, in case of defeat, they might have been prevented from returning to their ships; and they enjoined him "not to employ the seamen in like manner in future." This reprimand was issued before the event was known; though, indeed, the event would not affect the principle upon which it proceeded. When Nelson communicated the tidings of his complete success, he said, in his public letter, "that it would not be the less acceptable for having been principally brought about by British sailors." His judgment in thus employing them had been justified by the result; and his joy was evidently heightened by the gratification of a professional and becoming pride. To the First Lord he said, at the same time, "I

certainly, from having only a left hand, cannot enter into details which may explain the motives that actuated my conduct. My principle is, to assist in driving the French to the Devil, and in restoring peace and happiness to mankind. I feel that I am fitter to do the action than to describe it." He then added that he would take care of Minorca.

In expelling the French from Naples, Nelson had, with characteristic zeal and ability, discharged his duty; but he deceived himself when he imagined that he had seated Ferdinand firmly on his throne, and that he had restored happiness to millions. These objects might have been accomplished if it had been possible to inspire virtue and wisdom into a vicious and infatuated court; and if Nelson's eyes had not been, as it were, spell-bound by that unhappy attachment which had now completely mastered him, he would have seen things as they were, and might, perhaps, have awakened the Sicilian court to a sense of their interest, if not of their duty. That court employed itself in a miserable round of folly and festivity, while the prisons of Naples were filled with groans, and the scaffolds streamed with blood. St. Januarius was solemnly removed from his rank as patron saint of the kingdom, having been convicted of Jacobinism, and St. Antonio as solemnly installed in his place. The King, instead of re-establishing order at Naples by his presence, speedily returned to Palermo, to indulge in his favourite amusements. Nelson and the ambassador's family accompanied the court; and Troubridge remained, groaning over the villany and frivolity of those with whom he was compelled to deal. A party of officers applied to him for a passage to Palermo, to see the procession of St. Rosalia: he recommended them to exercise their troops, and not behave like children. It was grief enough for him that the court should be busied in these follies, and Nelson involved in them. "I dread, my lord," said he, "all the feasting, &c., at Palermo. I am sure your health will be hurt. If so, all their saints will be damned by the navy. The King

would be better employed digesting a good government: everything gives way to their pleasures. The money spent at Palermo gives discontent here: fifty thousand people are unemployed, trade discouraged, manufactures at a stand. It is the interest of many here to keep the King away; they all dread reform. Their villanies are so deeply rooted that, if some method is not taken to dig them out, this Government cannot hold together. Out of twenty millions of ducats collected as the revenue, only thirteen millions reach the treasury; and the King pays four ducats where he should pay one. He is surrounded by thieves; and none of them have honour or honesty enough to tell him the real and true state of things." In another letter he expressed his sense of the miserable state of Naples. "There are upwards of forty thousand families," said he, "who have relations confined. If some act of oblivion is not passed, there will be no end of persecution; for the people of this country have no idea of anything but revenge, and, to gain a point, would swear ten thousand false oaths. Constant efforts are made to get a man taken up in order to rob him. The confiscated property does not reach the King's treasury. All thieves! It is selling for nothing. His own people, whom he employs, are buying it up, and the vagabonds pocket the whole. I should not be surprised to hear that they brought a bill of expenses against him for the sale."

The Sicilian court, however, were at this time duly sensible of the services which had been rendered them by the British fleet, and their gratitude to Nelson was shown with proper and princely munificence. They gave him the dukedom and domain of Brontë, worth about £3000 a-year. It was some days before he could be persuaded to accept it; the argument which finally prevailed is said to have been suggested by the Queen, and urged, at her request, by Lady Hamilton upon her knees. "He considered his own honour too much," she said, "if he persisted in refusing what the King and Queen felt to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of theirs." The King him-

self, also, is said to have addressed him in words which show that the sense of rank will sometimes confer a virtue upon those who seem to be most unworthy of the lot to which they have been born: "Lord Nelson, do you wish that your name alone should pass with honour to posterity, and that I, Ferdinand Bourbon, should appear ungrateful?" He gave him also, when the dukedom was accepted, a diamond-hilted sword, which his father, Charles III. of Spain, had given him on his accession to the throne of the Two Sicilies. Nelson said, "the reward was magnificent, and worthy of a king, and he was determined that the inhabitants on the domain should be the happiest in all his Sicilian Majesty's dominions. Yet," said he, speaking of these and the other remunerations which were made him for his services, "these presents, rich as they are, do not elevate me. My pride is that at Constantinople, from the Grand Seignior to the lowest Turk, the name of Nelson is familiar in their mouths; and in this country I am everything which a grateful monarch and people can call me." Nelson, however, had a pardonable pride in the outward and visible signs of honour which he had so fairly won. He was fond of his Sicilian title; the signification, perhaps, pleased him. Duke of Thunder was what in Dahomy would be called a *strong name;* it was to a sailor's taste; and, certainly, to no man could it ever be more applicable. But a simple offering which he received, not long afterwards, from the island of Zante, affected him with a deeper and finer feeling. The Greeks of that little community sent him a golden-headed sword, and a truncheon, set round with all the diamonds that the island could furnish, in a single row. They thanked him "for having, by his victory, preserved that part of Greece from the horrors of anarchy, and prayed that his exploits might accelerate the day in which, amidst the glory and peace of thrones, the miseries of the human race would cease." This unexpected tribute touched Nelson to the heart. "No officer," he said, "had ever received from any country a higher acknowledgment of his services."

The French still occupied the Roman states, from which, according to their own admission, they had extorted, in jewels, plate, specie, and requisitions of every kind, to the enormous amount of eight millions sterling; yet they affected to appear as deliverers among the people whom they were thus cruelly plundering; and they distributed portraits of Bonaparte, with the blasphemous inscription, "This is the true likeness of the holy Saviour of the world!" The people, detesting the impiety, and groaning beneath the exactions of these perfidious robbers, were ready to join any regular force that should come to their assistance; but they dreaded Cardinal Ruffo's rabble, and declared they would resist him as a bandit, who came only for the purpose of pillage. Nelson perceived that no object was now so essential for the tranquillity of Naples as the recovery of Rome, which, in the present state of things, when Suvarof was driving the French before him, would complete the deliverance of Italy. He applied, therefore, to Sir James St. Clair Erskine, who, in the absence of General Fox, commanded at Minorca, to assist in this great object with 1200 men. "The field of glory," said he, "is a large one, and was never more open to anyone than at this moment to you. Rome would throw open her gates, and receive you as her deliverer; and the Pope would owe his restoration to a heretic." But Sir James Erskine looked only at the difficulties of the undertaking. Twelve hundred men, he thought, would be too small a force to be committed in such an enterprise. For Civita Vecchia was a regular fortress; the local situation and climate also were such that, even if this force were adequate, it would be proper to delay the expedition till October. General Fox, too, was soon expected; and during his absence, under existing circumstances, he did not feel justified in sending away such a detachment.

What this general thought it imprudent to attempt, Nelson and Troubridge effected without his assistance, by a small detachment from the fleet. Troubridge first sent Captain Hallowell to Civita Vecchia, to offer the

garrison there, and at Castle St. Angelo, the same terms which had been granted to Gaieta. Hallowell perceived by the overstrained civility of the officers who came off to him, and the compliments which they paid to the English nation, that they were sensible of their own weakness, and their inability to offer any effectual resistance; but the French know that, while they are in a condition to serve their Government, they can rely upon it for every possible exertion in their support, and this reliance gives them hope and confidence to the last. Upon Hallowell's report, Troubridge, who had now been made Sir Thomas for his services, sent Captain Louis, with a squadron, to enforce the terms which he had offered; and, as soon as he could leave Naples, he himself followed. The French, who had no longer any hope from the fate of arms, relied upon their skill in negotiation, and proposed terms to Troubridge with that effrontery which characterises their public proceedings, but which is as often successful as it is impudent. They had a man of the right stamp to deal with. Their ambassador at Rome began by saying that the Roman territory was the property of the French by right of conquest. The British commodore settled that point, by replying, "It is mine by reconquest." A capitulation was soon concluded for all the Roman states; and Captain Louis rowed up the Tiber in his barge, hoisted English colours on the capital, and acted, for the time, as Governor of Rome. The prophecy of the Irish poet was thus accomplished, and the friar reaped the fruits; for Nelson, who was struck with the oddity of the circumstance, and not a little pleased with it, obtained preferment for him from the King of Sicily, and recommended him to the Pope.

Having thus completed his work upon the continent of Italy, Nelson's whole attention was directed towards Malta, where Captain Ball, with most inadequate means, was besieging the French garrison. Never was any officer engaged in a more anxious and painful service. The smallest reinforcement from France would, at any mo-

ment, have turned the scale against him; and had it not been for his consummate ability, and the love and veneration with which the Maltese regarded him, Malta must have remained in the hands of the enemy: men, money, food, all things were wanting. The garrison consisted of five thousand troops; the besieging force, of five hundred English and Portuguese Marines, and about fifteen hundred armed peasants. Long and repeatedly did Nelson solicit troops to effect the reduction of this important place. "It has been no fault of the navy," said he, "that Malta has not been attacked by land; but we have neither the means ourselves, nor influence with those who have." The same causes of demurral existed which prevented British troops from assisting in the expulsion of the French from Rome. Sir James Erskine was expecting General Fox: he could not act without orders; and not having, like Nelson, that lively spring of hope within him which partakes enough of the nature of faith to work miracles in war, he thought it "evident that unless a respectable land-force, in numbers sufficient to undertake the siege of such a garrison, in one of the strongest places of Europe, and supplied with proportionate artillery and stores, were sent against it, no reasonable hope could be entertained of its surrender." Nelson groaned over the spirit of over-reasoning caution and unreasoning obedience. "My heart," said he, "is almost broken. If the enemy gets supplies in, we may bid adieu to Malta: all the force we can collect would then be of little use against the strongest place in Europe. To say that an officer is never, for any object, to alter his orders, is what I cannot comprehend. The circumstances of this war so often vary, that an officer has almost every moment to consider, What would my superiors direct, did they know what is passing under my nose? But sir," said he, writing to the Duke of Clarence, "I find few think as I do. To obey orders is all perfection. To serve my King, and to destroy the French, I consider as the great order of all, from which little ones spring; and

if one of these militate against it—for who can tell exactly at a distance?—I go back, and obey the great order and object, to down, down with the damned French villains! My blood boils at the name of Frenchman!"

At length General Fox arrived at Minorca; and at length permitted Colonel Graham to go to Malta, but with means miserably limited. In fact, the expedition was at a stand for want of money; when Troubridge arriving from Messina to co-operate in it, and finding this fresh delay, immediately offered all that he could command of his own. "I procured him, my lord," said he to Nelson, "fifteen thousand of my cobs: every farthing, and every atom of me, shall be devoted to the cause." "What can this mean?" said Nelson, when he learnt that Colonel Graham was ordered not to incur any expense for stores, or any articles except provisions. "The cause cannot stand still for want of a little money. If nobody will pay it, I will sell Bronté and the Emperor of Russia's box." And he actually pledged Bronté for £6,600, if there should be any difficulty about paying the bills. The long-delayed expedition was thus at last sent forth; but Troubridge little imagined in what scenes of misery he was to bear his part. He looked to Sicily for supplies; it was the interest as well as the duty of the Sicilian Government to use every exertion for furnishing them; and Nelson and the British ambassador were on the spot to press upon them the necessity of exertion. But though Nelson saw with what a knavish crew the Sicilian court was surrounded, he was blind to the vices of the court itself; and, resigning himself wholly to Lady Hamilton's influence, never even suspected the crooked policy which it was remorselessly pursuing. The Maltese and the British in Malta severely felt it. Troubridge, who had the truest affection for Nelson, knew his infatuation, and feared that it might prove injurious to his character, as well as fatal to an enterprise which had begun so well and carried on so patiently. "My lord,"

said he, writing to him from the siege, "we are dying off fast for want. I learn that Sir William Hamilton says Prince Luzzi refused corn some time ago, and Sir William does not think it worth while making another application. If that be the case, I wish he commanded this distressing scene instead of me. Puglia had an immense harvest: near thirty sail left Messina before I did, to load corn. Will they let us have any? If not, a short time will decide the business. The German interest prevails. I wish I was at your lordship's elbow for an hour. *All, all* will be thrown on you! I will parry the blow as much as is in my power: I foresee much mischief brewing. God bless your lordship! I am miserable: I cannot assist your operations more. Many happy returns of the day to you—[it was the first of the new year]—I never spent so miserable an one. I am not very tender-hearted; but really the distress here would even move a Neapolitan." Soon afterwards he wrote, "I have this day saved thirty thousand people from starving; but with this day my ability ceases. As the Government are bent on starving us, I see no alternative but to leave these poor unhappy people to perish, without our being witnesses of their distress. I curse the day I ever served the Neapolitan Government. We have characters, my lord, to lose; these people have none. Do not suffer their infamous conduct to fall on us. Our country is just, but severe. Such is the fever of my brain this minute that I assure you, on my honour, if the Palermo traitors were here, I would shoot them first, and then myself. Girgenti is full of corn: the money is ready to pay for it: we do not ask it as a gift. Oh, could you see the horrid distress I daily experience, something would be done! Some engine is at work against us at Naples; and I believe I hit on the proper person. If you complain, he will be immediately promoted, agreeably to the Neapolitan custom. All I write to you is known at the Queen's. For my own part, I look upon the Neapolitans as the worst of intriguing enemies; every hour shows me their

infamy and duplicity. I pray your lordship be cautious; your honest, open manner of acting will be made a handle of. When I see you, and tell of their infamous tricks, you will be as much surprised as I am. The whole will fall on you."

Nelson was not, and could not be, insensible to the distress which his friend so earnestly represented. He begged, almost on his knees, he said, small supplies of money and corn, to keep the Maltese from starving. And when the court granted a small supply, protesting their poverty, he believed their protestations, and was satisfied with their professions, instead of insisting that the restrictions upon the exportation of corn should be withdrawn. The anxiety, however, which he endured, affected him so deeply that he said it had broken his spirit for ever. Happily, all that Troubridge, with so much reason, foreboded, did not come to pass. For Captain Ball, with more decision than Nelson himself would have shown at that time and upon that occasion, ventured upon a resolute measure, for which his name would deserve always to be held in veneration by the Maltese, even if it had no other claims to the love and reverence of a grateful people. Finding it hopeless longer to look for succour, or common humanity, from the deceitful and infatuated court of Sicily, which persisted in prohibiting, by sanguinary edicts, the exportation supplies, at his own risk he sent his first-lieutenant to the port of Messina, with orders to seize and bring with him to Malta the ships which were there lying laden with corn; of the number of which he had received accurate information. These orders were executed, to the great delight and advantage of the shipowners and proprietors. The necessity of raising the siege was removed; and Captain Ball waited, in calmness, for the consequences to himself. "But," says Mr. Coleridge, "not a complaint, not a murmur, proceeded from the court of Naples; the sole result was, that the Governor of Malta became an especial object of its hatred, its fear, and its respect."

Nelson, himself, at the beginning of February, sailed

for that island. On the way he fell in with a French squadron, bound for its relief, consisting of the *Genereux*, 74 guns, three frigates, and a corvette. One of these frigates and the line-of-battle-ship were taken; the others escaped, but failed in their purpose of reaching La Valette. This success was peculiarly gratifying to Nelson, for many reasons. During some months he had acted as commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, while Lord Keith was in England. Lord Keith was now returned; and Nelson had, upon his own plan, and at his own risk, left him, to sail for Malta—"for which," said he, "if I had not succeeded, I might have been broke; and, if I had not acted thus, the *Genereux* would never have been taken." This ship was one of those which had escaped from Aboukir. Two frigates, and the *Guillaume Tell*, 86 guns, were all that now remained of the fleet which Bonaparte had conducted to Egypt. The *Guillaume Tell* was at this time closely watched in the harbour of La Valette; and shortly afterwards, attempting to make her escape from thence, was taken, after an action in which greater skill was never displayed by British ships, nor greater gallantry by an enemy. She was taken by the *Foudroyant*, *Lion*, and *Penelope* frigates. Nelson, rejoicing at what he called this glorious finish to the whole French Mediterranean fleet, rejoiced also that he was not present to have taken a sprig of these brave men's laurels. "They are," said he, "and I glory in them, my children; they served in my school; and all of us caught our professional zeal and fire from the great and good Earl St. Vincent. What a pleasure, what happiness, to have the Nile fleet all taken under my orders and regulations!" The two frigates still remained in La Valette. Before its surrender they stole out: one was taken in the attempt; the other was the only ship of the whole fleet which escaped capture or destruction.

Letters were found on board the *Guillaume Tell* showing that the French were now become hopeless of preserving the conquest which they had so foully acquired.

Troubridge and his brother officers were anxious that Nelson should have the honour of signing the capitulation. They told him that they absolutely, as far as they dared, insisted on his staying to do this; but their earnest and affectionate intreaties were vain. Sir William Hamilton had just been superseded. Nelson had no feeling of cordiality towards Lord Keith; and thinking that, after Earl St. Vincent, no man had so good a claim to the command in the Mediterranean as himself, he applied for permission to return to England; telling the First Lord of the Admiralty that his spirit could not submit patiently, and that he was a broken-hearted man. From the time of his return from Egypt, amid all the honours which were showered upon him, he had suffered many mortifications. Sir Sidney Smith had been sent to Egypt, with orders to take under his command the squadron which Nelson had left there. Sir Sidney appears to have thought that this command was to be independent of Nelson; and Nelson himself thinking so, determined to return, saying to Earl St. Vincent, "I do feel, for I am a man, that it is impossible for me to serve in these seas with a squadron under a junior officer." Earl St. Vincent seems to have dissuaded him from this resolution; some heart-burnings, however, still remained, and some incautious expressions of Sir Sidney's were noticed by him in terms of evident displeasure. But this did not continue long, as no man bore more willing testimony than Nelson to the admirable defence of Acre.

He differed from Sir Sidney as to the policy which ought to be pursued toward the French in Egypt, and strictly commanded him, in the strongest language, not, on any pretence, to permit a single Frenchman to leave the country, saying that he considered it nothing short of madness to permit that band of thieves to return to Europe. "No," said he, "to Egypt they went with their own consent, and there they shall remain, while Nelson commands this squadron; for never, never will he consent to the return of one ship or Frenchman. I wish

them to perish in Egypt, and give an awful lesson to the world of the justice of the Almighty." If Nelson had not thoroughly understood the character of the enemy against whom he was engaged, their conduct in Egypt would have disclosed it. After the battle of the Nile he had landed all his prisoners, upon a solemn engagement made between Troubridge on one side, and Captain Barré on the other, that none of them should serve till regularly exchanged; they were no sooner on shore than part of them were drafted into the different regiments, and the remainder formed into a corps called the Nautic Legion. This occasioned Captain Hallowell to say that the French had forfeited all claim to respect from us. "The army of Bonaparte," said he, "are entirely destitute of every principle of honour; they have always acted like licentious thieves." Bonaparte's escape was the more regretted by Nelson, because, if he had had sufficient force, he thought it would certainly have been prevented. He wished to keep ships upon the watch, to intercept any thing coming from Egypt; but the Admiralty calculated upon the assistance of the Russian fleet, which failed when it was most wanted. The ships which should have been thus employed were then required for more pressing services; and the bloody Corsican was thus enabled to reach Europe in safety, there to become the guilty instrument of a wider-spreading destruction than any with which the world had ever before been visited.

Nelson had other causes of chagrin. Earl St. Vincent, for whom he felt such high respect, and whom Sir John Orde had challenged, for having nominated Nelson instead of himself to the command of the Nile squadron, laid claim to prize-money, as commander-in-chief, after he had quitted the station. The point was contested, and decided against him. Nelson, perhaps, felt this the more, because his own feelings with regard to money were so different. An opinion had been given by Dr. Lawrence, which would have excluded the junior flag-officers from prize-money. When this was made known to him, his reply

was in these words: "Notwithstanding Dr. Lawrence's opinion, I do not believe I have any right to exclude the junior flag-officers; and if I have, I desire that no such claim may be made—no, not if it were sixty times the sum, and, poor as I am, I were never to see prize-money."

A ship could not be spared to convey him to England; he therefore travelled through Germany to Hamburgh, in company with his inseparable friends, Sir William and Lady Hamilton. The Queen of Naples went with them to Vienna. While they were at Leghorn, upon a report that the French were approaching (for, through the folly of weak courts, and the treachery of venal cabinets, they had now recovered their ascendancy in Italy), the people rose tumultuously, and would fain have persuaded Nelson to lead them against the enemy. Public honours, and yet more gratifying testimonials of public admiration, awaited Nelson wherever he went. The Prince of Esterhazy entertained him in a style of Hungarian magnificence—a hundred grenadiers, each six feet in height, constantly waiting at table. At Magdeburg, the master of the hotel where he was entertained contrived to show him for money; admitting the curious to mount a ladder, and peep at him through a small window. A wine-merchant at Hamburgh, who was above seventy years of age, requested to speak with Lady Hamilton, and told her he had some Rhenish wine of the vintage of 1625, which had been in his own possession more than half a century; he had preserved it for some extraordinary occasion, and that which had now arrived was far beyond any that he could ever have expected. His request was that her ladyship would prevail upon Lord Nelson to accept six dozen of this incomparable wine; part of it would then have the honour to flow into the heart's blood of that immortal hero, and this thought would make him happy during the remainder of his life. Nelson, when this singular request was reported to him, went into the room, and, taking the worthy old gentleman kindly by the hand, consented to receive six bottles, provided the donor would dine with

him next day. Twelve were sent; and Nelson, saying that he hoped yet to win half a dozen more great victories, promised to lay by six bottles of his Hamburgh friend's wine, for the purpose of drinking one after each. A German pastor, between seventy and eighty years of age, travelled forty miles, with the Bible of his parish church, to request that Nelson would write his name on the first leaf of it. He called him the saviour of the Christian world. The old man's hope deceived him. There was no Nelson upon shore, or Europe would have been saved; but, in his foresight of the horrors with which all Germany and all Christendom were threatened by France, the pastor could not possibly have apprehended more than has actually taken place.

CHAPTER VII.

Nelson separates himself from his Wife—Northern Confederacy—He goes to the Baltic, under Sir Hyde Parker—Battle of Copenhagen, and subsequent Negotiation—Nelson is made a Viscount.

NELSON was welcomed in England with every mark of popular honour. At Yarmouth, where he landed, every ship in the harbour hoisted her colours. The mayor and corporation waited upon him with the freedom of the town, and accompanied him in procession to church, with all the naval officers on shore and the principal inhabitants. Bonfires and illuminations concluded the day; and on the morrow, the volunteer cavalry drew up and saluted him as he departed, and followed the carriage to the borders of the county. At Ipswich the people came out to meet him, drew him a mile into the town, and three miles out. When he was in the *Agamemnon*, he wished to represent this place in Parliament, and some of his friends had consulted the leading men of the corporation. The result was not successful; and Nelson, observing that he would endeavour to find out a preferable path into

Parliament, said there might come a time when the people of Ipswich would think it an honour to have had him for their representative. In London, he was feasted by the city, drawn by the populace from Ludgate-hill to Guildhall, and received the thanks of the common council for his great victory, and a golden-hilted sword studded with diamonds.

Nelson had every earthly blessing, except domestic happiness: he had forfeited that for ever. Before he had been three months in England, he separated from Lady Nelson. Some of his last words to her were, "I call God to witness, there is nothing in you, or your conduct, that I wish otherwise." This was the consequence of his infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton. It had before caused a quarrel with his son-in-law, and occasioned remonstrances from his truest friends; which produced no other effect than that of making him displeased with them, and more dissatisfied with himself.

The Addington Administration was just at this time formed; and Nelson, who had solicited employment, and been made vice-admiral of the blue, was sent to the Baltic, as second in command, under Sir Hyde Parker, by Earl St. Vincent, the new First Lord of the Admiralty. The three northern courts had formed a confederacy for making England resign her naval rights. Of these courts, Russia was guided by the passions of its emperor, Paul, a man not without fits of generosity, and some natural goodness, but subject to the wildest humours of caprice, and crazed by the possession of greater power than can ever be safely, or perhaps innocently, possessed by weak humanity. Denmark was French at heart—ready to co-operate in all the views of France, to recognise all her usurpations, and obey all her injunctions. Sweden, under a king whose principles were right, and whose feelings were generous, but who had a taint of hereditary insanity, acted in acquiescence with the dictates of two powers whom it feared to offend. The Danish navy at this time consisted of twenty-three ships of the line, with about

thirty-one frigates and smaller vessels, exclusive of guard-ships. The Swedes had eighteen ships of the line, fourteen frigates and sloops, seventy-four galleys and smaller vessels, besides gun-boats; and this force was in a far better state of equipment than the Danish. The Russians had eighty-two sail of the line and forty frigates. Of these there were forty-seven sail of the line at Cronstadt, Revel, Petersburgh, and Archangel; but the Russian fleet was ill-manned, ill-officered, and ill-equipped. Such a combination, under the influence of France, would soon have become formidable; and never did the British Cabinet display more decision than in instantly preparing to crush it. They erred, however, in permitting any petty consideration to prevent them from appointing Nelson to the command. The public properly murmured at seeing it intrusted to another; and he himself said to Earl St. Vincent that, circumstanced as he was, this expedition would probably be the last service that he should ever perform. The earl, in reply, besought him, for God's sake, not to suffer himself to be carried away by any sudden impulse.

The season happened to be unusually favourable; so mild a winter had not been known in the Baltic for many years. When Nelson joined the fleet at Yarmouth, he found the admiral "a little nervous about dark nights and fields of ice." "But we must brace up," said he; "these are not times for nervous systems. I hope we shall give our northern enemies that hailstorm of bullets which gives our dear country the dominion of the sea. We have it, and all the devils in the north cannot take it from us if our wooden walls have fair play." Before the fleet left Yarmouth, it was sufficiently known that its destination was against Denmark. Some Danes, who belonged to the *Amazon* frigate, went to Captain Riou, and, telling him what they had heard, begged that he would get them exchanged into a ship bound on some other destination. "They had no wish," they said, "to quit the British service; but they intreated that they might not be forced

to fight against their own country." There was not in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous sense of duty than Riou. Tears came into his eyes while the men were speaking; without making any reply, he instantly ordered his boat, and did not return to the *Amazon* till he could tell them that their wish was effected.

The fleet sailed on the 12th of March. Mr. Vansittart sailed in it; the British Cabinet still hoping to obtain its end by negotiation. It was well for England that Sir Hyde Parker placed a fuller confidence in Nelson than the Government seems to have done at this most important crisis. Her enemies might well have been astonished at learning that any other man should for a moment have been thought of for the command. But so little deference was paid, even at this time, to his intuitive and all-commanding genius, that when the fleet had reached its first rendezvous, at the entrance of the Cattegat, he had received no official communication whatever of the intended operations. His own mind had been made up upon them with its accustomed decision. "All I have gathered of our first plans," said he, "I disapprove most exceedingly. Honour may arise from them; good cannot. I hear we are likely to anchor outside of Cronenburgh Castle, instead of Copenhagen, which would give weight to our negotiation. A Danish Minister would think twice before he would put his name to war with England, when the next moment he would probably see his master's fleet in flames, and his capital in ruins. The Dane should see our flag every moment he lifted up his head."

Mr. Vansittart left the fleet at the Scaw, and preceded it in a frigate, with a flag of truce. Precious time was lost by this delay, which was to be purchased by the dearest blood of Britain and Denmark. According to the Danes themselves, the intelligence that a British fleet was seen off the Sound produced a much more general alarm in Copenhagen than its actual arrival in the roads; for their means of defence were at that time in such a

state that they could hardly hope to resist, still less to repel, an enemy. On the 21st Nelson had a long conference with Sir Hyde, and the next day addressed a letter to him worthy of himself and of the occasion. Mr. Vansittart's report had then been received. It represented the Danish Government as in the highest degree hostile, and their state of preparation as exceeding what our Cabinet had supposed possible; for Denmark had profited with all activity of the leisure which had so impoliticly been given her. "The more I have reflected," said Nelson to his commander, "the more I am confirmed in opinion that not a moment should be lost in attacking the enemy. They will every day and every hour be stronger; we shall never be so good a match for them as at this moment. The only consideration is, how to get at them with the least risk to our ships? Here you are, with almost the safety—certainly with the honour—of England, more intrusted to you than ever yet fell to the lot of any British officer. On your decision depends whether our country shall be degraded in the eyes of Europe, or whether she shall rear her head higher than ever. Again I do repeat, never did our country depend so much upon the success of any fleet as on this. How best to honour her, and abate the pride of her enemies, must be the subject of your deepest consideration."

Supposing him to force the passage of the Sound, Nelson thought some damage might be done among the masts and yards; though, perhaps, not one of them but would be serviceable again. "If the wind be fair," said he, "and you determine to attack the ships and Crown Islands, you must expect the natural issue of such a battle—ships crippled, and, perhaps, one or two lost; for the wind which carries you in will, most probably, not bring out a crippled ship. This mode I call taking the bull by the horns. It, however, will not prevent the Revel ships, or the Swedes, from joining the Danes; and to prevent this is, in my humble opinion, a measure absolutely necessary; and still to attack Copenhagen." For

this he proposed two modes. One was, to pass Cronenburgh, taking the risk of danger; take the deepest and straightest channel along the Middle Grounds; and then, coming down the Garbar, or King's Channel, attack the Danish line of floating batteries and ships, as might be found convenient. This would prevent a junction, and might give an opportunity of bombarding Copenhagen. Or to take the passage of the Belt, which might be accomplished in four or five days; and then the attack by Draco might be made, and the junction of the Russians prevented. Supposing them through the Belt, he proposed that a detachment of the fleet should be sent to destroy the Russian squadron at Revel; and that the business at Copenhagen should be attempted with the remainder. "The measure," he said, "might be thought bold; but the boldest measures are the safest."

The pilots, as men who had nothing but safety to think of, were terrified by the formidable report of the batteries of Elsineur, and the tremendous preparations which our negotiators, who were now returned from their fruitless mission, had witnessed. They therefore persuaded Sir Hyde to prefer the passage of the Belt. "Let it be by the Sound, by the Belt, or any how," cried Nelson, "only lose not an hour!" On the 26th, they sailed for the Belt. Such was the habitual reserve of Sir Hyde, that his own captain, the captain of the fleet, did not know which course he had resolved to take till the fleet were getting under weigh. When Captain Domett was thus apprised of it, he felt it his duty to represent to the admiral his belief that, if that course were persevered in, the ultimate object would be totally defeated. It was liable to long delays, and to accidents of ships grounding: in the whole fleet there were only one captain and one pilot who knew anything of this formidable passage, as it was then deemed, and their knowledge was very slight; their instructions did not authorise them to attempt it. Supposing them safe through the Belts, the heavy ships could not come over the *Grounds* to attack Copenhagen; and

light vessels would have no effect on such a line of defence as had been prepared against them. Domett urged these reasons so forcibly that Sir Hyde's opinion was shaken, and he consented to bring the fleet to, and send for Nelson on board. There can be little doubt but that the expedition would have failed, if Captain Domett had not thus timely and earnestly given his advice. Nelson entirely agreed with him; and it was finally determined to take the passage of the Sound; and the fleet returned to its former anchorage.

The next day was more idly expended in despatching a flag of truce to the governor of Cronenburgh Castle, to ask whether he had received orders to fire at the British fleet; as the admiral must consider the first gun to be a declaration of war on the part of Denmark. A soldier-like and becoming answer was returned to this formality. The governor said that the British Minister had not been sent away from Copenhagen, but had obtained a passport at his own demand. He himself, as a soldier, could not meddle with politics; but he was not at liberty to suffer a fleet, of which the intention was not yet known, to approach the guns of the castle which he had the honour to command; and he requested, if the British admiral should think proper to make any proposals to the King of Denmark, that he might be apprised of it before the fleet approached nearer. During this intercourse, a Dane, who came on board the commander's ship, having occasion to express his business in writing, found the pen blunt; and, holding it up, sarcastically said, "If your guns are not better pointed than your pens, you will make little impression on Copenhagen."

On that day, intelligence reached the admiral of the loss of one of his fleet, the *Invincible*, 74 guns, wrecked on a sand-bank, as she was coming out of Yarmouth; 400 of her men perished in her. Nelson, who was now appointed to lead the van, shifted his flag to the *Elephant*, Captain Foley, a lighter ship than the *St. George*, and therefore fitter for the expected operations. The two following

days were calm. Orders had been given to pass the Sound as soon as the wind would permit; and, on the afternoon of the 29th, the ships were cleared for action, with an alacrity characteristic of British seamen. At daybreak, on the 30th, it blew a topsail breeze from N.W. The signal was made, and the fleet moved on in order of battle: Nelson's division in the van, Sir Hyde's in the centre, and Admiral Graves in the rear.

Great actions, whether military or naval, have generally given celebrity to the scenes from whence they are denominated; and thus petty villages, and capes, and bays, known only to the coasting trader, become associated with mighty deeds, and their names are made conspicuous in the history of the world. Here, however, the scene was every way worthy of the drama. The political importance of the Sound is such that grand objects are not needed there to impress the imagination; yet is the channel full of grand and interesting objects, both of art and nature. This passage, which Denmark had so long considered as the key of the Baltic, is, in its narrowest part, about three miles wide; and here the city of Elsineur is situated—except Copenhagen, the most flourishing of the Danish towns. Every vessel which passes lowers her top-gallant-sails, and pays toll at Elsineur—a toll which is believed to have had its origin in the consent of the traders to that sea, Denmark taking upon itself the charge of constructing light-houses, and erecting signals, to mark the shoals and rocks from the Cattegat to the Baltic; and they, on their part, agreeing that all ships should pass this way, in order that all might pay their shares—none, from that time, using the passage of the Belt; because it was not fitting that they who enjoyed the benefit of the beacons in dark and stormy weather should evade contributing to them in fair seasons and summer nights. Of late years, about ten thousand vessels had annually paid this contribution in time of peace. Adjoining Elsineur, and at the edge of the peninsular promontory, upon the nearest point of land to the Swedish coast, stands Cronen-

burgh Castle, built after Tycho Brahe's design; a magnificent pile—at once a palace, and fortress, and state-prison, with its spires and towers, and battlements and batteries. On the left of the strait is the old Swedish city of Helsinburg; at the foot, and on the side of a hill. To the north of Helsinburg, the shores are steep and rocky; they lower to the south, and the distant spires of Landscrona, Lund, and Malmoe are seen in the flat country. The Danish shores consist partly of ridges of sand; but, more frequently, their slopes are covered with rich wood, and villages and villas, denoting the vicinity of a great capital. The isles of Huen, Statholm, and Amak appear in the widening channel; and, at the distance of twenty miles from Elsineur, stands Copenhagen, in full view—the best city of the north, and one of the finest capitals of Europe; visible, with its stately spires, far off. Amid these magnificent objects, there are some which possess a peculiar interest for the recollections which they call forth. The isle of Huen, a lovely domain, about six miles in circumference, had been the munificent gift of Frederic the Second to Tycho Brahe. Here most of his discoveries were made; and here the ruins are to be seen of his observatory, and of the mansion where he was visited by princes, and where, with a princely spirit, he received and entertained all comers from all parts, and promoted science by his liberality as well as by his labours. Elsineur is a name familiar to English ears, being inseparably associated with Hamlet, and one of the noblest works of human genius. Cronenburgh had been the scene of deeper tragedy: here Queen Matilda was confined, the victim of a foul and murderous court intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant. Here she took her everlasting leave of that infant, when, by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and, as the ship bore her away from a country where the venial indiscretions of youth and unsuspicious gaiety had been so cruelly punished, upon these towers she fixed her

eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing toward them till the last speck had disappeared.

The Sound being the only frequented entrance to the Baltic, the great Mediterranean of the North, few parts of the sea display so frequent a navigation. In the height of the season, not fewer than an hundred vessels pass every four-and-twenty hours, for many weeks in succession; but never had so busy or so splendid a scene been exhibited there as on this day, when the British fleet prepared to force that passage where, till now, all ships had vailed their top-sails to the flag of Denmark. The whole force consisted of fifty-one sail of various descriptions, of which sixteen were of the line. The greater part of the bomb and gun vessels took their stations off Cronenburgh Castle, to cover the fleet; while others, on the larboard, were ready to engage the Swedish shore. The Danes, having improved every moment which ill-timed negotiation and baffling weather gave them, had lined their shore with batteries; and as soon as the *Monarch*, which was the leading ship, came abreast of them, a fire was opened from about one hundred pieces of cannon and mortars: our light vessels immediately, in return, opened their fire upon the castle. Here was all the pompous circumstance and exciting reality of war, without its effects; for this ostentatious display was but a bloodless prelude to the wide and sweeping destruction which was soon to follow. The enemy's shot fell near enough to splash the water on board our ships: not relying upon any forbearance of the Swedes, they meant to have kept the mid-channel; but, when they perceived that not a shot was fired from Helsinburg, and that no batteries were to be seen on the Swedish shore, they inclined to that side, so as completely to get out of reach of the Danish guns. The uninterrupted blaze which was kept up from them till the fleet had passed served only to exhilirate our sailors, and afford them matter for jest, as the shot fell in showers a full cable's length short of its destined aim. A few rounds were returned from some

of our leading ships, till they perceived its inutility; this, however, occasioned the only bloodshed of the day, some of our men being killed and wounded by the bursting of a gun. As soon as the main body had passed, the gun-vessels followed, desisting from their bombardment, which had been as innocent as that of the enemy; and, about mid-day, the whole fleet anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. Sir Hyde, with Nelson, Admiral Graves, some of the senior captains, and the commanding officers of the artillery and the troops, then proceeded in a lugger, to reconnoitre the enemy's means of defence—a formidable line of ships, radeaus, pontoons, galleys, fire-ships, and gun-boats, flanked and supported by extensive batteries, and occupying, from one extreme point to the other, an extent of nearly four miles.

A council of war was held in the afternoon. It was apparent that the Danes could not be attacked without great difficulty and risk; and some of the members of the council spoke of the number of the Swedes and the Russians whom they should afterwards have to engage, as a consideration which ought to be borne in mind. Nelson, who kept pacing the cabin, impatient as he ever was of anything which savoured of irresolution, repeatedly said, "The more numerous the better. I wish they were twice as many—the easier the victory, depend on it." The plan upon which he had determined, if ever it should be his fortune to bring a Baltic fleet to action, was to attack the head of their line, and confuse their movements. "Close with a Frenchman," he used to say, "but outmanœuvre a Russian." He offered his services for the attack, requiring ten sail of the line, and the whole of the smaller craft. Sir Hyde gave him two more line-of-battle ships than he asked, and left everything to his judgment.

The enemy's force was not the only nor the greatest obstacle with which the British fleet had to contend: there was another to be overcome before they could come in contact with it. The channel was little known, and

extremely intricate; all the buoys had been removed; and the Danes considered this difficulty as almost insuperable, thinking the channel impracticable for so large a fleet. Nelson himself saw the soundings made, and the buoys laid down, boating it upon this exhausting service, day and night, till it was effected. When this was done, he thanked God for having enabled him to get through this difficult part of his duty. "It had worn him down," he said, "and was infinitely more grievous to him than any resistance which he could experience from the enemy."

At the first council of war, opinions inclined to an attack from the eastward; but the next day the wind being southerly, after a second examination of the Danish position, it was determined to attack from the south, approaching in the manner which Nelson had suggested in his first thoughts. On the morning of the 1st of April the whole fleet removed to an anchorage within two leagues of the town, and off the N.W. end of the Middle Ground—a shoal lying exactly before the town, at about three quarters of a mile distant, and extending along its whole sea-front. The King's Channel, where there is deep water, is between this shoal and the town; and here the Danes had arranged their line of defence, as near the shore as possible—nineteen ships and floating batteries, flanked, at the end nearest the town, by the Crown Batteries, which were two artificial islands, at the mouth of the harbour—most formidable works; the larger one having, by the Danish account, sixty-six guns; but, as Nelson believed, eighty-eight. The fleet having anchored, Nelson, with Riou, in the *Amazon*, made his last examination of the ground; and, about one o'clock, returning to his own ship, threw out the signal to weigh. It was received with a shout throughout the whole division; they weighed with a light and favourable wind. The narrow channel between the island of Saltholm and the Middle Ground had been accurately buoyed; the small craft pointed out the course distinctly.

Riou led the way; the whole division coasted along the outer edge of the shoal, doubled its farther extremity, and anchored there off Draco Point, just as the darkness closed—the headmost of the enemy's line not being more than two miles distant. The signal to prepare for action had been made early in the evening; and, as his own anchor dropped, Nelson called out, "I will fight them the moment I have a fair wind." It had been agreed that Sir Hyde, with the remaining ships, should weigh on the following morning, at the same time as Nelson, to menace the Crown Batteries on his side, and the four ships of the line which lay at the entrance of the arsenal, and to cover our own disabled ships as they came out of action.

The Danes, meantime, had not been idle; no sooner did the guns of Cronenburgh make it known to the whole city that all negotiation was at an end, that the British fleet was passing the Sound, and that the dispute between the two crowns must now be decided by arms, than a spirit displayed itself most honourable to the Danish character. All ranks offered themselves to the service of their country; the university furnished a corps of twelve hundred youths, the flower of Denmark. It was one of those emergencies in which little drilling or discipline is necessary to render courage available; they had nothing to learn but how to manage the guns, and day and night were employed in practising them. When the movements of Nelson's squadron were perceived, it was known when and where the attack was to be expected; and the line of defence was manned indiscriminately by soldiers, sailors, and citizens. Had not the whole attention of the Danes been directed to strengthen their own means of defence, they might most materially have annoyed the invading squadron, and, perhaps, frustrated the impending attack; for the British ships were crowded in an anchoring-ground of little extent. It was calm, so that mortar-boats might have acted against them to the utmost advantage; and they were within range of shells from Amak island. A few fell among them; but the enemy

soon ceased to fire. It was learnt afterwards that, fortunately for the fleet, the bed of the mortar had given way; and the Danes either could not get it replaced, or in the darkness, lost the direction.

This was an awful night for Copenhagen—far more so than for the British fleet, where the men were accustomed to battle and victory, and had none of those objects before their eyes which render death terrible. Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his officers; he was, as he was ever wont to be when on the eve of action, in high spirits, and drank to a leading wind, and to the success of the morrow. After supper they returned to their respective ships, except Riou, who remained to arrange the order of battle with Nelson and Foley, and to draw up instructions. Hardy, meantime, went in a small boat to examine the channel between them and the enemy; approaching so near that he sounded round their leading ship with a pole, lest the noise of throwing the lead should discover him. The incessant fatigue of body, as well as mind, which Nelson had undergone during the last three days, had so exhausted him, that he was earnestly urged to go to his cot; and his old servant, Allen, using that kind of authority which long and affectionate services entitled and enabled him to assume on such occasions, insisted upon his complying. The cot was placed on the floor, and he continued to dictate from it. About eleven Hardy returned, and reported the practicability of the channel, and the depth of water up to the enemies' line. About one the orders were completed, and half a dozen clerks, in the foremost cabin, proceeded to transcribe them; Nelson frequently calling out to them from his cot to hasten their work, for the wind was becoming fair. Instead of attempting to get a few hours of sleep, he was constantly receiving reports on this important point. At daybreak it was announced as becoming perfectly fair. The clerks finished their work about six. Nelson, who was already up, breakfasted, and made signal for all the captains. The land forces, and five hundred seamen, under Captain Free-

mantle and the Honourable Colonel Stewart, were to storm the Crown Battery as soon as its fire should be silenced; and Riou—whom Nelson had never seen till this expedition, but whose worth he had instantly perceived, and appreciated as it deserved—had the *Blanche* and *Alcmene* frigates, the *Dart* and *Arrow* sloops, and the *Zephyr* and *Otter* fire-ships, given him, with a special command to act as circumstances might require: every other ship had its station appointed.

Between eight and nine, the pilots and masters were ordered on board the admiral's ships. The pilots were mostly men who had been mates in Baltic traders; and their hesitation about the bearing of the east end of the shoal, and the exact line of deep water, gave ominous warning of how little their knowledge was to be trusted. The signal for action had been made, the wind was fair—not a moment to be lost. Nelson urged them to be steady, to be resolute, and to decide; but they wanted the only ground for steadiness and decision in such cases, and Nelson had reason to regret that he had not trusted to Hardy's single report. This was one of the most painful moments of his life; and he always spoke of it with bitterness. "I experienced in the Sound," said he, "the misery of having the honour of our country intrusted to a set of pilots, who have no other thought than to keep the ships clear of danger, and their own silly heads clear of shot. Everybody knows what I must have suffered; and if any merit attaches itself to me, it was for combating the dangers of the shallows in defiance of them." At length Mr. Bryerley, the master of the *Bellona*, declared that he was prepared to lead the fleet. His judgment was acceded to by the rest: they returned to their ships; and, at half-past nine, the signal was made to weigh in succession.

Captain Murray, in the *Edgar*, led the way; the *Agamemnon* was next in order; but, on the first attempt to leave her anchorage, she could not weather the edge of the shoal; and Nelson had the grief to see his old ship,

in which he had performed so many years' gallant services, immoveably aground, at a moment when her help was so greatly required. Signal was then made for the *Polyphemus,* and this change in the order of sailing was executed with the utmost promptitude; yet so much delay had thus been unavoidably occasioned that the *Edgar* was for some time unsupported; and the *Polyphemus,* whose place should have been at the end of the enemy's line, where their strength was the greatest, could get no further than the beginning, owing to the difficulty of the Channel: there she occupied, indeed, an efficient station, but one where her presence was less required. The *Isis* followed with better fortune, and took her own berth. The *Bellona,* Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, kept too close on the starboard shoal, and grounded abreast of the outer ship of the enemy: this was the more vexatious, inasmuch as the wind was fair, the room ample, and three ships had led the way. The *Russell* following the *Bellona,* grounded in like manner: both were within reach of shot; but their absence from their intended stations was severely felt. Each ship had been ordered to pass her leader on the starboard side, because the water was supposed to shoal on the larboard shore. Nelson, who came next after these two ships, thought they had kept too far on the starboard direction, and made signal for them to close with the enemy, not knowing that they were aground; but when he perceived that they did not obey the signal, he ordered the *Elephant's* helm to starboard, and went within these ships: thus quitting the appointed order of sailing, and guiding those which were to follow. The greater part of the fleet were probably, by this act of promptitude on his part, saved from going on shore. Each ship, as she arrived nearly opposite to her appointed station, let her anchor go by the stern, and presented her broadside to the Danes. The distance between each was about a half-cable. The action was fought nearly at the distance of a cable's length from the enemy. This, which rendered its continuance so long, was owing

to the ignorance and consequent indecision of the pilots. In pursuance of the same error which had led the *Bellona* and the *Russell* aground, they, when the lead was at a quarter less five, refused to approach nearer, in dread of shoaling their water on the larboard shore—a fear altogether erroneous, for the water deepened up to the very side of the enemy's line.

At five minutes after ten the action began. The first half of our fleet was engaged in about half an hour; and, by half-past eleven, the battle became general. The plan of the attack had been complete; but seldom has any plan been more disconcerted by untoward accidents. Of twelve ships of the line, one was entirely useless, and two others in a situation where they could not render half the service which was required of them. Of the squadron of gun-brigs only one could get into action; the rest were prevented, by baffling currents, from weathering the eastern end of the shoal, and only two of the bomb-vessels could reach their station on the Middle Ground, and open their mortars on the arsenal, firing over both fleets. Riou took the vacant station against the Crown Battery with his frigates; attempting, with that unequal force, a service in which three sail of the line had been directed to assist.

Nelson's agitation had been extreme when he saw himself, before the action begun, deprived of a fourth part of his ships of the line; but no sooner was he in battle, where his squadron was received with the fire of more than a thousand guns, than, as if that artillery, like music, had driven away all care and painful thoughts, his countenance brightened; and, as a bystander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful. The commander-in-chief meantime, near enough to the scene of action to know the unfavourable accidents which had so materially weakened Nelson, and yet too distant to know the real state of the contending parties, suffered the most dreadful anxiety. To get to his assistance was impossible; both wind and current were against

him. Fear for the event, in such circumstances, would naturally preponderate in the bravest mind; and, at one o'clock, perceiving that after three hours' endurance the enemy's fire was unslackened, he began to despair of success. "I will make the signal of recal," said he to his captain, "for Nelson's sake. If he is in a condition to continue the action successfully, he will disregard it; if he is not, it will be an excuse for his retreat, and no blame can be imputed to him." Captain Domett urged him at least to delay the signal till he could communicate with Nelson; but, in Sir Hyde's opinion, the danger was too pressing for delay. "The fire," he said, "was too hot for Nelson to oppose; a retreat, he thought, must be made. He was aware of the consequences to his own personal reputation, but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame it should be deemed." Under a mistaken judgment,* therefore, but with this disinterested and generous feeling, he made the signal for retreat.

Nelson was at this time in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter-deck. A shot through the mainmast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers with a smile, "It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment;" and then, stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion, "But, mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands." About this time the signal-lieutenant called out, that No. 39 (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal-officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. "No," he replied; "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and, being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now

* I have great pleasure in rendering this justice to Sir Hyde Parker's reasoning. The fact is here stated upon the highest and most unquestionable authority.

paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. "Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander-in-chief? No. 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant. "Why to leave off action!" Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words, "Leave off action! Now, damn me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye; I have a right to be blind sometimes;" and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed, "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals! Nail mine to the mast! Admiral Graves, who was so situated that he could not discern what was done on board the *Elephant*, disobeyed Sir Hyde's signal in like manner, whether by fortunate mistake, or by a like brave intention, has not been made known. The other ships of the line, looking only to Nelson, continued the action. The signal, however, saved Riou's little squadron, but did not save its heroic leader. This squadron, which was nearest the commander-in-chief, obeyed and hauled off. It had suffered severely in its most unequal contest. For a long time the *Amazon* had been firing, enveloped in smoke, when Riou desired his men to stand fast and let the smoke clear off, that they might see what they were about. A fatal order; for the Danes then got clear sight of her from the batteries, and pointed their guns with such tremendous effect, that nothing but the signal for retreat saved this frigate from destruction. "What will Nelson think of us!" was Riou's mournful exclamation, when he unwillingly drew off. He had been wounded in the head by a splinter, and was sitting on a gun encouraging his men, when, just as the *Amazon* showed her stern to the Trekroner battery, his clerk was killed by his side, and another shot swept away several marines, who were hauling in the main brace. "Come, then, my boys!" cried Riou, "let us all

die together!" The words had scarcely been uttered before a raking shot cut him in two. Except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss.

The action continued along the line with unabated vigour on our side, and with the most determined resolution on the part of the Danes. They fought to great advantage, because most of the vessels in their line of defence were without masts; the few which had any standing had their topmasts struck, and the hulls could only be seen at intervals. The *Isis* must have been destroyed by the superior weight of her enemy's fire, if Captain Inman, in the *Desirée* frigate, had not judiciously taken a situation which enabled him to rake the Dane, and if the *Polyphemus* had not also relieved her. Both in the *Bellona* and the *Isis* many men were lost by the bursting of their guns. The former ship was about forty years old, and these guns were believed to be the same which she had first taken to sea; they were, probably, originally faulty, for the fragments were full of little air-holes. The *Bellona* lost seventy-five men; the *Isis*, one hundred and ten; the *Monarch*, two hundred and ten. She was more than any other line-of-battle ship exposed to the great battery, and, supporting at the same time the united fire of the *Holstein* and the *Zealand*, her loss this day exceeded that of any single ship during the whole war. Amid the tremendous carnage in this vessel, some of the men displayed a singular instance of coolness. The pork and peas happened to be in the kettle; a shot knocked its contents about; they picked up the pieces, and ate and fought at the same time.

The Prince Royal had taken his station upon one of the batteries, from whence he beheld the action, and issued his orders. Denmark had never been engaged in so arduous a contest, and never did the Danes more nobly display their national courage—a courage not more unhappily than impoliticly exerted in subserviency to the interest of France. Captain Thura, of the *Indfoedsretten*,

fell early in the action; and all his officers, except one lieutenant and one marine officer, were either killed or wounded. In the confusion the colours were either struck or shot away; but she was moored athwart one of the batteries in such a situation that the British made no attempt to board her, and a boat was despatched to the prince to inform him of her situation. He turned to those about him, and said, "Gentlemen, Thura is killed; which of you will take the command?" Schroedersee, a captain who had lately resigned on account of extreme ill-health, answered, in a feeble voice, "I will!" and hastened on board. The crew, perceiving a new commander coming alongside, hoisted their colours again, and fired a broadside. Schroedersee, when he came on deck, found himself surrounded by the dead and wounded, and called to those in the boat to get quickly on board: a ball struck him at that moment. A lieutenant, who had accompanied him, then took the command, and continued to fight the ship. A youth of seventeen, by name Villemoes, particularly distinguished himself on this memorable day. He had volunteered to take the command of a floating battery, which was a raft, consisting merely of a number of beams nailed together, with a flooring to support the guns; it was square, with a breast-work full of port-holes, and without masts, carrying twenty-four guns, and one hundred and twenty men. With this he got under the stern of the *Elephant*, below the reach of the stern-chasers; and, under a heavy fire of small-arms from the marines, fought his raft till the truce was announced with such skill, as well as courage, as to excite Nelson's warmest admiration.

Between one and two the fire of the Danes slackened; about two it ceased from the greater part of their line, and some of their lighter ships were adrift. It was, however, difficult to take possession of those who struck, because the batteries on Amak Island protected them; and because an irregular fire was kept up from the ships themselves as the boats approached. This arose from the

nature of the action. The crews were continually reinforced from the shore; and fresh men coming on board, did not inquire whether the flag had been struck, or, perhaps, did not heed it: many, or most of them, never having been engaged in war before—knowing nothing, therefore, of its laws, and thinking only of defending their country to the last extremity. The *Danbrog* fired upon the *Elephant's* boats in this manner, though her commodore had removed her pendant and deserted her, though she had struck, and though she was in flames. After she had been abandoned by the commodore, Braun fought her till he lost his right hand, and then Captain Lemming took the command. This unexpected renewal of her fire made the *Elephant* and *Glatton* renew theirs, till she was not only silenced, but nearly every man in the praams, ahead and astern of her, was killed. When the smoke of their guns died away, she was seen drifting in flames before the wind; those of her crew who remained alive, and able to exert themselves, throwing themselves out at her port-holes.

Captain Rothe commanded the *Nyeborg* praam; and, perceiving that she could not much longer be kept afloat, made for the inner road. As he passed the line, he found the *Aggershuus* praam in a more miserable condition than his own; her masts had all gone by the board, and she was on the point of sinking. Rothe made fast a cable to her stern, and towed her off; but he could get her no further than a shoal called Stubben, when she sank; and soon after he had worked the *Nyeborg* up to the landing-place, that vessel also sank to her gunwale. Never did any vessel come out of action in a more dreadful plight. The stump of her foremast was the only stick standing; her cabin had been stove in; every gun, except a single one, was dismounted; and her deck was covered with shattered limbs and dead bodies.

By half-past two the action had ceased along that part of the line which was astern of the *Elephant*, but not with the ships ahead and the Crown Batteries. Nelson, seeing

the manner in which his boats were fired upon, when they went to take possession of the prizes, became angry, and said he must either send on shore to have this irregular proceeding stopped, or send a fire-ship and burn them. Half the shot from the Trekroner, and from the batteries at Amak, at this time struck the surrendered ships, four of which had got close together; and the fire of the English, in return, was equally or even more destructive to these poor devoted Danes. Nelson, who was as humane as he was brave, was shocked at this massacre—for such he called it; and, with a presence of mind peculiar to himself, and never more signally displayed than now, he retired into the stern gallery, and wrote thus to the Crown Prince—"Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson has been commanded to spare Denmark when she no longer resists. The line of defence which covered her shores has struck to the British flag; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, he must set on fire all the prizes that he has taken, without having the power of saving the men who have so nobly defended them. The brave Danes are the brothers, and should never be the enemies of the English." A wafer was given him; but he ordered a candle to be brought from the cockpit, and sealed the letter with wax, affixing a larger seal than he ordinarily used. "This," said he, "is no time to appear hurried and informal." Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger, who acted as his aide-de-camp, carried this letter, with a flag of truce. Meantime the fire of the ships ahead, and the approach of the *Ramilies* and *Defence* from Sir Hyde's division which had now worked near enough to alarm the enemy, though not to injure them, silenced the remainder of the Danish line to the eastward of the Trekroner. That battery, however, continued its fire. This formidable work, owing to the want of the ships which had been destined to attack it, and the inadequate force of Riou's little squadron, was comparatively uninjured. Towards the close of the action it had been manned with nearly fifteen hundred men; and the intention of storming it, for which

every preparation had been made, was abandoned as impracticable.

During Thesiger's absence, Nelson sent for Freemantle, from the *Ganges*, and consulted with him and Foley whether it was advisable to advance, with those ships which had sustained least damage, against the yet uninjured part of the Danish line. They were decidedly of opinion that the best thing which could be done was, while the wind continued fair, to remove the fleet out of the intricate channel from which it had to retreat. In somewhat more than half-an-hour after Thesiger had been despatched, the Danish Adjutant-General Lindholm came, bearing a flag of truce; upon which the Trekroner ceased to fire, and the action closed, after four hours' continuance. He brought an inquiry from the Prince, What was the object of Nelson's note? The British admiral wrote in reply, "Lord Nelson's object in sending the flag of truce was humanity; he therefore consents that hostilities shall cease, and that the wounded Danes may be taken on shore. And Lord Nelson will take his prisoners out of the vessels, and burn or carry off his prizes as he shall think fit, Lord Nelson, with humble duty to his Royal Highness the Prince, will consider this the greatest victory he nas ever gained, if it may be the cause of a happy reconciliation and union between his own most gracious Sovereign and his Majesty the King of Denmark." Sir Frederick Thesiger was despatched a second time with the reply; and the Danish adjutant-general was referred to the commander-in-chief for a conference upon this overture. Lindholm, assenting to this, proceeded to the *London*, which was riding at anchor full four miles off; and Nelson, losing not one of the critical moments which he had thus gained, made signal for his leading ships to weigh in succession; they had the shoal to clear, they were much crippled, and their course was immediately under the guns of the Trekonrer.

The *Monarch* led the way. This ship had received six-and-twenty shot between wind and water. She had

not a shroud standing; there was a double-headed shot in the heart of her foremast, and the slightest wind would have sent every mast* over her side. The imminent danger from which Nelson had extricated himself soon became apparent. The *Monarch* touched immediately upon a shoal, over which she was pushed by the *Ganges* taking her amid-ships; the *Glatton* went clear; but the other two, the *Defiance* and the *Elephant*, grounded about a mile from the Trekroner, and there remained fixed for many hours, in spite of all the exertions of their wearied crews. The *Desirée* frigate also, at the other end of the line, having gone toward the close of the action to assist the *Bellona*, became fast on the same shoal. Nelson left the *Elephant*, soon after she took the ground, to follow Lindholm. The heat of action was over; and that kind of feeling which the surrounding scene of havoc was so well fitted to produce pressed heavily upon his exhausted spirits. The sky had suddenly become overcast; white flags were waving from the mast-heads of so many shattered ships; the slaughter had ceased, but the grief was to come; for the account of the dead was not yet made up, and no man could tell for what friends he might have to mourn. The very silence which follows the cessation of such a battle becomes a weight upon the heart at first, rather than a relief; and though the work of mutual destruction was at an end, the *Danbrog* was, at this time, drifting about in flames. Presently she blew up; while our boats, which had put off in all directions to assist her, were endeavouring to pick up her devoted crew, few of whom could be saved. The fate of these men, after the gallantry which they had displayed, particularly affected Nelson; for there was nothing in this action of that indignation against the enemy, and that impression of

* It would have been well if the fleet, before they went under the batteries, had left their spare spars moored out of reach of shot. Many would have been saved which were destroyed lying on the booms; and the hurt done by their splinters would have been saved also. Small craft could have towed them up when they were required; and after such an action, so many must necessarily be wanted that, if those which were not in use were wounded, it might thus have rendered impossible to refit the ships.

retributive justice, which at the Nile had given a sterner temper to his mind, and a sense of austere delight in beholding the vengeance of which he was the appointed minister. The Danes were an honourable foe; they were of English mould as well as English blood; and, now that the battle had ceased, he regarded them rather as brethren than as enemies. There was another reflection, also, which mingled with these melancholy thoughts, and predisposed him to receive them. He was not here master of his own movements, as at Egypt. He had won the day by disobeying his orders; and, in so far as he had been successful, had convicted the commander-in-chief of an error in judgment. "Well," said he, as he left the *Elephant*, "I have fought contrary to orders, and I shall, perhaps, be hanged. Never mind; let them!"

This was the language of a man who, while he is giving utterance to an uneasy thought, clothes it half in jest, because he half repents that it has been disclosed. His services had been too eminent on that day, his judgment too conspicuous, his success too signal, for any commander, however jealous of his own authority, or envious of another's merits, to express anything but satisfaction and gratitude; which Sir Hyde heartily felt, and sincerely expressed. It was speedily agreed that there should be a suspension of hostilities for four-and-twenty hours; that all the prizes should be surrendered, and the wounded Danes carried on shore. There was a pressing necessity for this; for the Danes, either from too much confidence in the strength of their position and the difficulty of the channel, or supposing that the wounded might be carried on shore during the action, which was found totally impracticable, or, perhaps, from the confusion which the attack excited, had provided no surgeons; so that, when our men boarded the captured ships, they found many of the mangled and mutilated Danes bleeding to death, for want of proper assistance—a scene, of all others, the most shocking to a brave man's feelings.

The boats of Sir Hyde's division were actively em-

ployed all night in bringing out the prizes, and in getting afloat the ships which were on shore. At daybreak, Nelson, who had slept in his own ship, the *St. George*, rowed to the *Elephant*; and his delight at finding her afloat seemed to give him new life. There he took a hasty breakfast, praising the men for their exertions, and then pushed off to the prizes, which had not yet been removed. The *Zealand*, 74 guns, the last which struck, had drifted on the shoal, under the Trekroner; and relying, as it seems, upon the protection which that battery might have afforded, refused to acknowledge herself captured; saying that, though it was true her flag was not to be seen, her pendant was still flying. Nelson ordered one of our brigs and three long-boats to approach her, and rowed up himself to one of the enemy's ships, to communicate with the commodore. This officer proved to be an old acquaintance, whom he had known in the West Indies: so he invited himself on board; and, with that urbanity as well as decision which always characterised him, urged his claim to the *Zealand* so well that it was admitted. The men from the boats lashed a cable round her bowsprit, and the gun-vessel towed her away. It is affirmed, and probably with truth, that the Danes felt more pain at beholding this than at all their misfortunes on the preceding day; and one of the officers, Commodore Steen Bille, went to the Trekroner battery, and asked the commander why he had not sunk the *Zealand*, rather than suffer her thus to be carried off by the enemy?

This was, indeed, a mournful day for Copenhagen! It was Good Friday; but the general agitation, and the mourning which was in every house, made all distinction of days be forgotten. There were, at that hour, thousands in that city who felt, and more perhaps who needed, the consolations of Christianity; but few or none who could be calm enough to think of its observances. The English were actively employed in refitting their own ships, securing the prizes, and distributing the prisoners; the Danes, in carrying on shore and dispos-

ing of the wounded and the dead. It had been a murderous action. Our loss, in killed and wounded, was nine hundred and fifty-three. Part of this slaughter might have been spared. The commanding officer of the troops on board one of our ships asked where his men should be stationed? He was told that they could be of no use; that they were not near enough for musketry, and were not wanted at the guns; they had therefore better go below. This, he said, was impossible; it would be a disgrace that could never be wiped away. They were, therefore, drawn up upon the gangway, to satisfy this cruel point of honour; and there, without the possibility of annoying the enemy, they were cruelly mowed down! The loss of the Danes, including prisoners, amounted to about six thousand. The negotiations, meantime, went on; and it was agreed that Nelson should have an interview with the Prince the following day. Hardy and Freemantle landed with him. This was a thing as unexampled as the other circumstances of the battle. A strong guard was appointed to escort him to the palace, as much for the purpose of security as of honour. The populace, according to the British account, showed a mixture of admiration, curiosity, and displeasure, at beholding that man in the midst of them who had inflicted such wounds upon Denmark. But there were neither acclamations nor murmurs. "The people," says a Dane, "did not degrade themselves with the former, nor disgrace themselves with the latter. The admiral was received as one brave enemy ever ought to receive another: he was received with respect." The preliminaries of the negotiation were adjusted at this interview. During the repast which followed, Nelson, with all the sincerity of his character, bore willing testimony to the valour of his foes. He told the Prince that he had been in a hundred and five engagements, but that this was the most tremendous of all. "The French," he said, "fought bravely; but they could not have stood for one hour the fight which the Danes had supported for four." He

requested that Villemoes might be introduced to him; and, shaking hands with the youth, told the Prince that he ought to be made an admiral. The Prince replied, "If, my lord, I am to make all my brave officers admirals, I should have no captains or lieutenants in my service."

The sympathy of the Danes for their countrymen who had bled in their defence was not weakened by distance of time or place in this instance. Things needful for the service, or the comfort of the wounded, were sent in profusion to the hospitals, till the superintendents gave public notice that they could receive no more. On the third day after the action, the dead were buried in the naval churchyard: the ceremony was made as public and as solemn as the occasion required; such a procession had never before been seen in that, or, perhaps, in any other city. A public monument was erected upon the spot where the slain were gathered together. A subscription was opened on the day of the funeral for the relief of the sufferers, and collections in aid of it made throughout all the churches in the kingdom. This appeal to the feelings of the people was made with circumstances which gave it full effect. A monument was raised in the midst of the church, surmounted by the Danish colours; young maidens, dressed in white, stood round it, with either one who had been wounded in the battle or the widow and orphans of some one who had fallen; a suitable oration was delivered from the pulpit, and patriotic hymns and songs were afterwards performed. Medals were distributed to all the officers, and to the men who had distinguished themselves. Poets and painters vied with each other in celebrating a battle which, disastrous as it was, had yet been honourable to their country; some, with pardonable sophistry, represented the advantage of the day as on their own side. One writer discovered a more curious but less disputable ground of satisfaction in the reflection that Nelson, as may be inferred from his name, was of Danish descent; and his actions, therefore, the Dane argued, were attributable to Danish valour.

The negotiation was continued during the five following days; and, in that interval, the prizes were disposed of in a manner which was little approved by Nelson. Six line-of-battle ships and eight praams had been taken. Of these, the *Holstein*, 64, was the only one which was sent home. The *Zealand* was a finer ship; but the *Zealand* and all the others were burnt, and their brass battering-cannon sunk with the hulls in such shoal water that, when the fleet returned from Revel, they found the Danes, with craft over the wrecks, employed in getting the guns up again. Nelson, though he forbore from any public expression of displeasure at seeing the proofs and trophies of his victory destroyed, did not forget to represent to the Admiralty the case of those who were thus deprived of their prize-money. "Whether," said he to Earl St. Vincent, "Sir Hyde Parker may mention the subject to you, I know not; for he is rich, and does not want it: nor is it, you will believe me, any desire to get a few hundred pounds that actuates me to address this letter to you, but justice to the brave officers and men who fought on that day. It is true, our opponents were in hulks and floats, only adapted for the position they were in; but that made our battle so much the harder, and victory so much the more difficult to obtain. Believe me, I have weighed all circumstances; and, in my conscience, I think that the King should send a gracious message to the House of Commons for a gift to this fleet; for what must be the natural feelings of the officers and men belonging to it, to see their rich commander-in-chief burn all the fruits of their victory—which, if fitted up and sent to England (as many of them might have been by dismantling part of our fleet), would have sold for a good round sum?"

On the 9th, Nelson landed again, to conclude the terms of the armistice. During its continuance, the armed ships and vessels of Denmark were to remain in their then actual situation, as to armament, equipment, and hostile position; and the treaty of armed neutrality, as far as

related to the co-operation of Denmark, was suspended. The prisoners were to be sent on shore; an acknowledgment being given for them, and for the wounded also, that they might be carried to Great Britain's credit in the account of war in case hostilities should be renewed. The British fleet was allowed to provide itself with all things requisite for the health and comfort of its men. A difficulty arose respecting the duration of the armistice. The Danish commissioners fairly stated their fears of Russia; and Nelson, with that frankness which sound policy and the sense of power seem often to require as well as justify in diplomacy, told them his reason for demanding a long term was, that he might have time to act against the Russian fleet, and then return to Copenhagen. Neither party would yield upon this point; and one of the Danes hinted at the renewal of hostilities. "Renew hostilities!" cried Nelson to one of his friends—for he understood French enough to comprehend what was said, though not to answer it in the same language—"tell him we are ready at a moment!—ready to bombard this very night!" The conference, however, proceeded amicably on both sides; and as the commissioners could not agree upon this head, they broke up, leaving Nelson to settle it with the Prince. A levee was held forthwith in one of the state-rooms—a scene well suited for such a consultation; for all these rooms had been stripped of their furniture, in fear of a bombardment. To a bombardment also Nelson was looking at this time: fatigue and anxiety, and vexation at the dilatory measures of the commander-in-chief, combined to make him irritable; and as he was on the way to the Prince's dining-room, he whispered to the officer on whose arm he was leaning, "Though I have only one eye, I can see that all this will burn well." After dinner he was closeted with the Prince; and they agreed that the armistice should continue fourteen weeks, and that, at its termination, fourteen days' notice should be given before the recommencement of hostilities.

An official account of the battle was published by Olfert Fischer, the Danish commander-in-chief, in which it was asserted that our force was greatly superior; nevertheless, that two of our ships of the line had struck; that the others were so weakened, and especially Lord Nelson's own ship, as to fire only single shots for an hour before the end of the action; and that this hero himself, in the middle and very heat of the conflict, sent a flag of truce on shore, to propose a cessation of hostilities. For the truth of this account the Dane appealed to the Prince, and all those who, like him, had been eye-witnesses of the scene. Nelson was exceedingly indignant at such a statement, and addressed a letter, in confutation of it, to the Adjutant-General Lindholm; thinking this incumbent upon him, for the information of the Prince, since his Royal Highness had been appealed to as a witness. "Otherwise," said he, "had Commodore Fischer confined himself to his own veracity, I should have treated his official letter with the contempt it deserved, and allowed the world to appreciate the merits of the two contending officers." After pointing out and detecting some of the mis-statements in the account, he proceeds, "As to his nonsense about victory, his Royal Highness will not much credit him. I sunk, burnt, captured, or drove into the harbour the whole line of defence to the southward of the Crown Islands. He says he is told that two British ships struck. Why did he not take possession of them? I took possession of his as fast as they struck. The reason is clear that he did not believe it; he must have known the falsity of the report. He states that the ship in which I had the honour to hoist my flag fired latterly only single guns. It is true; for steady and cool were my brave fellows, and did not wish to throw away a single shot. He seems to exult that I sent on shore a flag of truce. You know, and his Royal Highness knows, that the guns fired from the shore could only fire through the Danish ships which had surrendered; and that, if I fired at the shore, it could only be in the same manner. God

forbid that I should destroy an unresisting Dane! When they became my prisoners, I became their protector."

This letter was written in terms of great asperity against the Danish commander. Lindholm replied in a manner every way honourable to himself. He vindicated the commodore in some points, and excused him in others; reminding Nelson that every commander-in-chief was liable to receive incorrect reports. With a natural desire to represent the action in a most favourable light to Denmark, he took into the comparative strength of the two parties the ships which were aground, and which could not get into action; and omitted the Trekroner and the batteries upon Amak Island. He disclaimed all idea of claiming as a victory "what to every intent and purpose," said he, "was a defeat; but not an inglorious one. As to your lordship's motive for sending a flag of truce, it never can be misconstrued; and your subsequent conduct has sufficiently shown that humanity is always the companion of true valour. You have done more; you have shown yourself a friend to the re-establishment of peace and good harmony between this country and Great Britain. It is therefore, with the sincerest esteem, I shall always feel myself attached to your lordship." Thus handsomely winding up his reply, he soothed and contented Nelson, who, drawing up a memorandum of the comparative force of the two parties for his own satisfaction, assured Lindholm that, if the commodore's statement had been in the same manly and honourable strain, he would have been the last man to have noticed any little inaccuracies which might get into a commander-in-chief's public letter.

For the battle of Copenhagen, Nelson was raised to the rank of viscount; an inadequate mark of reward for services so splendid, and of such paramount importance to the dearest interests of England. There was, however, some prudence in dealing out honours to him step by step: had he lived long enough, he would have fought his way up to a dukedom.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sir Hyde Parker is recalled, and Nelson appointed Commander—He goes to Revel—Settlement of Affairs in the Baltic—Unsuccessful Attempt upon the Flotilla at Boulogne—Peace of Amiens—Nelson takes the Command in the Mediterranean on the Renewal of the War—Escape of the Toulon Fleet. Nelson chases them to the West Indies, and back—Delivers up his Squadron to Admiral Cornwallis, and lands in England.

WHEN Nelson informed Earl St. Vincent that the armistice had been concluded, he told him also, without reserve, his own discontent at the dilatoriness and indecision which he witnessed, and could not remedy. "No man," said he, "but those who are on the spot, can tell what I have gone through and do suffer. I make no scruple in saying that I would have been at Revel fourteen days ago; that, without this armistice, the fleet would never have gone, but by order of the Admiralty; and with it, I dare say, we shall not go this week. I wanted Sir Hyde to let me, at least, go and cruise off Carlscrona, to prevent the Revel ships from getting in. I said I would not go to Revel to take any of those laurels which I was sure he would reap there. Think for me, my dear lord; and if I have deserved well, let me return; if ill, for heaven's sake, supersede me, for I cannot exist in this state."

Fatigue, incessant anxiety, and a climate little suited to one of a tender constitution, which had now for many years been accustomed to more genial latitudes, made him at this time seriously determine upon returning home. "If the northern business were not settled," he said, "they must send more admirals;" for the keen air of the north had cut him to the heart. He felt the want of activity and decision in the commander-in-chief more keenly; and this affected his spirits, and consequently his health, more than the inclemency of the Baltic. Soon

after the armistice was signed, Sir Hyde proceeded to the eastward with such ships as were fit for service, leaving Nelson to follow with the rest, as soon as those which had received slight damages should be repaired, and the rest sent to England. In passing between the isles of Amak and Saltholm, most of the ships touched the ground, and some of them stuck fast for a while; no serious injury, however, was sustained. It was intended to act against the Russians first, before the breaking up of the frost should enable them to leave Revel; but learning on the way that the Swedes had put to sea to effect a junction with them, Sir Hyde altered his course, in hopes of intercepting this part of the enemy's force.

Nelson had at this time provided for the more pressing emergencies of the service, and prepared, on the 18th, to follow the fleet. The *St. George* drew too much water to pass the channel between the isles without being lightened; the guns were therefore taken out, and put on board an American vessel. A contrary wind, however, prevented Nelson from moving; and on that same evening, while he was thus delayed, information reached him of the relative situation of the Swedish and British fleets, and the probability of an action. The fleet was nearly ten leagues distant, and both wind and current contrary; but it was not possible that Nelson could wait for a favourable season under such an expectation. He ordered his boat immediately, and stepped into it. Night was setting in—one of the cold spring nights of the north; and it was discovered soon after they had left the ship that, in their haste, they had forgotten to provide him with a boat-cloak. He, however, forbade them to return for one; and when one of his companions offered his own great coat, and urged him to make use of it, he replied, "I thank you very much; but, to tell you the truth, my anxiety keeps me sufficiently warm at present."

"Do you think," said he, presently, "that our fleet has quitted Bornholm? If it has, we must follow it to Carlscrona." About midnight he reached it, and once

more got on board the *Elephant.* On the following morning the Swedes were discovered; as soon, however, as they perceived the English approaching, they retired, and took shelter in Carlscrona, behind the batteries on the island, at the entrance of that port. Sir Hyde sent in a flag of truce, stating that Denmark had concluded an armistice, and requiring an explicit declaration from the court of Sweden whether it would adhere to or abandon the hostile measures which it had taken against the rights and interests of Great Britain? The commander, Vice-Admiral Cronstadt, replied "that he could not answer a question which did not come within the particular circle of his duty; but that the King was then at Maloe, and would soon be at Carlscrona." Gustavus shortly afterwards arrived, and an answer was then returned to this effect, "That his Swedish Majesty would not for a moment fail to fulfil, with fidelity and sincerity, the engagements he had entered into with his allies; but he would not refuse to listen to equitable proposals made by deputies furnished with proper authority by the King of Great Britain to the united northern powers." Satisfied with this answer, and with the known disposition of the Swedish court, Sir Hyde sailed for the Gulf of Finland; but he had not proceeded far before a despatch-boat from the Russian ambassador at Copenhagen arrived, bringing intelligence of the death of the Emperor Paul; and that his successor, Alexander, had accepted the offer made by England to his father, of terminating the dispute by a convention. The British admiral was therefore required to desist from all further hostilities.

It was Nelson's maxim that, to negotiate with effect, force should be at hand, and in a situation to act. The fleet, having been reinforced from England, amounted to eighteen sail of the line; and the wind was fair for Revel. There he would have sailed immediately, to place himself between that division of the Russian fleet and the squadron at Cronstadt, in case this offer should prove insincere. Sir Hyde, on the other hand, believed that the death of

Paul had effected all which was necessary. The manner of that death, indeed, rendered it apparent that a change of policy would take place in the Cabinet of Petersburgh; but Nelson never trusted anything to the uncertain events of time which could possibly be secured by promptitude or resolution. It was not, therefore, without severe mortification, that he saw the commander-in-chief return to the coast of Zealand, and anchor in Kioge Bay; there to wait patiently for what might happen.

There the fleet remained, till despatches arrived from home, on the 5th of May, recalling Sir Hyde, and appointing Nelson commander-in-chief.

Nelson wrote to Earl St. Vincent that he was unable to hold this honourable station. Admiral Graves also was so ill, as to be confined to his bed; and he intreated that some person might come out and take the command. "I will endeavour," said he, "to do my best, while I remain; but, my dear lord, I shall either soon go to heaven, I hope, or must rest quiet for a time. If Sir Hyde were gone, I would now be under sail." On the day when this was written, he received news of his appointment. Not a moment was now lost. His first signal, as commander-in-chief, was to hoist in all launches, and prepare to weigh; and on the 7th he sailed from Kioge. Part of his fleet was left at Bornholm, to watch the Swedes, from whom he required and obtained an assurance that the British trade in the Cattegat, and in the Baltic, should not be molested; and saying how unpleasant it would be to him if anything should happen which might for a moment disturb the returning harmony between Sweden and Great Britain, he apprised them that he was not directed to abstain from hostilities, should he meet with the Swedish fleet at sea. Meantime, he himself, with ten sail of the line, two frigates, a brig, and a schooner, made for the Gulf of Finland. Paul, in one of the freaks of his tyranny, had seized upon all the British effects in Russia, and even considered British subjects as his prisoners. "I will have all the English shipping and

property restored," said Nelson; "but I will do nothing violently—neither commit the affairs of my country, nor suffer Russia to mix the affairs of Denmark or Sweden with the detention of our ships." The wind was fair, and carried him in four days to Revel Roads. But the bay had been clear of firm ice on the 29th of April, while the English were lying idly at Kioge. The Russians had cut through the ice in the mole six feet thick, and their whole squadron had sailed for Cronstadt on the 3rd. Before that time, it had lain at the mercy of the English. "Nothing," Nelson said, "if it had been right to make the attack, could have saved one ship of them in two hours after our entering the bay."

It so happened that there was no cause to regret the opportunity which had been lost; and Nelson immediately put the intentions of Russia to the proof. He sent on shore to say that he came with friendly views, and was ready to return a salute. On their part, the salute was delayed, till a messenger was sent to them to inquire for what reason; and the officer whose neglect had occasioned the delay was put under arrest. Nelson wrote to the Emperor, proposing to wait on him personally, and congratulate him on his accession, and urged the immediate release of British subjects, and restoration of British property.

The answer arrived on the 16th. Nelson, meantime, had exchanged visits with the governor, and the most friendly intercourse had subsisted between the ships and the shore. Alexander's Ministers, in their reply, expressed their surprise at the arrival of a British fleet in a Russian port, and their wish that it should return. They professed, on the part of Russia, the most friendly disposition towards Great Britain; but declined the personal visit of Lord Nelson, unless he came in a single ship. There was suspicion implied in this, which stung Nelson; and he said the Russian Ministers would never have written thus if their fleet had been at Revel. He wrote an immediate reply, expressing what he felt. He told the

court of Petersburgh "that the word of a British admiral, when given in explanation of any part of his conduct, was as sacred as that of any sovereign's in Europe." And he repeated "that, under other circumstances, it would have been his anxious wish to have paid his personal respects to the Emperor, and signed with his own hand the act of amity between the two countries." Having despatched this, he stood out to sea immediately, leaving a brig to bring off the provisions which had been contracted for, and to settle the accounts. "I hope all is right," said he, writing to our ambassador at Berlin, "but seamen are but bad negotiators; for we put to issue in five minutes what diplomatic forms would be five months doing."

On his way down the Baltic, however, he met the Russian Admiral Tchitchagof, whom the Emperor, in reply to Sir Hyde's overtures, had sent to communicate personally with the British commander-in-chief. The reply was such as had been wished and expected; and these negotiators going, seaman-like, straight to their object, satisfied each other of the friendly intentions of their respective Governments. Nelson then anchored off Rostock; and there he received an answer to his last despatch from Revel, in which the Russian Court expressed their regret that there should have been any misconception between them, informed them that the British vessels which Paul had detained were ordered to be liberated, and invited him to Petersburgh, in whatever mode might be most agreeable to himself. Other honours awaited him. The Duke of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, the Queen's brother, came to visit him on board his ship; and towns of the inland parts of Mecklenburgh sent deputations, with their public books of record, that they might have the name of Nelson written by his own hand.

From Rostock the fleet returned to Kioge Bay. Nelson saw that the temper of the Danes towards England was such as naturally arose from the chastisement which they had so recently received. "In this nation," said he, "we

shall not be forgiven for having the upper hand of them: I only thank God we have, or they would try to humble us to the dust." He saw also that the Danish Cabinet was completely subservient to France. A French officer was at this time the companion and counsellor of the Crown Prince; and things were done in such open violation of the armistice that Nelson thought a second infliction of vengeance would soon be necessary. He wrote to the Admiralty, requesting a clear and explicit reply to his inquiry, Whether the commander-in-chief was at liberty to hold the language becoming a British admiral? "which very probably," said he, "if I am here, "will break the armistice, and set Copenhagen in a blaze. I see everything which is dirty and mean going on, and the Prince Royal at the head of it. Ships have been masted, guns taken on board, floating-batteries prepared, and, except hauling out and completing their rigging, everything is done in defiance of the treaty. My heart burns at seeing the word of a Prince, nearly allied to our good King, so falsified; but his conduct is such that he will lose his kingdom if he goes on; for Jacobins rule in Denmark. I have made no representations yet, as it would be useless to do so until I have the power of correction. All I beg, in the name of the future commander-in-chief, is, that the orders may be clear; for enough is done to break twenty treaties, if it should be wished, or to make the Prince Royal humble himself before British generosity."

Nelson was not deceived in his judgment of the Danish Cabinet; but the battle of Copenhagen had crippled its power.* The death of the Czar Paul had broken the confederacy; and that Cabinet, therefore, was compelled to defer to a more convenient season the indulgence of its enmity towards Great Britain. Soon afterwards, Admiral Sir Charles Maurice Pole arrived to take the command. The business, military and political, had by that time been so far completed that the presence of the British fleet soon became no longer necessary. Sir Charles, however, made the short time of his command memorable, by passing the

Great Belt for the first time with line-of-battle ships, working through the channel against adverse winds. When Nelson left the fleet, this speedy termination of the expedition, though confidently expected, was not certain; and he, in his unwillingness to weaken the British force, thought at one time of traversing Jutland in his boat by the canal, to Tonningen on the Eyder, and finding his way home from thence. This intention was not executed; but he returned in a brig, declining to accept a frigate, which few admirals would have done, especially if, like him, they suffered from sea-sickness in a small vessel. On his arrival at Yarmouth, the first thing he did was to visit the hospital, and see the men who had been wounded in the late battle—that victory which had added new glory to the name of Nelson, and which was of more importance even than the battle of the Nile to the honour, the strength, and the security of England.

He had not been many weeks on shore before he was called upon to undertake a service for which no Nelson was required. Bonaparte, who was now First Consul, and in reality sole ruler of France, was making preparations, upon a great scale, for invading England. But his schemes in the Baltic had been baffled. Fleets could not be created as they were wanted; and his armies, therefore, were to come over in gun-boats, and such small craft as could be rapidly built or collected for the occasion. From the former Governments of France such threats have only been matter of insult and policy: in Bonaparte they were sincere; for this adventurer, intoxicated with success, already began to imagine that all things were to be submitted to his fortune. We had not at that time proved the superiority of our soldiers over the French; and the unreflecting multitude were not to be persuaded that an invasion could only be effected by numerous and powerful fleets. A general alarm was excited; and in condescension to this unworthy feeling, Nelson was appointed to a command, extending from Orfordness to Beechy head, on both shores—a sort of service, he said,

for which he felt no other ability than what might be found in his zeal.

To this service, however, such as it was, he applied with his wonted alacrity; and, having hoisted his flag in the *Madusa* frigate, went to reconnoitre Boulogne—the point from which it was supposed the great attempt would be made, and which the French, in fear of an attack themselves, were fortifying with all care. He approached near enough to sink two of their floating batteries, and destroy a few gun-boats, which were without the pier: what damage was done within could not be ascertained. "Boulogne," he said, "was certainly not a very pleasant place that morning; but," he added, "it is not my wish to injure the poor inhabitants; and the town is spared as much as the nature of the service will admit." Enough was done to show the enemy that they could not, with impunity, come outside their own ports. Nelson was satisfied, by what he saw, that they meant to make an attempt from this place, but that it was impracticable; for the least wind at W.N.W., and they were lost. The ports of Flushing and Flanders were better points; there we could not tell by our eyes what means of transport were provided. From thence, therefore, if it came forth at all, the expedition would come. "And what a forlorn undertaking!" said he. "Consider cross tides, &c. As for rowing, that is impossible. It is perfectly right to be prepared for a mad Government; but, with the active force which has been given to me, I may pronounce it almost impracticable."

That force had been got together with an alacrity which has seldom been equalled. On the 28th of July we were, in Nelson's own words, literally at the foundation of our fabric of defence; and twelve days afterwards we were so prepared on the enemy's coast that he did not believe they could get three miles from their ports. The *Madusa*, returning to our own shores, anchored in the rolling ground off Harwich; and when Nelson wished to get to the Nore in her, the wind rendered it impossible

to proceed there by the usual channel. In haste to be at the Nore, remembering that he had been a tolerable pilot for the mouth of the Thames in his younger days, and thinking it necessary that he should know all that could be known of the navigation, he requested the maritime surveyor of the coast, Mr. Spence, to get him into the Swin by any channel; for neither the pilots which he had on board, nor the Harwich ones, would take charge of the ship. No vessel drawing more than fourteen feet had ever before ventured over the Naze. Mr. Spence, however, who had surveyed the channel, carried her safely through. The channel has since been called Nelson's, though he himself wished it to be named after the *Medusa;* his name needed no new memorial.

Nelson's eye was upon Flushing. "To take possession of that place," he said, "would be a week's expedition for four or five thousand troops." This, however, required a consultation with the Admiralty; and, that something might be done meantime, he resolved upon attacking the flotilla in the mouth of Boulogne harbour. This resolution was made in deference to the opinion of others, and to the public feeling which was so preposterously excited. He himself scrupled not to assert that the French army would never embark at Boulogne for the invasion of England; and he owned that this boat-warfare was not exactly congenial to his feelings. Into Helvoet or Flushing he should be happy to lead, if Government turned their thoughts that way. "While I serve," said he, "I will do it actively, and to the very best of my abilities. I require nursing like a child," he added. "My mind carries me beyond my strength, and will do me up; but such is my nature."

The attack was made by the boats of the squadron in five divisions, under Captains Somerville, Parker, Cotgrave, Jones, and Conn. The previous essay had taught the French the weak parts of their position; and they omitted no means of strengthening it, and of guarding against the expected attempt. The boats put off about

half an hour before midnight; but, owing to the darkness, and tide and half-tide. which must always make night attacks so uncertain on the coasts of the Channel, the divisions separated. One could not arrive at all, another not till near daybreak. The others made their attack gallantly; but the enemy was fully prepared. Every vessel was defended by long poles, headed with iron spikes. projecting from their sides; strong nettings were braced up to their lower yards; they were moored by the bottom to the shore, and chained one to another; they were strongly manned with soldiers, and protected by land batteries, and the shore was lined with troops. Many were taken possession of, and, though they could not have been brought out, would have been burnt, had not the French resorted to a mode of offence which they have often used, but which no other people have ever been wicked enough to employ. The moment the firing ceased on board one of their own vessels, they fired upon it from the shore, perfectly regardless of their own men.

The commander of one of the French divisions acted like a generous enemy. He hailed the boats as they approached, and cried out in English, "Let me advise you, my brave Englishmen, to keep your distance; you can do nothing here, and it is only uselessly shedding the blood of brave men to make the attempt." The French official account boasted of the victory. "The combat," it said, "took place in sight of both countries; it was the first of the kind, and the historian would have cause to make this remark." They guessed our loss at four or five hundred; it amounted to one hundred and seventy-two. In his private letters to the Admiralty, Nelson affirmed that, had our force arrived as he intended, it was not all the chains in France which could have prevented our men from bringing off the whole of the vessels. There had been no error committed, and never did Englishmen display more courage. Upon this point Nelson was fully satisfied; but he said he should never bring himself again to allow any attack wherein he was

not personally concerned, and that his mind suffered more than if he had had a leg shot off in the affair. He grieved particularly for Captain Parker—an excellent officer to whom he was greatly attached, and who had an aged father looking to him for assistance. His thigh was shattered in the action; and the wound proved mortal, after some weeks of suffering and manly resignation. During this interval, Nelson's anxiety was very great. "Dear Parker is my child," said he; "for I found him in distress." And when he received the tidings of his death, he replied, "You will judge of my feelings: God's will be done! I beg that his hair may be cut off and given me; it shall be buried in my grave. Poor Mr. Parker! what a son has he lost! If I were to say I was content, I should lie; but I shall endeavour to submit with all the fortitude in my power. His loss has made a wound in my heart which time will hardly heal."

He now wished to be relieved from this service. The country, he said, had attached a confidence to his name, which he had submitted to, and therefore had cheerfully repaired to the station; but this boat business, though it might be part of a great plan of invasion, could never be the only one, and he did not think it was a command for a vice-admiral. It was not that he wanted a more lucrative situation; for, seriously indisposed as he was, and low-spirited from private considerations, he did not know, if the Mediterranean were vacant, that he should be equal to undertake it. Just at this time the Peace of Amiens was signed. Nelson rejoiced that the experiment was made, but was well aware that it was an experiment. He saw, what he called, the misery of peace, unless the utmost vigilance and prudence were exerted; and he expressed, in bitter terms, his proper indignation at the manner in which the mob of London welcomed the French general who brought the ratification, saying "that they made him ashamed of his country."

He had purchased a house and estate at Merton, in Surrey; meaning to pass his days there in the society of

Sir William and Lady Hamilton. This place he had never seen, till he was now welcomed there by the friends to whom he had so passionately devoted himself, and who were not less sincerely attached to him. The place, and everything which Lady Hamilton had done to it, delighted him; and he declared that the longest liver should possess it all. His pensions for his victories, and for the loss of his eye and arm, amounted, with his half-pay, to about £3,400 a-year. From this he gave £1,800 to Lady Nelson, £200 to his brother's widow, and £150 for the education of his children; and he paid £500 interest for borrowed money: so that Nelson was comparatively a poor man; and though much of the pecuniary embarrassment which he endured was occasioned by the separation from his wife, even if that cause had not existed, his income would not have been sufficient for the rank which he held, and the claims which would necessarily be made upon his bounty. The depression of spirits under which he had long laboured arose partly from this state of his circumstances, and partly from the other disquietudes in which his connexion with Lady Hamilton had involved him—a connexion which it was not possible his father could behold without sorrow and displeasure. Mr. Nelson, however, was soon convinced that the attachment, which Lady Nelson regarded with natural jealousy and resentment, did not, in reality, pass the bounds of ardent and romantic admiration—a passion which the manners and accomplishments of Lady Hamilton, fascinating as they were, would not have been able to excite, if they had not been accompanied by more uncommon intellectual endowments, and by a character which, both in its strength and in its weakness, resembled his own. It did not, therefore, require much explanation to reconcile him to his son—an event the more essential to Nelson's happiness because, a few months afterwards, the good old man died, at the age of seventy-nine.

Soon after the conclusion of peace, tidings arrived of our final and decisive successes in Egypt; in consequence

of which, the Common Council voted their thanks to the army and navy for bringing the campaign to so glorious a conclusion. When Nelson, after the action of Cape St. Vincent, had been entertained at a city feast, he had observed to the Lord Mayor "that, if the city continued its generosity, the navy would ruin them in gifts." To which the Lord Mayor replied, putting his hand upon the Admiral's shoulder, "Do you find victories, and we will find rewards." Nelson, as he said, had kept his word—had doubly fulfilled his part of the contract—but no thanks had been voted for the battle ot Copenhagen; and feeling that he and his companions in that day's glory had a fair and honourable claim to this reward, he took the present opportunity of addressing a letter to the Lord Mayor, complaining of the omission and the injustice. "The smallest services," said he, "rendered by the army or navy to the country, have always been noticed by the great City of London, with one exception—the glorious 2nd of April; a day when the greatest dangers of navigation were overcome, and the Danish force, which they thought impregnable, totally taken or destroyed, by the consummate skill of our commanders, and by the undaunted bravery ot as gallant a band as ever defended the rights ot this country. For myself, if I were only personally concerned, I should bear the stigma, attempted to be now first placed upon my brow, with humility. But, my lord, I am the natural guardian of the fame ot all the officers of the navy, army, and marines, who fought, and so profusely bled, under my command on that day. Again, I disclaim, for myself, more merit than naturally falls to a successful commander; but when I am called upon to speak of the merits of the captains of his Majesty's ships, and of the officers and men, whether seamen, marines, or soldiers, whom I that day had the happiness to command, I then say that never was the glory of this country upheld with more determined bravery than on that occasion; and, it I may be allowed to give an opinion as a Briton, then I say that more important

service was never rendered to our King and country. It is my duty, my lord, to prove to the brave fellows, my companions in danger, that I have not failed, at every proper place, to represent, as well as I am able, their bravery and meritorious conduct."

Another honour of greater import was withheld from the conquerors. The King had given medals to those captains who were engaged in the battles of the 1st of June, of Cape St. Vincent, of Camperdown, and of the Nile. Then came the victory at Copenhagen, which Nelson truly called the most difficult achievement, the hardest fought battle, the most glorious result, that ever graced the annals of our country. He, of course, expected the medal; and, in writing to Earl St. Vincent, said "he longed to have it, and would not give it up to be made an English duke." The medal, however, was not given: "for what reason," said Nelson, "Lord St. Vincent best knows"—words plainly implying a suspicion that it was withheld by some feeling of jealousy; and that suspicion estranged him, during the remaining part of his life, from one who had at one time been essentially, as well as sincerely, his friend, and of whose professional abilities he ever entertained the highest opinion.

The happiness which Nelson enjoyed in the society of his chosen friends was of no long continuance. Sir William Hamilton, who was far advanced in years, died early in 1803. He expired in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand, and almost in his last words left her to his protection; requesting him that he would see justice done her by the Government, as he knew what she had done for her country. He left him her portrait in enamel, calling him his dearest friend; the most virtuous, loyal, and truly brave character he had ever known. The codicil containing this bequest concluded with these words: "God bless him, and shame fall on those who do not say Amen." Sir William's pension of £1200 a-year ceased with his death. Nelson applied to Mr. Addington in Lady Hamilton's behalf, stating the important service

which she had rendered to the fleet at Syracuse; and Mr. Addington, it is said, acknowledged that she had a just claim upon the gratitude of the country. This barren acknowledgment was all that was obtained; but a sum equal to the pension which her husband had enjoyed was settled on her by Nelson, and paid in monthly payments during his life. A few weeks after this event, the war was renewed; and the day after his Majesty's message to Parliament Nelson departed to take the command of the Mediterranean fleet.

He took his station immediately off Toulon; and there, with incessant vigilance, waited for the coming out of the enemy. When he had been fourteen months thus employed, he received a vote of thanks from the City of London, for his skill and perseverance in blockading that port, so as to prevent the French from putting to sea. Nelson had not forgotten the wrong which the city had done to the Baltic fleet by their omission, and did not lose the opportunity which this vote afforded of recurring to that point. "I do assure your lordship," said he, in his answer to the Lord Mayor, "that there is not a man breathing who sets a higher value upon the thanks of his fellow-citizens of London than myself; but I should feel as much ashamed to receive them for a particular service, marked in the resolution, if I felt that I did not come within that line of service, as I should feel hurt at having a great victory passed over without notice. I beg to inform your lordship that the port of Toulon has never been blockaded by me: quite the reverse. Every opportunity has been offered the enemy to put to sea; for it is there that we hope to realise the hopes and expectations of our country." Nelson then remarked that the junior flag-officers of his fleet had been omitted in this vote of thanks; and his surprise at the omission was expressed with more asperity, perhaps, than an offence so entirely and manifestly unintentional deserved; but it arose from that generous regard for the feelings as well as interests of all who were under his command, which made

him as much beloved in the fleets of Britain as he was dreaded in those of the enemy.

Never was any commander more beloved. He governed men by their reason and their affections. They knew that he was incapable of caprice or tyranny; and they obeyed him with alacrity and joy, because he possessed their confidence as well as their love. "Our Nel," they used to say, "is as brave as a lion, and as gentle as a lamb." Severe discipline he detested, though he had been bred in a severe school. He never inflicted corporeal punishment, if it were possible to avoid it; and when compelled to enforce it, he who was familiar with wounds and death suffered like a woman. In his whole life Nelson was never known to act unkindly towards an officer. If he was asked to prosecute one for ill-behaviour, he used to answer "that there was no occasion for him to ruin a poor devil who was sufficiently his own enemy to ruin himself." But in Nelson there was more than the easiness and humanity of a happy nature. He did not merely abstain from injury—his was an active and watchful benevolence, ever desirous not only to render justice, but to do good. During the peace he had spoken in Parliament upon the abuses respecting prize-money; and had submitted plans to Government for easily manning the the navy, and preventing desertion from it, by bettering the condition of the seamen. He proposed that their certificates should be registered, and that every man who had served, with a good character, five years in war, should receive a bounty of two guineas annually after that time, and of four guineas after eight years. "This," he said, "might at first sight appear an enormous sum for the State to pay; but the average life of a seaman is, from hard service, finished at forty-five. He cannot, therefore, enjoy the annuity many years; and the interest of the money saved by their not deserting would go far to pay the whole expense."

To his midshipmen he ever showed the most winning kindness, encouraging the diffident, tempering the hasty,

counselling and befriending both. "Recollect," he used to say, "that you must be a seaman to be an officer; and also that you cannot be a good officer without being a gentleman." A lieutenant wrote to him to say that he was dissatisfied with his captain. Nelson's answer was in that spirit of perfect wisdom and perfect goodness which regulated his whole conduct towards those who were under his command. "I have just received your letter; and I am truly sorry that any difference should arise between your captain, who has the reputation of being one of the bright officers of the service, and yourself, a very young man, and a very young officer, who must naturally have much to learn; therefore, the chance is that you are perfectly wrong in the disagreement. However, as your present situation must be very disagreeable, I will certainly take an early opportunity of removing you, provided your conduct to your present captain be such that another may not refuse to receive you." The gentleness and benignity of his disposition never made him forget what was due to discipline. Being on one occasion applied to, to save a young officer from a court-martial, which he had provoked by his misconduct, his reply was, "that he would do everything in his power to oblige so gallant and good an officer as Sir John Warren," in whose name the intercession had been made. "But what," he added, "would he do if he were here? Exactly what I have done, and am still willing to do. The young man must write such a letter of contrition as would be an acknowledgment of his great fault; and, with a sincere promise, if his captain will intercede to prevent the impending court-martial, never to so misbehave again. On his captain's inclosing me such a letter, with a request to cancel the order for the trial, I might be induced to do it; but the letters and reprimand will be given in the public order-book of the fleet, and read to all the officers. The young man has pushed himself forward to notice, and he must take the consequence. It was upon the quarter-deck, in the face of the ship's company, that he treated

his captain with contempt; and I am in duty bound to support the authority and consequence of every officer under my command. A poor ignorant seaman is for ever punished for contempt to *his* superiors."

A dispute occurred in the fleet while it was off Toulon, which called forth Nelson's zeal for the rights and interest of the navy. Some artillery officers, serving on board the bomb-vessels, refused to let their men perform any other duty but what related to the mortars. They wished to have it established that their corps was not subject to the captain's authority. The same pretensions were made in the channel fleet about the same time; and the artillery rested their claims to separate and independent authority on board upon a clause in the Act, which they interpreted in their favour. Nelson took up the subject with all the earnestness which its importance deserved. "There is no real happiness in this world," said he, writing to Earl St. Vincent, as First Lord. "With all content and smiles around me, up start these artillery boys (I understand they are not beyond that age) and set us at defiance, speaking in the most disrespectful manner of the navy and its commanders. I know you, my dear lord, so well that, with your quickness, the matter would have been settled, and perhaps some of them broke. I am, perhaps, more patient; but, I do assure you, not less resolved, if my plan of conciliation is not attended to. You and I are on the eve of quitting the theatre of our exploits; but we hold it due to our successors never, whilst we have a tongue to speak or a hand to write, to allow the navy to be in the smallest degree injured in its discipline by our conduct." To Troubridge he wrote in the same spirit. "It is the old history, trying to do away the Act of Parliament, but I trust they will never succeed; for when they do, farewell to our naval superiority. We should be prettily commanded! Let them once gain the step of being independent of the navy on board a ship, and they will soon have the other, and command us. But, thank God! my dear Troubridge, the

King himself cannot do away with the Act of Parliament. Although my career is nearly run, yet it would embitter my future days and expiring moments to hear of our navy being sacrificed to the army." As the surest way of preventing such disputes, he suggested that the navy should have its own corps of artillery; and a corps of marine artillery was accordingly established.

Instead of lessening the power of the commander, Nelson would have wished to see it increased; it was absolutely necessary, he thought, that merit should be rewarded at the moment, and that the officers of the fleet should look up to the commander-in-chief for their reward. He himself was never more happy than when he could promote those who were deserving of promotion. Many were the services which he thus rendered unsolicited; and frequently the officer in whose behalf he had interested himself with the Admiralty, did not know to whose friendly interference he was indebted for his good fortune. He used to say, "I wish it to appear as a God-send." The love which he bore the navy made him promote the interests and honour the memory of all who had added to its glories. "The near relations of brother officers," he said, "he considered as legacies to the service." Upon mention being made to him of a son of Rodney by the Duke of Clarence, his reply was, "I agree with your Royal Highness most entirely, that the son of a Rodney ought to be the *protégé* of every person in the kingdom, and particularly of the sea-officers. Had I known that there had been this claimant, some of my own lieutenants must have given way to such a name, and he should have been placed in the *Victory*. She is full, and I have twenty on my list; but whatever numbers I have, the name of Rodney must cut many of them out." Such was the proper sense which Nelson felt of what was due to splendid services and illustrious names. His feelings toward the brave men who had served with him are shown by a note in his diary, which was probably not intended for any other eye than his own. "Nov. 7. I had

the comfort of making an old *Agamemnon*, George Jones, a gunner into the *Chameleon* brig."

When Nelson took the command, it was expected that the Mediterranean would be an active scene. Nelson well understood the character of the perfidious Corsican, who was now sole tyrant of France; and, knowing that he was as ready to attack his friends as his enemies, knew, therefore, that nothing could be more uncertain than the direction of the fleet from Toulon, whenever it should put to sea. "It had as many destinations," he said, "as there were countries." The momentous revolutions of the last ten years had given him ample matter for reflection, as well as opportunities for observation. The film was cleared from his eyes; and now, when the French no longer went abroad with the cry of liberty and equality, he saw that the oppression and misrule of the powers which had been opposed to them had been the main causes of their success, and that those causes would still prepare the way before them. Even in Sicily, where, if it had been possible longer to blind himself, Nelson would willingly have seen no evil, he perceived that the people wished for a change, and acknowledged that they had reason to wish for it. In Sardinia the same burden of misgovernment was felt; and the people, like the Sicilians, were impoverished by a Government so utterly incompetent to perform its first and most essential duties that it did not protect its own coasts from the Barbary pirates. He would fain have had us purchase this island (the finest in the Mediterranean) from its sovereign, who did not receive £5000 a-year from it, after its wretched establishment was paid. There was reason to think that France was preparing to possess herself of this important point, which afforded our fleet facilities for watching Toulon not to be obtained elsewhere. An expedition was preparing at Corsica for the purpose; and all the Sardes who had taken part with revolutionary France were ordered to assemble there. It was certain that if the attack were made it would succeed. Nelson

thought that the only means to prevent Sardinia from becoming French was to make it English, and that half a million would give the King a rich price and England a cheap purchase. A better and therefore a wiser policy would have been to exert our influence in removing the abuses of the government; for foreign dominion is always in some degree an evil, and allegiance neither can nor ought to be made a thing of bargain and sale. Sardinia, like Sicily and Corsica, is large enough to form a separate state. Let us hope that these islands may ere long be made free and independent. Freedom and independence will bring with them industry and prosperity; and wherever these are found arts and letters will flourish, and the improvement of the human race proceed.

The proposed attack was postponed. Views of wider ambition were opening upon Bonaparte, who now almost undisguisedly aspired to make himself master of the continent of Europe; and Austria was preparing for another struggle, to be conducted as weakly and terminated as miserably as the former. Spain, too, was once more to be involved in war by the policy of France; that perfidious Government having in view the double object of employing the Spanish resources against England, and exhausting them in order to render Spain herself finally its prey. Nelson, who knew that England and the Peninsula ought to be in alliance for the common interest of both, frequently expressed his hopes that Spain might resume her natural rank among the nations. "We ought," he said, "by mutual consent, to be the very best friends, and both to be ever hostile to France." But he saw that Bonaparte was meditating the destruction of Spain; and that, while the wretched Court of Madrid professed to remain neutral, the appearances of neutrality were scarcely preserved. An order of the year 1771, excluding British ships of war from the Spanish ports, was revived and put in force; while French privateers, from those very ports, annoyed the British trade, carried their prizes in, and sold them even at Barcelona. Nelson

complained of this to the Captain-General of Catalonia, informing him that he claimed, for every British ship or squadron, the right of lying as long as it pleased in the ports of Spain, while that right was allowed to other powers. To the British ambassador he said, "I am ready to make large allowances for the miserable situation Spain has placed herself in; but there is a certain line beyond which I cannot admit to be treated with disrespect. We have given up French vessels taken within gunshot of the Spanish shore, and yet French vessels are permitted to attack our ships from the Spanish shore. Your Excellency may assure the Spanish government that, in whatever place the Spaniards allow the French to attack us, in that place I shall order the French to be attacked."

During this state of things, to which the weakness of Spain and not her will consented, the enemy's fleet did not venture to put to sea. Nelson watched it with unremitting and almost unexampled perseverance. The station off Toulon he called his home. "We are in the right fighting trim," said he; "let them come as soon as they please. I never saw a fleet, altogether, so well officered and manned; would to God the ships were half as good! The finest ones in the service would soon be destroyed by such terrible weather. I know well enough that, if I were to go into Malta, I should save the ships during this bad season; but, if I am to watch the French, I must be at sea, and if at sea must have bad weather; and if the ships are not fit to stand bad weather, they are useless." Then only he was satisfied and at ease when he had the enemy in view. Mr. Elliott, our Minister at Naples, seems at this time to have proposed to send a confidential Frenchman to him with information. "I should be very happy," he replied, "to receive authentic intelligence of the destination of the French squadron, their route and time of sailing. Anything short of this is useless; and I assure your Excellency that I would not, upon any consideration, have a Frenchman in the fleet, except as a prisoner. I put no confidence in them. You think yours

good; the Queen thinks the same. I believe they are all alike. Whatever information you can get me, I shall be very thankful for; but not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me, but my mother hated the French."

M. Latouche Treville, who had commanded at Boulogne, commanded now at Toulon. "He was sent for on purpose," said Nelson, "as he *beat me* at Boulogne, to beat me again; but he seems very loth to try." One day, while the main body of our fleet was out of sight of land, Rear-Admiral Campbell, reconnoitring with the *Canopus*, *Donnegal*, and *Amazon*, stood in close to the port; and M. Latouche, taking advantage of a breeze which sprung up, pushed out with four ships of the line and three heavy frigates, and chased him about four leagues. The Frenchman, delighted at having found himself in so novel a situation, published a boastful account; affirming that he had given chase to the whole British fleet, and that Nelson had fled before him! Nelson thought it due to the Admiralty to send home a copy of the *Victory's* log upon this occasion. "As for himself," he said, "if his character was not established by that time for not being apt to run away, it was not worth his while to put the world right." "If this fleet gets fairly up with M. Latouche," said he to one of his correspondents, "his letter, with all his ingenuity, must be different from his last. We had fancied that we chased him into Toulon; for, blind as I am, I could see his water-line, when he clewed his topsails up, shutting in Sepet. But from the time of his meeting Captain Hawker in the *Isis*, I never heard of his acting otherwise than as a poltroon and a liar. Contempt is the best mode of treating such a miscreant." . In spite, however, of contempt, the impudence of this Frenchman half-angered him. He said to his brother, "You will have seen Latouche's letter; how he chased me, and how I ran. I keep it; and if I take him, by God he shall eat it!"

Nelson, who used to say that in sea-affairs nothing is impossible, and nothing improbable, feared the more that

this Frenchman might get out and elude his vigilance, because he was so especially desirous of catching him, and administering to him his own lying letter in a sandwich. M. Latouche, however, escaped him in another way. He died, according to the French papers, in consequence of walking so often up to the signal-post upon Sepet, to watch the British fleet. "I always pronounced that would be his death," said Nelson. "If he had come out and fought me, it would at least have added ten years to my life." The patience with which he had watched Toulon, he spoke of truly as a perseverance at sea which had never been surpassed. From May, 1803, to August, 1805, he himself went out of his ship but three times; each of those times was upon the King's service, and neither time of absence exceeded an hour. The weather had been so unusually severe that he said the Mediterranean seemed altered. It was his rule never to contend with the gales; but either run to the southward to escape their violence, or furl all the sails and make the ships as easy as possible. The men, though he said flesh and blood could hardly stand it, continued in excellent health, which he ascribed in great measure to a plentiful supply of lemons and onions. For himself, he thought he could only last till the battle was over. One battle more it was his hope that he might fight. "However," said he, "whatever happens, I have run a glorious race." He was afraid of blindness; and this was the only evil which he could not contemplate without unhappiness. More alarming symptoms he regarded with less apprehension, describing his own "shattered carcase" as in the worst plight of any in the fleet; and he says, "I have felt the blood gushing up the left side of my head, and the moment it covers the brain I am fast asleep." The fleet was in worse trim than the men; but when he compared it with the enemy's, it was with a right English feeling. "The French fleet yesterday," said he, in one of his letters, "was to appearance in high feather, and as fine as paint could make them; but when they may sail, or where they may go, I am very sorry

to say is a secret I am not acquainted with. Our weather-beaten ships, I have no fear, will make their sides like a plum pudding."

Hostilities at length commenced between Great Britain and Spain. That country, whose miserable Government made her subservient to France, was once more destined to lavish her resources and her blood in furtherance of the designs of a perfidious ally. The immediate occasion of the war was the seizure of four treasure-ships by the English. The act was perfectly justifiable, for those treasures were intended to furnish means for France; but the circumstances which attended it were as unhappy as they were unforeseen. Four frigates had been despatched to intercept them. They met with an equal force. Resistance, therefore, became a point of honour on the part of the Spaniards; and one of their ships soon blew up, with all on board. Had a stronger squadron been sent, this deplorable catastrophe might have been spared—a catastrophe which excited not more indignation in Spain than it did grief in those who were its unwilling instruments, in the English Government, and in the English people. On the 5th of October this unhappy affair occurred, and Nelson was not apprised of it till the 12th of the ensuing month. He had, indeed, sufficient mortification at the breaking out of this Spanish war—an event which, it might reasonably have been supposed, would amply enrich the officers of the Mediterranean fleet, and repay them for the severe and unremitting duty on which they had been so long employed. But of this harvest they were deprived; for Sir John Orde was sent with a small squadron, and a separate command, to Cadiz. Nelson's feelings were never wounded so deeply as now. "I had thought," said he, writing in the first flow of freshness and indignation, "I fancied—but, nay, it must have been a dream, an idle dream; yet, I confess it, I *did* fancy that I had done my country service; and thus they use me! And under what circumstances, and with what pointed aggravation! Yet, if I know my own thoughts,

it is not for myself, or on my own account chiefly, that I feel the sting and the disappointment. No! it is for my brave officers, for my noble-minded friends and comrades. Such a gallant set of fellows! Such a band of brothers! My heart swells at the thought of them."

War between Spain and England was now declared; and, on the 18th of January, the Toulon fleet, having the Spaniards to co-operate with them, put to sea. Nelson was at anchor off the coast of Sardinia, where the Madelena Islands form one of the finest harbours in the world, when, at three in the afternoon of the 19th, the *Active* and *Seahorse* frigates brought this long-hoped-for intelligence. They had been close to the enemy at ten on the preceding night, but lost sight of them in about four hours. The fleet immediately unmoored and weighed, and at six in the evening ran through the strait between Biche and Sardinia—a passage so narrow that the ships could only pass one at a time, each following the stern lights of its leader. From the position of the enemy, when they were last seen, it was inferred that they must be bound round the southern end of Sardinia. Signal was made the next morning to prepare for battle. Bad weather came on, baffling the one fleet in its object, and the other in its pursuit. Nelson beat about the Sicilian seas for ten days, without obtaining any other information of the enemy than that one of their ships had put into Ajaccio, dismasted; and having seen that Sardinia, Naples, and Sicily were safe, believing Egypt to be their destination, for Egypt he ran. The disappointment and distress which he had experienced in his former pursuits of the French through the same seas were now renewed; but Nelson, while he endured these anxious and unhappy feelings, was still consoled by the same confidence as on the former occasion—that, though his judgment might be erroneous, under all circumstances he was right in having formed it. "I have consulted no man," said he to the Admiralty; "therefore, the whole blame of ignorance in forming my judgment must rest with me. I would allow

no man to take from me an atom of my glory had I fallen in with the French fleet, nor do I desire any man to partake any of the responsibility. All is mine, right or wrong." Then stating the grounds upon which he had proceeded, he added, "At this moment of sorrow, I still feel that I have acted right." In the same spirit he said to Sir Alexander Ball, "When I call to remembrance all the circumstances, I approve, if nobody else does, of my own conduct."

Baffled thus, he bore up for Malta, and met intelligence from Naples that the French, having been dispersed in a gale, had put back to Toulon. From the same quarter he learnt that a great number of saddles and muskets had been embarked; and this confirmed him in his opinion that Egypt was their destination. That they should have put back in consequence of storms which he had weathered, gave him a consoling sense of British superiority. "These gentlemen," said he, "are not accustomed to a Gulf of Lyon's gale: we have buffeted them for one and twenty months, and not carried away a spar." He, however, who had so often braved these gales, was now, though not mastered by them, vexatiously thwarted and impeded; and, on February 27, he was compelled to anchor in Pulla Bay, in the Gulf of Cagliari. From the 21st of January the fleet had remained ready for battle, without a bulkhead up, night or day. He anchored here, that he might not be driven to leeward. As soon as the weather moderated he put to sea again; and after again beating about against contrary winds, another gale drove him to anchor in the Gulf of Palma, on the 8th of March. This he made his rendezvous. He knew that the French troops still remained embarked; and wishing to lead them into a belief that he was stationed upon the Spanish coast, he made his appearance off Barcelona with that intent. About the end of the month, he began to fear that the plan of the expedition was abandoned; and sailing once more towards his old station off Toulon, on the 4th of April, he met the *Phœbe*, with news that Villeneuve had

put to sea on the last of March with eleven ships of the line, seven frigates, and two brigs. When last seen, they were steering towards the coast of Africa. Nelson first covered the channel between Sardinia and Barbary, so as to satisfy himself that Villeneuve was not taking the same route for Egypt which Gantheaume had taken before him, when he attempted to carry reinforcements there. Certain of this, he bore up on the 7th for Palermo, lest the French should pass to the north of Corsica, and he despatched cruisers in all directions. On the 11th, he felt assured that they were not gone down the Mediterranean; and sending off frigates to Gibraltar, to Lisbon, and to Admiral Cornwallis, who commanded the squadron off Brest, he endeavoured to get to the westward, beating against westerly winds. After five days a neutral gave intelligence that the French had been seen off Cape de Gatte on the 7th. It was soon after ascertained that they had passed the Straits of Gibraltar on the day following; and Nelson, knowing that they might already be half way to Ireland, or to Jamaica, exclaimed that he was miserable. One gleam of comfort only came across him in the reflection that his vigilance had rendered it impossible for them to undertake any expedition in the Mediterranean.

Eight days after this certain intelligence had been obtained, he described his state of mind thus forcibly, in writing to the Governor of Malta: "My good fortune, my dear Ball, seems flown away. I cannot get a fair wind, or even a side wind. Dead foul! dead foul! But my mind is fully made up what to do when I leave the straits, supposing there is no certain account of the enemy's destination. I believe this ill-luck will go near to kill me; but as these are times for exertion, I must not be cast down, whatever I may feel." In spite of every exertion which could be made by all the zeal and all the skill of British seamen, he did not get in sight of Gibraltar till the 30th of April; and the wind was then so adverse that it was impossible to pass the Gut. He

anchored in Mazari Bay, on the Barbary shore; obtained supplies from Tetuan; and when, on the 5th, a breeze from the eastward sprang up at last, sailed once more, hoping to hear of the enemy from Sir John Orde, who commanded off Cadiz, or from Lisbon. "If nothing is heard of them," said he to the Admiralty, "I shall probably think the rumours which have been spread are true, that their object is the West Indies; and, in that case, I think it my duty to follow them—or to the Antipodes, should I believe that to be their destination." At the time when this resolution was taken, the physician of the fleet had ordered him to return to England before the hot months.

Nelson had formed his judgment of their destination, and made up his mind accordingly, when Donald Campbell, at that time an admiral in the Portuguese service, the same person who had given important tidings to Earl St. Vincent of the movements of that fleet from which he won his title, a second time gave timely and momentous intelligence to the flag of his country. He went on board the *Victory*, and communicated to Nelson his certain knowledge that the combined Spanish and French fleets were bound for the West Indies. Hitherto all things had favoured the enemy. While the British commander was beating up against strong southerly and westerly gales, they had wind to their wish from the N.E., and had done in nine days what he was a whole month in accomplishing. Villeneuve finding the Spaniards at Carthagena were not in a state of equipment to join him, dared not wait, but hastened on to Cadiz. Sir John Orde necessarily retired at his approach. Admiral Gravina, with six Spanish ships of the line and two French, came out to him, and they sailed without a moment's loss of time. They had about three thousand French troops on board, and fifteen hundred Spanish—six hundred were under orders, expecting them at Martinique, and one thousand at Guadaloupe. General Lauriston commanded the troops. The combined fleet now consisted of

tighteen sail of the line, six 44-gun frigates, one of jwenty-six guns, three corvettes, and a brig. They were eoined afterwards by two new French line-of-battle ships, and one 44. Nelson pursued them with ten sail of the line and three frigates. "Take you a Frenchman apiece," said he to his captains; "leave me the Spaniards. When I haul down my colours, I expect you to do the same—and not till then."

The enemy had five and thirty days' start; but he calculated that he should gain eight or ten days upon them by his exertions. On May 15th, he made Madeira, and on June 4th reached Barbadoes, whither he had sent despatches before him, and where he found Admiral Cochrane, with two ships, part of our squadron in these seas being at Jamaica. He found here also accounts that the combined fleets had been sent from St. Lucia on the 28th, standing to the southward, and that Tobago and Trinidad were their objects. This Nelson doubted; but he was alone in his opinion, and yielded it with these foreboding words, "If your intelligence proves false, you lose me the French fleet." Sir William Myers offered to embark here with two thousand troops; they were taken on board, and the next morning he sailed for Tobago. Here accident confirmed the false intelligence which had, whether from intention or error, misled him. A merchant at Tobago, in the general alarm, not knowing whether this fleet was friend or foe, sent out a schooner to reconnoitre, and acquaint him by signal. The signal which he had chosen happened to be the very one which had been appointed by Colonel Shipley of the Engineers to signify that the enemy were at Trinidad; and as this was at the close of day, there was no opportunity of discovering the mistake. An American brig was met with about the same time; the master of which, with that propensity to deceive the English and assist the French in any manner which has been but too common among his countrymen, affirmed that he had been boarded off Granada a few days before by the French, who were

standing towards the Bocas of Trinidad. This fresh intelligence removed all doubts. The ships were cleared for action before daylight, and Nelson entered the Bay of Paria on the 7th, hoping and expecting to make the mouths of the Orinoco as famous in the annals of the British navy as those of the Nile. Not an enemy was there; and it was discovered that accident and artifice had combined to lead him so far to leeward that there could have been little hope of fetching to windward of Granada for any other fleet. Nelson, however, with skill and exertions never exceeded, and almost unexampled, bore for that island.

Advices met him on the way that the combined fleets, having captured the Diamond Rock, were then at Martinique, on the 4th, and were expected to sail that night for the attack of Granada. On the 9th Nelson arrived off that island; and there learnt that they had passed to leeward of Antigua the preceding day, and taken a homeward-bound convoy. Had it not been for false information, upon which Nelson had acted reluctantly, and in opposition to his own judgment, he would have been off Port Royal just as they were leaving it, and the battle would have been fought on the spot where Rodney defeated De Grasse. This he remembered in his vexation; but he had saved the colonies, and about two hundred ships laden for Europe, which would else have fallen into the enemy's hands; and he had the satisfaction of knowing that the mere terror of his name had effected this, and had put to flight the allied enemies, whose force nearly doubled that before which they fled. That they were flying back to Europe he believed; and for Europe he steered in pursuit on the 13th, having disembarked the troops at Antigua, and taking with him the *Spartiate*, 74 guns; the only addition to the squadron with which he was pursuing so superior a force. Five days afterwards the *Amazon* brought intelligence that she had spoke a schooner who had seen them, on the evening of the 15th, steering to the north; and, by computation, eighty-seven

leagues off. Nelson's diary at this time denotes his great anxiety, and his perpetual and all-observing vigilance. "June 21. Midnight, nearly calm, saw three planks, which I think came from the French fleet. Very miserable, which is very foolish." On the 17th of July he came in sight of Cape St. Vincent, and steered for Gibraltar. "June 18th," his diary says, "Cape Spartel in sight, but no French fleet, nor any information about them. How sorrowful this makes me! but I cannot help myself." The next day he anchored at Gibraltar; and on the 20th, says he, "I went on shore for the first time since June 16, 1803; and from having my foot out of the *Victory*, two years, wanting ten days."

Here he communicated with his old friend Collingwood, who, having been detached with a squadron when the disappearance of the combined fleets, and of Nelson in their pursuit, was known in England, had taken his station off Cadiz. He thought that Ireland was the enemy's ultimate object—that they would now liberate the Ferrol squadron, which was blocked up by Sir Robert Calder—call for the Rochefort ships, and then appear off Ushant with three or four and thirty sail; there to be joined by the Brest fleet. With this great force he supposed they would make for Ireland—the real mark and bent of all their operations; and their flight to the West Indies, he thought, had been merely undertaken to take off Nelson's force, which was the great impediment to their undertaking.

Collingwood was gifted with great political penetration. As yet, however, all was conjecture concerning the enemy; and Nelson, having victualled and watered at Tetuan, stood for Ceuta on the 24th, still without information of their course. Next day intelligence arrived that the *Curieux* brig had seen them on the 19th, standing to the northward. He proceeded off Cape St. Vincent, rather cruising for intelligence than knowing whither to betake himself; and here a case occurred that more than any other event in real history resembles those whimsical

proofs of sagacity which Voltaire, in his "Zadig," has borrowed from the Orientals. One of our frigates spoke an American, who, a little to the westward of the Azores, had fallen in with an armed vessel, appearing to be a dismasted privateer, deserted by her crew, which had been run on board by another ship, and had been set fire to; but the fire had gone out. A log-book and a few seamen's jackets were found in the cabin; and these were brought to Nelson. The log-book closed with these words. "Two large vessels in the W.N.W.;" and this led him to conclude that the vessel had been an English privateer, cruising off the Western Islands. But there was in this book a scrap of dirty paper, filled with figures. Nelson, immediately upon seeing it, observed that the figures were written by a Frenchman; and, after studying this for a while said, "I can explain the whole. The jackets are of French manufacture, and prove that the privateer was in possession of the enemy. She had been chased and taken by the two ships that were seen in the W.N.W. The prize-master, going on board in a hurry, forgot to take with him his reckoning: there is none in the log-book; and the dirty paper contains her work for the number of days since the privateer last left Corvo, with an unaccounted-for run, which I take to have been the chase, in his endeavour to find out her situation by back reckonings. By some mismanagement, I conclude, she was run on board of by one of the enemy's ships, and dismasted. Not liking delay (for I am satisfied that those two ships were the advanced ones of the French squadron), and fancying we were close at their heels, they set fire to the vessel, and abandoned her in a hurry. If this explanation be correct, I infer from it that they are gone more to the northward; and more to the northward I will look for them." This course accordingly he held, but still without success. Still persevering, and still disappointed, he returned near enough to Cadiz to ascertain they were not there; traversed the Bay of Biscay; and then, as a last hope, stood over for the

north-west coast of Ireland, against adverse winds, till, on the evening of the 12th of August, he learnt that they had not been heard of there. Frustrated thus in all his hopes, after a pursuit, to which, for its extent, rapidity, and perseverance, no parallel can be produced, he judged it best to reinforce the channel fleet with his squadron, lest the enemy, as Collingwood apprehended, should bear down upon Brest with their whole collected force. On the 15th he joined Admiral Cornwallis off Ushant. No news had yet been obtained of the enemy; and on the same evening he received orders to proceed, with the *Victory* and *Superb*, to Portsmouth.

CHAPTER IX.

Sir Robert Calder falls in with the Combined Fleets—They form a Junction with the Ferrol Squadron, and get into Cadiz—Nelson is re-appointed to the Command—Battle of Trafalgar, Victory, and Death of Nelson.

AT Portsmouth, Nelson at length found news of the combined fleet. Sir Robert Calder, who had been sent out to intercept their return, had fallen in with them on the 22nd of July, sixty leagues west of Cape Finisterre. Their force consisted of twenty sail of the line, three 50-gun ships, five frigates, and two brigs; his, of fifteen line-of-battle ships, two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger. After an action of four hours, he had captured an eighty-four and a seventy-four, and then thought it necessary to bring-to the squadron, for the purpose of securing their prizes. The hostile fleets remained in sight of each other till the 26th, when the enemy bore away. The capture of two ships from so superior a force would have been considered as no inconsiderable victory a few years earlier; but Nelson had introduced a new era in our naval history, and the nation felt respecting this action as he had felt on a somewhat similar occasion. They regretted that Nelson, with his eleven ships, had not been in Sir Robert

Calder's place; and their disappointment was generally and loudly expressed.

Frustrated as his own hopes had been, Nelson had yet the high satisfaction of knowing that his judgment had never been more conspicuously approved, and that he had rendered essential service to his country by driving the enemy from those islands where they expected there could be no force capable of opposing them. The West India merchants in London, as men whose interests were more immediately benefited, appointed a deputation to express their thanks for his great and judicious exertions. It was now his intention to rest a while from his labours, and recruit himself, after all his fatigues and cares, in the society of those whom he loved. All his stores were brought up from the *Victory*, and he found in his house at Merton the enjoyment which he had anticipated. Many days had not elapsed before Captain Blackwood, on his way to London with despatches, called on him at five in the morning. Nelson, who was already dressed, exclaimed, the moment he saw him, "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets! I think I shall yet have to beat them!" They had refitted at Vigo, after the indecisive action with Sir Robert Calder; then proceeded to Ferrol, brought out the squadron from thence, and with it entered Cadiz in safety. "Depend on it, Blackwood," he repeatedly said, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." But, when Blackwood had left him, he wanted resolution to declare his wishes to Lady Hamilton and his sisters, and endeavoured to drive away the thought. He had done enough; he said, "Let the man trudge it who has lost his budget!" His countenance belied his lips; and as he was pacing one of the walks in the garden, which he used to call the quarter-deck, Lady Hamilton came up to him, and told him she saw he was uneasy. He smiled, and said, "No, he was as happy as possible; he was surrounded by his family, his health was better since he had been on shore, and he would not give sixpence to call the King his uncle." She

replied that she did not believe him—that she knew he was longing to get at the combined fleets—that he considered them as his own property—that he would be miserable if any man but himself did the business—and that he ought to have them, as the price and reward of his two years' long watching, and his hard chase. "Nelson," said she, "however we may lament your absence, offer your services; they will be accepted, and you will gain a quiet heart by it: you will have a glorious victory, and then you may return here and be happy." He looked at her with tears in his eyes: "Brave Emma! good Emma! If there were more Emmas, there would be more Nelsons."

His services were as willingly accepted as they were offered; and Lord Barham, giving him the list of the navy, desired him to choose his own officers. "Choose yourself, my lord," was his reply: "the same spirit actuates the whole profession; you cannot choose wrong." Lord Barham then desired him to say what ships, and how many, he would wish, in addition to the fleet which he was going to command, and said they should follow him as soon as each was ready. No appointment was ever more in unison with the feelings and judgment of the whole nation. They, like Lady Hamilton, thought that the destruction of the combined fleets ought properly to be Nelson's work; that he who had been

Half around the sea-girt ball,
The hunter of the recreant Gaul,*

ought to reap the spoils of the chase which he had watched so long, and so perseveringly pursued.

Unremitting exertions were made to equip the ships which he had chosen, and especially to refit the *Victory*, which was once more to bear his flag. Before he left London, he called at his upholsterer's, where the coffin which Captain Hallowell had given him was deposited, and desired that its history might be engraven upon the

* Songs of Trafalgar.

lid, saying it was highly probable he might want it on his return. He seemed, indeed, to have been impressed with an expectation that he should fall in the battle. In a letter to his brother, written immediately after his return, he had said, "We must not talk of Sir Robert Calder's battle—I might not have done so much with my small force. If I had fallen in with them, you might probably have been a lord before I wished; for I know they meant to make a dead set at the *Victory*." Nelson had once regarded the prospect of death with gloomy satisfaction; it was when he anticipated the upbraidings of his wife, and the displeasure of his venerable father. The state of his feelings now was expressed, in his private journal, in these words—"Friday night (Sept. 13), at half-past ten, I drove from dear, dear Merton; where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my King and country. May the great God whom I adore enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country! and if it is his good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of his mercy. If it is his good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission; relying that he will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind. His will be done! Amen! amen! amen!"

Early on the following morning he reached Portsmouth, and, having despatched his business on shore, endeavoured to elude the populace by taking a by-way to the beach; but a crowd collected in his train, pressing forward to obtain a sight of his face. Many were in tears, and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed. England has had many heroes, but never one who so entirely possessed the love of his fellow-countrymen as Nelson. All men knew that his heart was as humane as it was fearless; that there was not in his nature the slightest alloy of selfishness or cupidity; but that, with perfect and entire devotion, he served his country with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his

strength; and therefore they loved him as truly and as fervently as he loved England. They pressed upon the parapet, to gaze after him when his barge pushed off, and he was returning their cheers by waving his hat. The sentinels, who endeavoured to prevent them from trespassing upon this ground, were wedged among the crowd; and an officer who, not very prudently upon such an occasion, ordered them to drive the people down with their bayonets, was compelled speedily to retreat; for the people would not be debarred from gazing till the last moment upon the hero, the darling hero of England!

He arrived off Cadiz on the 29th of September, his birthday. Fearing that, if the enemy knew his force, they might be deterred from venturing to sea, he kept out of sight of land, desired Collingwood to fire no salute, and hoist no colours, and wrote to Gibraltar to request that the force of the fleet might not be inserted there in the *Gazette*. His reception in the Mediterranean fleet was as gratifying as the farewell of his countrymen at Portsmouth; the officers, who came on board to welcome him, forgot his rank as commander in their joy at seeing him again. On the day of his arrival Villeneuve received orders to put to sea the first opportunity. Villeneuve, however, hesitated, when he heard that Nelson had resumed the command. He called a council of war; and their determination was that it would not be expedient to leave Cadiz unless they had reason to believe themselves stronger by one-third than the British force. In the public measures of this country secresy is seldom practicable, and seldom attempted: here, however, by the precautions of Nelson, and the wise measures of the Admiralty, the enemy were for once kept in ignorance; for as the ships appointed to reinforce the Mediterranean fleet were despatched singly, each as soon as it was ready, their collected number was not stated in the newspapers, and their arrival was not known to the enemy. But the enemy knew that Admiral Louis, with six sail, had been detached for stores and water to Gibraltar. Accident

also contributed to make the French admiral doubt whether Nelson himself had actually taken the command. An American, lately arrived from England, maintained that it was impossible; for he had seen him only a few days before in London, and at that time there was no rumour of his going again to sea.

The station which Nelson had chosen was some fifty or sixty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's. At this distance he hoped to decoy the enemy out; while he guarded against the danger of being caught with a westerly wind near Cadiz, and driven within the Straits. The blockade of the port was rigorously enforced, in hopes that the combined fleet might be forced to sea by want. The Danish vessels, therefore, which were carrying provisions from the French ports in the bay, under the name of Danish property, to all the little ports from Ayamonte to Algeziras, from whence they were conveyed in coasting-boats to Cadiz, were seized. Without this proper exertion of power the blockade would have been rendered nugatory, by the advantage thus taken of the neutral flag. The supplies from France were thus effectually cut off. There was now every indication that the enemy would speedily venture out; officers and men were in the highest spirits at the prospect of giving them a decisive blow—such, indeed, as would put an end to all further contest upon the seas. Theatrical amusements were performed every evening in most of the ships, and "God save the King" was the hymn with which the sports concluded. "I verily believe," said Nelson (writing on the 6th of October), "that the country will soon be put to some expense on my account—either a monument, or a new pension and honours; for I have not the smallest doubt but that a very few days, almost hours, will put us in battle. The success no man can insure; but for the fighting them, if they can be got at, I pledge myself. The sooner the better; I don't like to have these things upon my mind."

At this time he was not without some cause of anxiety;

he was in want of frigates—the eyes of the fleet as he always called them—to the want of which the enemy before were indebted for their escape, and Bonaparte for his arrival in Egypt. He had only twenty-three ships; others were on the way, but they might come too late; and though Nelson never doubted of victory, mere victory was not what he looked to—he wanted to annihilate the enemy's fleet. The Carthagena squadron might effect a junction with this fleet on the one side, and on the other it was to be expected that a similar attempt would be made by the French from Brest; in either case, a formidable contingency to be apprehended by the blockading force.

The Rochefort squadron did push out, and had nearly caught the *Agamemnon* and *L'Aimable* in their way to reinforce the British admiral. Yet Nelson at this time weakened his own fleet. He had the unpleasant task to perform of sending home Sir Robert Calder, whose conduct was to be made the subject of a court-martial, in consequence of the general dissatisfaction which had been felt and expressed at his imperfect victory. Sir Robert Calder and Sir John Orde, Nelson believed to be the only two enemies whom he had ever had in his profession; and, from that sensitive delicacy which distinguished him, this made him the more scrupulously anxious to show every possible mark of respect and kindness to Sir Robert. He wished to detain him till after the expected action, when the services which he might perform, and the triumphant joy which would be excited, would leave nothing to be apprehended from an inquiry into the previous engagement. Sir Robert, however, whose situation was very painful, did not choose to delay a trial from the result of which he confidently expected a complete justification; and Nelson, instead of sending him home in a frigate, insisted on his returning in his own ninety-gun ship, ill as such a ship could at that time be spared. Nothing could be more honourable than the feeling by which Nelson was influenced; but at such a crisis it ought not to have been indulged.

On the 9th, Nelson sent Collingwood what he called in his diary the Nelson-touch. "I send you," said he, "my plan of attack, as far as a man dare venture to guess at the very uncertain position the enemy may be found in; but it is to place you perfectly at ease respecting my intentions, and to give full scope to your judgment for carrying them into effect. We can, my dear Coll., have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you, and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, Nelson and Bronté." The order of sailing was to be the order of battle—the fleet in two lines, with an advanced squadron of eight of the fastest sailing two-deckers. The second in command, having the entire direction of his line, was to break through the enemy about the twelfth ship from their rear; he would lead through the centre, and the advanced squadron was to cut off three or four ahead of the centre. This plan was to be adapted to the strength of the enemy, so that they should always be one-fourth superior to those whom they cut off. Nelson said "that his admirals and captains, knowing his precise object to be that of a close and decisive action, would supply any deficiency of signals, and act accordingly. In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of the last orders of this admirable man was that the name and family of every officer, seaman, and marine, who might be killed or wounded in action, should be as soon as possible returned to him, in order to be transmitted to the chairman of the Patriotic Fund, that the case might be taken into consideration for the benefit of the sufferer or his family.

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th, the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming

out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the SS.W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits; but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to; and, shortly afterwards, Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon, the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward—"And that," said the admiral, in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronté to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet; for this reason, he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak, the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size, and weight of metal, than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese and little did the Spaniards, at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight, Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because, on that day, his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in anyone tarnish it; and may humanity, after victory, be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself, individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may his blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is intrusted to me to defend. Amen! amen! amen!"

Having thus discharged his devotional duties, he annexed, in the same diary, the following remarkable writing:—

"*October* 21*st*, 1805.—*Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.*

"Whereas, the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my King and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our King or country.

"First. That she obtained the King of Spain's letter,

in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the Ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis, to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered.

"Secondly. The British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be written to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet's being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply; went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

"Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton therefore a legacy to my King and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

"These are the only favours I ask of my King and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my King and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for.

"NELSON AND BRONTE.

"Witness { HENRY BLACKWOOD.
T. M. HARDY."

The child of whom this writing speaks was believed to be his daughter; and so, indeed, he called her the last time that he pronounced her name. She was then about five years old, living at Merton, under Lady Hamilton's care. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton

were employed in praying over this child, as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin; and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with devouter reverence. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was now taken down in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her, also, next his heart.

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen. He knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied, "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not

think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure—Nelson's last signal, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty!"

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships; and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty,* spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would intreat him to change his dress, or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him;

* In this part of the work I have chiefly been indebted to this gentleman's narrative of Lord Nelson's death—a document as interesting as it is authentic

but both Blackwood, and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible; and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged; for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy; and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle, and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill; and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across her bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found

it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood! I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz; the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side—"See how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed, "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers perhaps at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory* to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was? and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look! yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her maintop-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when

they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime, an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon-shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the Marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and, being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them; upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards, a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy; a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle, and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other; each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had by this time been killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve, she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships. Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller-

ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops: he had a strong dislike to the practice; not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, of the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoubtable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire;* so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through, and injure the *Temeraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoubtable* might take fire from the lower-deck guns, the muzzle of which touched her side when they were run out. the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad.*

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizentop, which, in the then situation of the two

vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" said he. "I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied; "my backbone is shot through." Yet, even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately; then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all, except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain; and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurra'd; and at every hurra a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though

often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he: "I am going fast—it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time, all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him, "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too." And, after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty

minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy, anchor!" Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed. "Do you anchor!" His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings, "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy" And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner;" and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. *He expired at thirty minutes after four—*

three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded, above fifty of the *Victory's* men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part, were not idle; and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizentop of the *Redoubtable*. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound: he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quarter-master had seen him fire; and easily recognised him, because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quarter-master and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's* poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quarter-master, as he cried out, "That's he!—that's he!" and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizentop, and found him dead, with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The *Redoubtable* struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire—in her fore-chains and in her forecastle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use in this of fire-balls, and other combustibles—implements of destruction which other nations, from a sense of honour and humanity, have laid aside; which add to the sufferings of the wounded, without determining the issue of the combat; which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the *Redoubtable*, to some ropes and canvas on the *Victory's* booms. The cry ran through the ship, and

reached the cockpit; but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion. The men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterised; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy, by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the *Redoubtable* had struck, it was not practicable to board her from the *Victory;* for, though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much that there was a great space between their gangways; and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks, because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam, and offered to swim under her bows, and get up there; but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry, some of the crew of the *Santissima Trinidad* did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the *Victory,* whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leaped overboard, and swam to the *Victory,* and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but they continued it with greater firmness. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the *St. Juan Nepomuceno* lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five, the Frenchmen lowered their lower-deck ports, and deserted their guns; while our men continued deliberately to load and fire, till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a ish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit sub-

dued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer—doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph, was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive; and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired. The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear-Admiral Dumanoir. They had borne no part in the action; and now, when they were seeking safety in flight, they fired not only into the *Victory* and *Royal Sovereign* as they passed, but poured their broadsides into the Spanish captured ships; and they were seen to back their top-sails for the purpose of firing with more precision. The indignation of the Spaniards at this detestable cruelty from their allies, for whom they had fought so bravely, and so profusely bled, may well be conceived. It was such that when, two days after the action, seven of the ships which had escaped into Cadiz came out, in hopes of retaking some of the disabled prizes, the prisoners in the *Argonauta*, in a body, offered their services to the British prize-master, to man the guns against any of the French ships; saying that, if a Spanish ship came alongside, they would quietly go below; but they requested that they might be allowed to fight the French, in resentment for the murderous usage which they had suffered at their hands. Such was their earnestness, and such the implicit confidence which could be placed in Spanish honour, that the offer was accepted, and they were actually stationed at the lower deck guns. Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled; they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken. In the better days of France, if such a crime could then have been committed, it would have received an exemplary punishment from the French Government; under Bonaparte, it was sure of impunity, and, perhaps, might be thought

deserving of reward. But, if the Spanish court had been independent, it would have become us to have delivered Dumanoir and his captains up to Spain, that they might have been brought to trial, and hanged in sight of the remains of the Spanish fleet.*

The total British loss in the battle of Trafalgar amounted to 1,587. Twenty of the enemy struck; unhappily, the fleet did not anchor, as Nelson, almost with his dying breath, had enjoined. A gale came on from the south-west, some of the prizes went down, some went on shore; one effected its escape into Cadiz; others were destroyed; four only were saved, and those by the greatest exertions. The wounded Spaniards were sent ashore, an assurance being given that they should not serve till regularly exchanged; and the Spaniards, with a generous feeling which would not, perhaps, have been found in any other people, offered the use of their hospitals for our wounded, pledging the honour of Spain that they should be carefully attended there. When the storm, after the action, drove some of the prizes upon the coast, they declared that the English who were thus thrown into their hands should not be considered as prisoners of war; and the Spanish soldiers gave up their own beds to their shipwrecked enemies. The Spanish Vice-Admiral Alva died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent to England, and permitted to return to France. The French Government say that he destroyed himself on the way to Paris, dreading the consequences of a court-martial; but there is every reason to believe that the tyrant who never acknowledged the loss of the battle of Trafalgar added Villeneuve to the numerous victims of his murderous policy.

It is almost superfluous to add that all the honours which a grateful country could bestow were heaped upon the memory of Nelson. His brother was made an earl, with a grant of £6000 a-year; £10,000 were voted to each of his sisters; and £100,000 for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monu-

ment. Statues and monuments also were voted by most of our principal cities. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut in pieces, which were distributed as relics of Saint Nelson—so the gunner of the *Victory* called them; and when, at his interment, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony with one accord rent it in pieces, that each might preserve a fragment while he lived.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity; men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end: the fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him; the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the King, the Legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and "old men from the chimney-corner" to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were

without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done, nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr, the most awful that of the martyred patriot, the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them; verifying, in this sense, the language of the old mythologist—

> Τοι μεν δαιμονες εισι, Διος μεγαλου δια βουλας
> Εσθλοι, επιχθονιοι, φυλακες θνητων ανθρωπων.

LONDON:
SALISBURY, BEETON, AND CO., PRINTERS, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET.